

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS

OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

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C O N T A I N I N G

TIMON OF ATHENS.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.
CYMBELINE.
KING LEAR.

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M DCC XC.

TIMON OF ATHENS¹

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Others, at several doors².

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet.

¹ The story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakspeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleasure*, and the *English Plutarch*. Indeed from a passage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the stage. FARMER.

Shakspeare undoubtedly formed this play on the passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antony* relative to Timon, and not on the twenty-eighth novel of the first volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*; because he is thereby merely described as "a man-hater, of a strange and beastly nature," without any cause assigned; whereas Plutarch furnished our authour with the following hint to work upon. "Antonius forsook the citie, and companie of his friendes,—saying, that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was offered unto Timon; and for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he tooke to be his friendes, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man."

To the manuscript play mentioned by Mr. Steevens, our authour, I have no doubt, was also indebted for some other circumstances. Here he found the faithful steward, the banquet-scene, and the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods: a circumstance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject.

Spon says, there is a building near Athens, yet remaining, called *Timon's Tower*.

Timon of Athens was written, I imagine, in the year 1610. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

The passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment* or *Pasquil and Katharine*, 1601, is this:

"Come, I'll be as sociable as *Timon of Athens*."

But the allusion is so slight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the Novel.

Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no

Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange³,

Which

inconsiderable obligations, has in his possession a Ms. play on this subject. It appears to have been written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakspeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water* he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods attended by his faithful steward, who (like Kent in *King Lear*) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon, in the last act is followed by his fickle mistress, &c. after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one. The *personæ dramatis* are as follows.

The actors names.

Timon.

Laches, his faithful servant.

Eutrapelus, a dissolute young man.

Gelasimus, a cittie heyre.

Pseudocheus, a lying traveller.

Demeas, an orator.

Philargurus, a covetous churlish ould man.

Hermogenes, a fidler.

Abyffus, an usurer.

Lollio, a countrey clowne, Philargurus' sonne.

Stilpo,

Speusippus, } Two lying philosophers.

Grunnio, a lean servant of Philargurus.

Obba, Tymon's butler.

Pædio, Gelasimus' page.

Two serjeants.

A sailor.

Callimela, Philargurus' daughter.

Blatte, her prattling nurse.

S C E N E, Athens.

STEEVENS.

² In the old copy: *Enter, &c. Merchant and Mercer, &c.*

STEEVENS.

³ But what particular rarity? &c.] Dr. Johnson, because "the poet asks a question, and stays not for an answer," would give the word *see* in his speech to the painter. But there is, in my opinion, not the least occasion for such a licentious regulation of the text. The poet is led by what the painter has said, to ask whether any thing very strange and unparalleled had lately happened, without any expectation that any such had happened;—and is prevented from waiting for an answer by observing

Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; the other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
an untirable and continue goodness⁴;

! passes⁵.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate⁶: But, for that—

Poet. *When we for recompence⁷ have prais'd the wile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse*

Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [Looking on the jewel.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.

observing so many conjured by Timon's bounty to attend. "See, Magick of bounty!" &c. This surely is very natural. MALONE.

I can by no means approve of the arrangement proposed by Dr. Johnson; for as the poet and the painter are going to pay their court to Timon, it would be strange if the latter should point out to the former, as a particular rarity which manifold record could not match, a merchant and a jeweller, who came there on the same errand. MASON.

⁴ — breath'd as it were,

To an untirable and continue goodness:] *Breathed* is inured by constant practice; so trained as not to be wearied. To breathe a horse, is to exercise him for the course. JOHNSON.

— continue—] This word is used by many ancient English writers. Thus, by Chapman in his version of the 4th book of the *Odyssey*:

"Her handmaids join'd in a continue yell." STEEVENS.

⁵ *He passes.*] i. e. he exceeds, goes beyond common bounds. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Why this passes, master Ford." STEEVENS.

⁶ — touch the estimate:—] Come up to the price. JOHNSON.

⁷ *When we for recompence, &c.*] We must here suppose the poet busy in reading his own work; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the painter an account of. WARBURTON.

Our poetry is as a gum, which oozes⁹
 From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i' the flint
 Shews not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
 Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
 Each bound it chafes¹. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment², sir.

Let's

⁹ — *which oozes*—] The folio copy reads—*which uses*. The modern editors have given it—*which issues*. JOHNSON.

The only ancient copy reads—*Our poeſie is as a gowne which uses*. STEEVENS.

Gum and *issues* were inserted by Mr. Pope; *oozes* by Dr. Johnson.

MALONE.

¹ — *and, like the current, flies*

Each bound it chafes.] This speech of the poet is very obscure. He seems to boast the copiousness and facility of his vein, by declaring that verses drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itself without the violence necessary to elicit sparks from the flint. What follows next? that it, *like a current, flies each bound it chafes*. This may mean, that it expands itself notwithstanding all obstructions; but the images in the comparison are so ill sorted, and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connected the last sentence with the former. It is well known that the players often shorten speeches to quicken the representation: and it may be suspected, that they sometimes performed their amputations with more haste than judgment. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the sense is, that having *touch'd on one subject, it flies off in quest of another*. The old copy seems to read:

Each bound it chafes.

The letters *f* and *j* are not always to be distinguished from each other, especially when the types have been much worn, as in the first folio. If *chafes* be the true reading, it is best explained by the "*— se sequitur que fugitque*" of the Roman poet.

Some what similar occurs in the *Tempest*:

"Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,

"When he pursues." STEEVENS.

In *Julius Cæsar*, we have—

"The troubled cyber *chafing* with her shores,—". MALONE.

² *Upon the heels of my presentment*,] As soon as my book has been presented to lord Timon. JOHNSON.

The patrons of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been all *Timons*.

I did determine not to have dedicated my play to any body, because *forty shillings* I care not for, and above, few or none will bestow

on

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent³.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own standing⁴? what a mental power

This

in these matters." Preface to a *Woman is a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612. STEEVENS.

It should however be remembered, that forty shillings at that time were equal to at least six, perhaps eight, pounds at this day. MALONE.

³ — *this comes off well and excellent.*] The meaning is: The figure rises well from the canvas. *C'est bien relevé.* JOHNSON.

What is meant by this term of applause I do not exactly know. It occurs again in the *Widow*, by B. Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton: "It comes off very fair yet." Again, in *A Trick to catch the old One*, 1616: "Put a good tale in his ear, so that it comes off cleanly, and there's a horse and man for us, I warrant thee."

Again, in the first part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

"*Flo.* Faith, thy song will seem to come off hardly.

"*Catz.* Not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly."

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *how this grace*

Speaks his own standing?] This relates to the attitude of the figure, and means that it stands judiciously on its own centre. And not only so, but that it has a graceful standing likewise. Of which the poet in *Hamlet*, speaking of another picture, says:

"A *station* like the herald, Mercury,

"New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

which lines Milton seems to have had in view, where he says of Raphael:

"At once on th' eastern cliff of *Paradise*

"He *lights*, and to his proper shape returns.

"— *Like Maia's son he stood.*" WARBURTON.

This sentence seems to me obscure, and, however explained, not very forcible. *This grace speaks his own standing*, is only, *The gracefulness of this figure shows how it stands*. I am inclined to think something corrupted. It would be more natural and clear thus:

— *how this standing*

Speaks his own graces?

How this posture displays its own gracefulness. But I will indulge conjecture further, and propose to read:

— *how this grace*

Speaks understanding? what a mental power

This eye shoots forth? JOHNSON.

8 TIMON OF ATHENS.

This eye shoots forth ? how big imagination
Moves in this lip ? to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret ⁵.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch ; Is't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature : artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life ⁶.

The passage, to my apprehension at least, *speaks its own meaning*, which is, how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixtude. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witness to *propriety*. A similar expression occurs in *Cymbeline*, Act II. sc. iv :

“ — never saw I figures

“ So likely to report themselves.” STEEVENS.

5 — to the dumbness of the gesture

One might interpret.] The figure, though dumb, seems to have a capacity of speech. The allusion is to the puppet-shows, or motions, as they were termed in our author's time. The person who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act III. sc. v. MALONE.

6 — artificial strife

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.] *Strife* is either the contest of art with nature ;

“ Hic ille est Raphael, timuit, quo sospite vinci

“ Rerum magna parent, & moriente mori.”

or it is the contrast of forms or opposition of colours. JOHNSON.

So, under the print of Noah Bridges, by Faithorne :

“ Faithorne, with nature at a noble strife,

“ Hath paid the author a great share of life,” &c. STEEVENS.

That *artificial strife* means, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, *the contest of art with nature*, and not *the contrast of forms or opposition of colours*, may appear from our author's *Venus and Adonis*, where the same thought is more clearly expressed :

“ Look, when a painter would surpass the life,

“ In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,

“ His art with nature's workmanship at strife,

“ As if the dead the living should exceed ;

“ So did this horse excell,” &c.

In Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, printed I believe in 1596, (afterwards entitled *The Barons' Wars*,) there are two lines nearly resembling these :

“ Done for the last with such exceeding life,

“ As art therein with nature were at strife.” MALONE.

Enter

TIMON OF ATHENS.

9

• *Enter certain Senators, and pass over.*

Pain. How this lord is follow'd !

Poet. The senators of Athens ;—Happy men⁷ !

Pain. Look, more !

Floet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors⁸.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment : My free drift
Halts not particularly⁹, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax¹ : no levell'd malice²

7 — *Happy men !*] I think we had better read—*Happy man !* It is the happiness of *Timon*, and not of the senators, upon which the Poet means to exclaim. STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald reads—*happy man* ; and certainly the emendation is sufficiently plausible, though the old reading may well stand. MALONE.

⁸ *This confluence, this great flood of visitors.*]

“ *Mane salutantem totis vomit ædibus undam.*” JOHNSON.

⁹ *Halts not particularly,*] My design does not stop at any single characters. JOHNSON.

¹ *In a wide sea of wax :*] Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron stile. HANMER.

I once thought with Hanmer that this was only an allusion to the Roman practice of writing with a style on waxen tablets ; but it appears that the same custom prevailed in England about the year 1395. It seems also to be pointed out by implication in many of our old collegiate establishments. See Warton's *History of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 151. STEEVENS.

Mr. Asple observes in his very ingenious work *On the Origin and Progress of Writing*, quarto, 1784, that “ the practice of writing on table-books covered with wax was not entirely laid aside till the commencement of the *fourteenth* century.” As Shakspeare, I believe, was not a very profound English antiquary, it is surely improbable that he should have had any knowledge of a practice which had been disused for more than two centuries before he was born. The Roman practice he might have learned from Golding's Translation of the ninth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* :

“ Her right hand holds the pen, her left doth hold the empty
waxe,” &c. MALONE.

² — *no levell'd malice*] *To level* is to aim, to point the shot at a mark. Shakspeare's meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or levelled at any single person ; I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage. JOHNSON.

Insects

Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you³.

You see, how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures⁴, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer⁵
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him⁶, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts⁷, all kind of natures,
'That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states⁸: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady⁹ fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;

³ *I'll unbolt—*] I'll open, I'll explain. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *glib and slippery creatures,*—] Hammer, and Warburton after him, read — *natures*. *Slippery* is *smooth*, unresisting. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *glass-fac'd flatterer*—] That shows in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *even he drops down, &c.*] Either Shakspeare meant to put a falshood into the mouth of his poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; for in the ensuing scenes, his behaviour is as cynical to Timon as to his followers. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *rank'd with all deserts,*] *Cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. JOHNSON.

⁸ *To propagate their states:*] 'To advance or improve their various conditions of life. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd:*—

— *on this sovereign lady, &c.*] So, in the *Tempest*:

“ — bountiful fortune,

“ Now my dear lady,” &c. MALONE.

Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope¹.

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition².

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear³,
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him
Drink the free air⁴.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late lov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down⁵,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can shew⁶,

¹ — *conceiv'd to scope.*] Properly imagined, appositely, to the purpose. JOHNSON.

² *In our condition.*] Condition, for art. WARBURTON.

³ *Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,*] Whisperings attended with such respect and veneration as accompany sacrifices to the gods. Such, I suppose, is the meaning. MALONE.

⁴ — *through him*

Drink the free air.] That is, catch his breath in affected fondness. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"His nostrils drink the air."

Again, in *The Tempest*:

"I drink the air before me." MALONE.

⁵ — *let him slip down,*] The old copy reads—*let him sit down.* The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

⁶ *A thousand moral paintings I can shew,*] Shakspeare seems to intend in this dialogue to express some competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himself to have shewn, the painter thinks he could have shewn better. JOHNSON.

That

That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune's⁷
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To shew lord Timon, that mean eyes⁸ have seen
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the servant
of Ventidius talking with him.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort⁹.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me¹. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—

⁷ — *these quick blows of fortune's*—] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time, as I have already observed in a note on *K. John*, Vol. IV. p. 464, n. 7. The modern editors read, more elegantly,—*of fortune*. MALONE.

⁸ — *mean eyes*—] i. e. inferior spectators. So, in *Wotton's Letter to Bacon*, dated March the last, 1613: "Before their majesties, and almost as many other *meaner eyes*," &c. TOLLET.

⁹ *Periods, &c.*] *To period* is, perhaps, a verb of Shakspeare's introduction into the English language. I find it however used by Heywood, after him, in *A Maidenhead well Lost*, 1634:

"How easy could I *period* all my care."

Again, in the *Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:

"To *period* our vain grievings." STEEVENS.

¹ — *when he must need me*.] When he cannot but want my assistance. I once idly conjectured that Shakspeare wrote—When he *must needs* me; and so, I have since found, the third folio reads: but if such capricious innovations were to be admitted, every line in these plays might be changed. MALONE.

- 'Tis not enough to help the feeble up²,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour³! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Lnc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

² 'Tis not enough, &c.] This thought is better expressed by Dr. Madden in his *Elegy* on archbishop Boulter:

“ — He thought it mean

“ Only to help the poor to beg again.” JOHNSON.

³ — your honour!] The common address to a lord in our author's time, was *your honour*, which was indifferently used with your lordship. See any old letter, or dedication of that age. STEVENS.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon⁴:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [to Lucil.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;

4 *Therefore he will be, Timon:*] Therefore he will continue to be so, and is sure of being sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of virtue; he does not need the additional blessing of a beautiful and accomplished wife.

It has been objected, I forget by whom, if the old Athenian means to say that Lucilius will still continue to be virtuous, what occasion has he to apply to Timon to interfere relative to this marriage? But this is making Shakspeare write *by the card*. The words mean undoubtedly, that he will be honest in his *general conduct* through life; in every other action except that now complained of. MALONE.

So, in *King Henry VIII*:

" — May he continue

" Long in his highness' favour; and do justice

" For truth's sake and his conscience."

Again, more appositely, in *Cymbeline*:

" — This hath been

" Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour,

" He will remain so." STEEVENS.

I rather think an emendation necessary, and read:

Therefore well be him, Timon:

His honesty rewards him in itself.

That is, *If he is honest, bene sit illi, I wish him the proper happiness of an honest man, but his honesty gives him no claim to my daughter.*

The first transcriber probably wrote *will be him*, which the next, not understanding, changed to, *he will be*. JOHNSON.

To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter :
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee ; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship : Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you ⁵ ! [*Exeunt LUC. and old Ath.*]

Poct. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship !

Tim. I thank you ; you shall hear from me anon :
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend ?

Pain. A piece of painting ; which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man ;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside : These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out ⁶. I like your work ;
And you shall find, I like it : wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you !

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman : Give me your hand ;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord ? dispraise ?

⁵ ——— never may

*That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you !*] The meaning is, let me never hence-
forth consider any thing that I possess, but as *owed* or *due* to you ; held
for your service, and at your disposal. JOHNSON.

So Lady Macbeth says to Duncan :

“ Your servants ever

“ Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,

“ To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,

“ Still to return your own.” MALONE.

⁶ ——— pencil'd figures are

Even such as they give out.] Pictures have no hypocrisy ; they are
what they profess to be. JOHNSON.

Tim.

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite⁷.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give : But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters⁸ : believe it, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord ; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid ?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus !

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow ;
When thou art Timon's dog⁹, and these knaves honest.

⁷ — unclew me quite.] To *unclew*, is to *unwind* a ball of thread.
To *unclew* a man, is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes.

⁸ *Are prized by their masters :*] Are rated according to the esteem
in which their possessor is held. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Enter Apemantus.*] See this character of a cynic finely drawn by
Lucian, in his *Auction of the Philosophers* ; and how well Shakspeare
has copied it. WARBURTON.

¹ *When thou art Timon's dog,*] When thou hast gotten a better cha-
racter, and instead of being Timon, as thou art, shalt be changed to
Timon's dog, and become worthy of kindness and salutation.

JOHNSON.

Apemantus, I think, means to say, that Timon is not to receive a
gentle good morrow from him till that shall happen which never will
happen ; till Timon is transformed to the shape of his dog, and his
knavish followers become honest men. Stay for thy good morrow,
says he, till I be gentle, which will happen at the same time when
thou art Timon's dog, &c. i. e. never. MALONE.

When thou art Timon's dog,] This is spoken δεικτικῶς, as Mr. Upton
says somewhere :—striking his hand on his breast.

“ Wot you who named me first the kinge's dogge ?” says Aristippus
in *Damon and Pythias*. FARMER.

Tim.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Poet. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing², which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

² Not so well as plain-dealing,] Alluding to the proverb: "Plain dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars." STEEVENS.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord³.—Art thou not a merchant?

³ *That I had no angry wit, to be a lord.*] The meaning may be, I should hate myself for *patiently enduring to be a lord*. This is ill enough expressed. Perhaps some happy change may set it right. I have tried, and can do nothing. JOHNSON.

If I hazard one conjecture, it is with the smallest degree of confidence. By an *angry wit* Apemantus may mean *the poet*, who has been provoking him. The scale will then be this: *I should hate myself, because I could prevail on no captious wit (like him) to take the title in my stead*. The *Revisal* reads:

That I had so wrong'd my wit to be a lord. STEEVENS.

I believe Shakspeare was thinking of the common expression—*be has wit in his anger*; and that the difficulty arises here, as in many other places, from the original editor's paying no attention to abrupt sentences. Our author, I suppose, wrote:

That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!—

Art thou, &c.

Apemantus is asked, why after having wished to be a lord, he should hate himself. He replies, For this reason; that I *had no wit* [or discretion] *in my anger*, but was absurd enough to wish myself one of that set of men, whom I despise. He then exclaims with indignation—'To be a lord'—Such is my conjecture, in which however I have not so much confidence as to depart from the mode in which this passage has been hitherto exhibited.

Wit, in the sense of a witty or ingenious person, was not, I suspect, the language of Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

Mer.

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not !

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee !

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that ?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship⁴.

Tim. Pray, entertain them ; give them guide to us.—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

You must needs dine with me :—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you ; when dinner is done,
Shew me this piece.—I am joyful of your fights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his company.

Most welcome, sir !

Apem. So, so ; there !—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints !—
'That there should be small love amongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy ! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey⁵.

Alc. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir :
Ere we depart⁶, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus.*]

⁴ *All of companionship.*] This expression does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that *they are all such as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and sets on a level with himself.*

STEEVENS.

⁵ — *The strain of man's bred out*

Into baboon and monkey.] Man is exhausted and degenerated ; his strain or lineage is worn down into monkey. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Ere we depart,*—] *Depart* and *part* have the same meaning.

"Hath willingly departed with a part." *King John.*

i. e. Hath willingly parted with a part of the thing in question.

STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 332, n. 3, and Vol. IV. p. 488, n. 2. MALONE.

Enter two Lords.

1. *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1. *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2. *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2. *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2. *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1. *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2. *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the afs. [*Exit.*

1. *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he out-goes
The very heart of kindness.

2. *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed⁷, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance⁸.

1. *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,

⁷ — no meed,] *Meed*, which in general signifies reward or recompence, in this place seems to mean *desert*. So, in a comedy called *Look about you*, 1600:

"Thou shalt be rich in honour, full of speed;

"Thou shalt win foes by fear, and friends by *meed*."

STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 268, n. 4. MALONE,

⁸ *All use of quittance.*] i. e. All the customary returns made in discharge of obligations. WARBURTON,

That

TIMON OF ATHENS.

21

That ever govern'd man.

2. *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes ! Shall we in ?

1. *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. A State-Room in Timon's house.

Hautboys playing loud musick. A great banquet served in ; FLAVIUS and others attending ; then Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS discontentedly.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods
to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich :

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help

I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,

Honest Ventidius : you mistake my love ;

I gave it freely ever ; and there's none

Can truly say, he gives, if he receives :

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them ; Faults that are rich, are fair^o.

Ven.

9 *If our betters play at that game, we must not dare,*

To imitate them ; Faults that are rich are fair.] Dr. Warburton, with his usual love of innovation, transfers the last word of the first of these lines, and the whole of the second to Apemantus. Mr. Heath has justly observed that this cannot have been Shakspeare's intention, for thus Apemantus would be made to address Timon personally, who must therefore have seen and heard him ; whereas it appears from a subsequent speech that Timon had not yet taken notice of him, as he salutes him with some surprize—"O, Apemantus !—you are welcome."

The term—*our betters*, being used by the inferior classes of men when they speak of their superiors in the state, Shakspeare uses these words, with his usual laxity, to express persons of high rank and fortune. Dr. Warburton idly supposes, he meant the gods. MALONE.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*]

Tim. Nay, my lords,
 Ceremony was but devis'd at first,
 To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
 But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
 Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
 Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*]

1. *Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not? ¹

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No; you shall not make me welcome:
 I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl; you have got a humour
 there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame;—

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,

But yond' man is ever angry ².

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company;

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

I cannot see that these lines are more proper in any other mouth than Timon's, to whose character of generosity and condescension they are very suitable. To suppose that by *our betters* are meant the gods, is very harsh, because to imitate the gods has been hitherto reckoned the highest pitch of human virtue. The whole is a trite and obvious thought, uttered by Timon with a kind of affected modesty. If I would make any alteration, it should be only to reform the numbers thus:

Our betters play that game; we must not dare

To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair. JOHNSON.

The faults of rich persons, and which contribute to the increase of riches, wear a plausible appearance, and as the world goes are thought fair; but they are faults notwithstanding. HEATH.

¹ — *confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?* There seems to be some allusion here to a common proverbial saying of Shakspeare's time: "Confess and be hang'd." See *Othello*, Act IV. sc. i. MALONE.

² *But yond' man is ever angry.* The old copy has—*very angry*; which can hardly be right. The emendation now adopted was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—But yon man is very *anger*; i. e. anger itself, which always maintains its violence. STEVENS.

Apem.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril *, Timon ;
I come to observe ; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee ; thou art an Athenian,
therefore welcome : I myself would have no power † ; 'pr'y-
thee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat ; 'twould choke me, for I should
Ne'er flatter thee ‡.—O you gods ! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not !
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one's man blood § ; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men :
Methinks, they should invite them without knives ;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't ; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him : it has been prov'd.
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals ;

* — at thine own peril,—] The old copy reads—at thine *app*eril.
I have not been able to find such a word in any dictionary, nor is it
reconcilable to etymology. I have therefore adopted an emendation
made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

† — I myself would have no power ;] These words refer to what
follows, not to that which precedes. *I claim no extraordinary power
in right of my being master of the house : I wish not by my commands to
impose silence on any one ; but though I myself do not enjoin you to silence,
let my meat stop your mouth.* MALONE.

I understand Timon's meaning to be : *I myself would have no power
to make thee silent, but I wish thou would'st let my meat make thee
silent.* Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims *all power* over the
meanest or most troublesome of his guests. TYRWHITT.

‡ *I scorn thy meat ; 'twould choke me, for I should
Ne'er flatter thee.*—] The meaning is, I could not swallow thy
meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery ; and what was given me
with an ill will would stick in my throat. JOHNSON.

For has here perhaps the signification of *because*. So, in *Othello* :

“ — Haply, for I am black.” MALONE.

§ — so many dip their meat

In one man's blood ;] The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained
to pursuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they
kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers*
them to the chase. JOHNSON.

Left they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes⁶ :
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart⁷; and let the health go round.

2. *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!

A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Those healths * will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire :
This, and my food, are equals ; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath, or bond;*

⁶ — *wind-pipe's dangerous notes :*] The notes of the wind-pipe seem to be only the indications which shew where the wind-pipe is.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare is very fond of making use of musical terms, when he is speaking of the human body, and *wind-pipe*, and *notes* savour strongly of a quibble. STEEVENS.

⁷ *My lord, in heart ;*] That is, *my lord's health with sincerity*. An emendation has been proposed thus :

My love in heart ;—

but it is not necessary. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Queen of Corinth*, by B. and Fletcher :

“ I will be never more *in heart* to you.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Act IV. sc. i :

“ — *in heart* desiring still

“ You may behold,” &c.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. ii :

“ — Dost thou not wish *in heart*,

“ The chain were longer, and the letter short ?” STEEVENS.

* — *Timon,*

Those healths—] This speech, except the concluding couplet, is printed as prose in the old copy ; nor could it be exhibited as verse but by transferring the word *Timon*, which follows—*look ill*, to its present place. The transposition was made by Mr. Capell. The word might have been an interlineation, and so have been misplaced. Yet, after all, I suspect many of the speeches in this play, which the modern editors have exhibited in a loose kind of metre, were intended by the author as prose ; in which form they appear in the old copy. MALONE.

Or

TIMON OF ATHENS.

25

*Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.*

Amen. So fall to't:

Rich men sin, and I eat root. [Eats and drinks.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1. Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect^s.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart⁹? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own

^s — *for ever perfect.*] That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart?*] Charitable signifies, dear, endearing. So Milton:

“ Relations dear, and all the charities

“ Of father, son, and brother—”.

Alms, in English, are called *charities*, and from thence we may collect that our ancestors knew well in what the virtue of alms-giving consisted; not in the *act*, but the *disposition*. WARBURTON.

The meaning is probably this. Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me. JOHNSON.
behalf;

behalf; and thus far I confirm you¹. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and² would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born³! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks⁴: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink⁵, Timon.

2. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe⁶ sprung up.

Apem.

¹ *I confirm you.*] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind.

JOHNSON.

² — *were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and—*] This passage I have restored from the old copy.

STEEVENS.

³ *O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born!*] Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, supplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he seldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, *O joy, e'en made away*, destroyed, turned to tears, *before it can be born*, before it can be fully possessed.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ These violent delights have violent ends,

“ And in their triumph die.”

The old copy has—*joys*. It was corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁴ *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks:*] Perhaps the true reading is this, *Mine eyes cannot hold out*; they *water*. *Methinks*, to forget their faults, *I will drink to you*. Or it may be explained without any change. *Mine eyes cannot hold out water*, that is, cannot keep water from breaking in upon them. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *to make them drink,*] The covert sense of Apemantus is, *what thou lovest, they get*. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *like a babe—*] That is, a *weeping babe*. JOHNSON.

I question if Shakspeare meant the propriety of allusion to be carried quite

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3. *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much?⁷!

[*Tucket sounded.*]

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures,

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
The ear, taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table
rise⁸;

They

quite so far. To look for *babies* in the eyes of another, is no uncommon expression. So, in *Love's Mistress*, by Heywood, 1636:

“Joy'd in his looks, look'd *babies* in his eyes.”

Again, in the *Loyal Subject*, by B. and Fletcher:

“—Can you look *babies*, sister,

“In the young gallant's eyes?” STEEVENS.

Does not Lucullus dwell on Timon's metaphor by referring to circumstances preceding the birth, and mean, joy was conceived in their eyes, and sprung up there, like the motion of a babe in the womb?

TOLLET.

The word *conception* in the preceding line shews, I think, that Mr. Tollet's interpretation of this passage is the true one. MALONE.

⁷ *Much!*] Apemantus means to say, That's extraordinary. *Much* was formerly an expression of admiration. See Vol. III. p. 208, n. 8.

MALONE.

⁸ *The ear, taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise;*] The old copy reads:

There taste, touch, all, &c.

The word *There* was corrected, and the word *smell* inserted by Dr. Warburton. He and the subsequent editors omit the word *all*; but omission is the most dangerous mode of emendation. The corrupted word *There* shews that *The ear* was intended to be contracted into one syllable;

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:—

Musick, make their welcome⁹. [Exit CUPID.

1. *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Musick. Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.

Apem. Hey day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance¹! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root².

syllable; and *table* also was probably used as taking up only the time of a monosyllable. MALONE.

The five senses, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, viz. the *bearing, taste, touch, and smell*, are all feasted at thy board; and these ladies come with me to entertain your *sight* in a masque. Massinger, in his *Duke of Millaine*, copied the passage from Shakspeare; and apparently before it was thus corrupted; where, speaking of a banquet, he says:

“ ——— All that may be had

“ To please the eye, the ear, taste, touch, or smell,

“ Are carefully provided.” WARBURTON.

⁹ *Musick, make their welcome.*] Perhaps the poet wrote:

Musick, make known their welcome.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ We will require her welcome,—

“ Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends.” STEEVENS.

¹ *They dance!*—] I believe *They dance* to be a marginal note only; and perhaps we should read,

These are mad women. TYRWHITT.

² *Like madness is the glory of this life,*

As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root.] *The glory of this life is very near to madness*, as may be made appear from *this pomp*, exhibited in a place where a philosopher is feeding on oil and roots. When we see by example how few are the necessities of life, we learn what madness there is in so much superfluity. JOHNSON.

The word *like* in this place does not express *resemblance*, but *equality*. Apemantus does not mean to say that the glory of this life was like madness, but it was *just as much madness* in the eye of reason, as the pomp appeared to be, when compared to the frugal repast of a philosopher. MASON.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
 And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
 Upon whose age we void it up again,
 With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
 Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
 Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift³?
 I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
 Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon;
 and, to shew their loves, each singles out an Amazon,
 and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two
 to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair
 ladies,
 Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
 You have added worth unto it, and lustre,
 And entertain'd me with mine own device⁴;
 I am to thank you for it.

1. *Lady.* My lord⁵, you take us even at the best⁶.

Apem.

3 — of their friends' gift?] That is, given them by their friends.

JOHNSON.

4 — mine own device;] The mask appears to have been design'd by
 Timon to surprise his guests. JOHNSON.

5 1. *Lady.* My lord;] This speech, which in the old copy is given
 to the first lord, has been transferred to the first lady, on the suggestion
 of Dr. Johnson, who observes that *L* only was probably set down in
 the *Ms.* His conjecture is well founded; for that abbreviation is used
 in the old copy in this very scene, and in many other places. Mr. Ed-
 wards and Mr. Heath, as Mr. Steevens has remarked, proposed the
 same emendation. The next speech, however coarse the allusion
 couched under the word *taking* may be, puts the matter beyond a
 doubt. MALONE.

6 — even at the best.] Perhaps we should read,

— ever at the best.

So, Act III. sc. vi.

Ever at the best. TYRWHITT.

Take us even at the best, I believe, means, you have seen the best
 we can do. They are supposed to be hired dancers, and therefore
 there is no impropriety in such a confession. STEEVENS.

I believe

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would ~~not~~ hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you ⁷.
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt CUPID, and Ladies.*]

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in his humour; [Aside.
Else I should tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could ⁸.
'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind ⁹;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind ¹.

[*Exit, and returns, with the casket.*]

1. *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2. *Lord.* Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word

I believe the meaning is, "You have conceived the fairest of us," (to use the words of Lucullus in a subsequent scene;) you have estimated us too highly, perhaps above our deserts. So Spenser, *F. Q. B. VI. c. 9*:

"He would commend his guift, and *make the best*." MALONE.

⁷ — *there is an idle banquet attends you.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"We have a *foolish trifling* supper towards." STEEVENS.

⁸ — *he'd be cross'd then, an he could.*] The poet does not mean here, that he would be *cross'd* in humour, but that he would have his hand *cross'd* with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old silver penny, used before King Edward the first's time, which had a *cross* on the reverse with a crease, that it might be more easily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expression derived, *I have not a cross about me*; i. e. not a piece of money. THEOBALD.

The poet certainly meant this equivoque, but one of the senses intended to be conveyed was, he will then too late wish that it were possible to undo what he had done: he will in vain lament that I did not *thwart* him in his career of prodigality. MALONE.

⁹ — *eyes behind*;) To see the miseries that are following her.

¹ — *for his mind.*] For nebleness of soul. JOHNSON.

To

He say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must
Entreat you, honour me so much, as to
Advance this jewel²; accept it, and wear it,
Kind my lord.

1. *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let us be provided
To shew them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how.

[*Aside.*

Enter another Servant.

2. *Serv.* May it please your honour, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now? what news?

3. *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentle-
man, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to
hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of
greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,

² — to

Advance this jewel;] To prefer it; to raise it to honour by wear-
ing it. JOHNSON.

To shew him what a beggar his heart is,
 Being of no power to make his wishes good;
 His promises fly so beyond his state,
 That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
 For every word; he is so kind, that he now
 Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
 Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
 Before I were forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
 Than such that do even enemies exceed.
 I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Tim. You do yourselves

Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—
 Here, my lord; a trifle of our love.

2. *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3. *Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on: it is yours, because you liked it.

2. *Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, In that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
 I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
 I tell you true³. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
 So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
 Methinks, I could deal kingdoms⁴ to my friends,
 And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,

³ I tell you true.] The old copy reads—I'll tell you true. The correction was made by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

⁴ — 'tis not enough to give;

Methinks, I could deal kingdoms—] What I have already given, says Timon, is not sufficient on the occasion: Methinks I could deal kingdoms, i. e. I could dispense them on every side with an ungrudging distribution, like that with which I could deal out cards. STEEVENS.

Thou art a foldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee : for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead ; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alc. Ay, defiled land⁵, my lord.

1. *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so am I to you.

2. *Lord.* So infinite endear'd,—

Tim. All to you⁶.—Lights, more lights.]

3. *Lord.* The best of happiness,

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon !

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, *Lords*, &c.]

Apem. What a coil's here !

Serving of becks⁷, and jutting out of bums !

I doubt, whether their legs⁸ be worth the fums

That

5 *Ay, defiled land*.—] This is the old reading, which apparently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told, that *his estate lieth in a pitch'd field*. Now *pitch*, as Falstaff says, *doth defile*. Alcibiades therefore replies, that his estate lies *in defiled land*. This, as it happened, was not understood, and all the editors published :

I defy land.— JOHNSON.

I being always printed in the old copy for *Ay*, the editor of the second folio made the absurd alteration mentioned by Dr. Johnson.

MALONE.

6 *All to you*.] i. e. all good wishes, or all happiness to you. So, *Macbeth* :

" *All to all*." STEEVENS.

7 *Serving of becks*.] *Beck* means a salutation made with the head. So Milton :

" Nods and *becks*, and wreathed smiles."

To *serve a beck*, is to offer a salutation. JOHNSON.

To *serve a beck*, means, I believe, to pay a courtly obedience to a nod. Thus, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601 :

" And with a low *beck*

" Prevent a sharp check."

In *Merry Tricks or Ram-Alley*, 1611, I find the same word :

" I had my winks, my *becks*, treads on the toes."

Again, in *Heywood's Rape of Lucrece*, 1630 :

" ——— wanton looks,

" And privy *becks*, favouring incontinence."

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs :
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'ries.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not fullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the faster.
Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly⁹:
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am
sworn, not to give regard to you. Farewel; and come
with better musick. [Exit.

Apem. So;—
Thou wilt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll
lock

Thy heaven¹ from thee. O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

Again, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"And he that with a *beck* controuls the heavens."

It happens then that the word *beck* has no less than four distinct significations. In Drayton's *Polyolbion*, it is enumerated among the appellations of *small streams of water*. In Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, it has its common meaning—a *sign of invitation made by the hand*. In *Timon*, it appears to denote a *bow*, and in Lyly's play, a *nod of dignity or command*. STEEVENS.

See Surrey's Poems, p. 29:

"And with a *becke* full lowe he bowed at her feete.

TYRWHITT.

⁸ *I doubt, whether their legs, &c.*] He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a *limb* and a *bow* or *act of obeisance*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 180, n. 4. MALONE.

⁹ — *I fear me, thou*

Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:] i. e. be ruined by his securities entered into. WARBURTON.

¹ *Thy heaven*—] The pleasure of being flattered. JOHNSON.

Apemantus never intended in any event to flatter Timon, nor did Timon expect any flattery from him. By his *heaven*, he means good advice, the only thing by which he could be saved. The following lines confirm this explanation. MASON.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in a Senator's House.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore,
He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses²: No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles³, and still invites

All

² — *it foals me, straight,
And able horses:] If I give my horse to Timon, it immediately foals,
and not only produces more, but able horses.* The same construction
occurs in *Much ado about Nothing*: “—and men are only turned into
tongue, and trim ones too.” Something similar occurs also in B. and
Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

“ — some twenty young and handsome,

“ As also able maids, for the court and service.” STEVENS.

Perhaps the letters of the word *me* were transposed at the press.
Shakspeare might have written:

— it foals *em* straight,

And able horses.

If there be no corruption in the text, the word *twenty* in the preceding
line, is understood here after *me*.

We have had this sentiment differently expressed in the preceding act:

“ — no meed but he repays

“ Seven-fold above itself; no gift to him,

“ But breeds the giver a return exceeding

“ All use of quittance.” MALONE.

³ — *No porter at his gate;*

*But rather one that smiles, &c.] I imagine that a line is lost here,
in which the behaviour of a surly porter was described.* JOHNSON.

There is no occasion to suppose the loss of a line. *Sternness* was the
characteristick of a porter. There appeared at Killingworth castle,
[1575,] “ a porter, tall of parson, big of lim, and *fearn of coun-
tinauns*.” FARMER.

All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety*. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
Impórtune him for my monies; be not ceas'd^s
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,*
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit': I love, and honour him;
But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,

The word *one* in the second line does not refer to *porter*, but means a person. He has no stern forbidding porter at his gate to keep people out, but a person who invites them in. MALONE.

* — *no reason*

Can found his state in safety.] In my copy of the first folio the word appears to be *found*. I have printed *found* for the reason assigned by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

The supposed meaning of "*Can found his state,*" &c. must be, *No reason*, by *sounding*, fathoming, or trying, *his state*, can find it *safe*. But as the words stand, they imply, that *no reason* can safely *found his state*. I read thus:

———— *no reason*

Can found his state in safety.

Reason cannot find his fortune to have any *safe* or solid *foundation*.

The types of the first printer of this play were so worn and defaced, that *f* and *s* are not always to be distinguished. JOHNSON.

' — *be not ceas'd*] i. e. stopp'd. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"Why should Tiberius' liberty be *ceas'd*." STEEVENS.

* — *sirrah*,] was added for the sake of the metre by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Lord

Lord Timon will be left a naked gull⁶,
Which flashes⁷ now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Capb. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt⁸.

Capb. I will, sir,

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue; Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind⁹.

What

⁶ — *a naked gull,*] A gull is a bird as remarkable for the poverty of its feathers, as a phoenix is supposed to be for the richness of its plumage. STEEVENS.

⁷ Which *flashes,* &c.] Which, the pronoun relative, relating to things, is frequently used, as in this instance, by Shakspeare, instead of *who*, the pronoun relative, applied to persons. The use of the former instead of the latter is still preserved in the Lord's prayer. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *take the bonds along with you,*

And have the dates in compt.] The old copy reads—have the dates in. Come. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Certainly, ever since bonds were given, the date was put in when the bond was entered into: and these bonds Timon had already given, and the time limited for their payment was lapsed. The Senator's charge to his servant must be to the tenour as I have amended the text; Take good notice of the dates, for the better computation of the interest due upon them. THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation may be supported by the following instance in *Macbeth*:

“Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt.

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *Never mind*

Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.] Nothing can be worse, or more obscurely expressed: and all for the sake of a wretched rhyme. To make it sense and grammar, it should be supplied thus:

D 3

— *Never*

What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting:
Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Enter CAPHIS, and the servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro¹: What,
You come for money?

— *Never mind*

Was [made] to be so unwise, [in order] to be so kind.

i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuse mind, never before endowed any man with so large a share of folly. *WARBURTON.*

Of this mode of expression, conversation affords many examples: "I was always to be blamed, whatever happened." "I am in the lottery, but I was always to draw blanks." *JOHNSON.*

¹ *Good even, Varro:*] It is observable, that this *good evening* is before dinner: for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will *go forth again as soon as dinner's done*, which may prove that by *dinner* our author meant not the *cæna* of ancient times, but the mid-day's repast. I do not suppose the passage corrupt: such inadvertencies neither author nor editor can escape.

There is another remark to be made. Varro and Isidore sink a few lines afterwards into the servants of Varro and Isidore. Whether servants, in our author's time, took the names of their masters, I know not. Perhaps it is a slip of negligence. *JOHNSON.*

In like manner in the fourth scene of the next act the servant of Lucius is called by his master's name; but our author's intention is sufficiently manifested by the stage-direction in the fourth scene of the third act, where we find in the first folio, (p. 86. col. 2.) "*Enter Varro's man, meeting others.*" I have therefore in the present edition always annexed *Serv.* to the name of the master. *MALONE.*

In the old copy it stands: *Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.* *STEEV.*

Good even, or, as it is sometimes less accurately written, *Good den*, was the usual salutation from *noon*, the moment that *Good-morrow* became improper. This appears plainly from the following passage. *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv:

"*Nurse.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

"*Mercutio.* God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

"*Nur.* Is it good den?

"*Merc.* 'Tis no less I tell you; for the hand of the dial is now upon noon."

So, in Hamlet's greeting to Marcellus. Act I. sc. i. Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, not being aware, I presume, of this wide sense of *Good even*, have altered it to *Good morning*; without any necessity, as from the course of the incidents, precedent and subsequent, the day may well be supposed to be turn'd of *noon*. *TYAWHITT.*

Var.

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—And yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again²,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit³,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

² — *we'll forth again,*] i. e. to hunting, from which diversion we find by Flavius's speech he was just returned. It may be here observed, that in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus, in Laneham's *Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, we find that Queen Elizabeth always while there, hunted in the afternoon. "Monday was hot, and therefore her highness kept in till five o'clock in the evening; what time it pleased her to ryde forth into the chase, to hunt the hart of fors; which found anon, and after sore chased," &c. Again; "Monday the 18 of this July, the weather being hot, her highness kept the castle for coolness till about five o'clock; her majesty in the chase hunted the hart (as before) of fors." So, in *Tancred and Gismund*, 1592, Act II. sc. 1:

"He means this evening in the park to hunt." REED.

³ *That with your other noble parts you'll suit,*] i. e. that you will behave on this occasion in a manner consistent with your other noble qualities. STEEVENS.

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Capb. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past.—

Ifid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES, and Lords.*]

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you.

[*to Flavius.*]

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd,
With clamorous demands of date-broken bonds⁴,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends:
See them well entertain'd.

[*Exit TIMON.*]

Flav. Pray draw near.

[*Exit FLAVIUS.*]

Enter APEMANTUS, and a Fool⁵.

Capb. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

4 —*of date-broken bonds,*] The old copy reads—*of debt* broken bonds. For the emendation now made I am answerable; to which I should not have ventured to give a place in the text, but that some emendation is absolutely necessary, and this appears to be established beyond a doubt by a former line in the preceding scene:

“And my reliances on his *fractured* dates.”

The transcriber's ear deceived him here as in many other places. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the subsequent editors evaded the difficulty by omitting the corrupted word, *debt*. MALONE.

⁵ *Enter Apemantus, and a Fool.*] I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularities. JOHNSON.

Var.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself.—Come away. [*To the Fool.*

Isid. Serv. [*to Var. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want⁶!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me, what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

⁶ *Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds, &c.*] This is said so abruptly, that I am inclined to think it misplaced, and would regulate the passage thus:

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question.

All. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want! Speak, &c.

Thus every word will have its proper place. It is likely that the passage transposed was forgot in the copy, and inserted in the margin, perhaps, a little beside the proper place, which the transcriber wanting either skill or care to observe, wrote it where it now stands.

JOHNSON.

The transposition proposed is unnecessary. Apemantus does not address these words to any of the others, but mutters them to himself; so that they do not enter into the dialogue or compose a part of it. MASON.

Fool.

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are⁷. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth⁸.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page⁹.

Page. [*to the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wife company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

⁷ *She's e'en setting on water to scald, &c.*] The old name for the disease got at Corinth was the *breuning*, and a sense of *scalding* is one of its first symptoms. JOHNSON.

The same thought appears in the *Old Law*, by Massinger:

"— look parboil'd

" As if they came from Cupid's *scalding-house*." STEEVENS.

⁸ *'Would we could see you at Corinth.*] A cant name for a bawdy-house, I suppose, from the dissoluteness of that ancient Greek city; of which Alexander ab Alexandro has these words: "CORINTHI sumper milleprostitutæ in templo Veneris assiduæ degere, & inflammata libidine quæsum meretricio operam dare, et velut sacrarum ministra Deæ famulari solebant." Milton, in his *Apology for Smæthymnus*, says: "Or searching for me at the Bordellos, where, it may be, he has lost himself, and raps up, without pity, the sage and rheumatick old prelates, with all her young Corinthian laity, to enquire for such a one." WARBURTON.

See Vol. V. p. 164, n. 2. MALONE.

⁹ *— my mistress' page.*] In the first passage the Fool speaks of his *master*, in the second [as exhibited in the modern editions] of his *mistress*. In the old copy it is *master* in both places. It should rather, perhaps, be *mistress* in both, as it is in a following and a preceding passage:

" *All.* How does your *mistress*?"

" *Fool.* My *mistress* is one, and I am her fool." STEEVENS.

I have not hesitated to print *mistress* in both places. *Master* was frequently printed in the old copy instead of *mistress*, and *vice versa*, from the ancient mode of writing an M only, which stood in the Mss. of Shakspeare's time either for the one or the other; and the copyist or printer completed the word without attending to the context. This abbreviation is found in *Coriolanus*, folio, 1623, p. 21:

"Where's Cotus? My *M.* calls for him."

Again, more appositely, in the *The Merchant of Venice*, 1623:

"What ho, M. [*Master*] Lorenzo, and M. [*Mistress*] Lorenzo."

In Vol. III. p. 267, n. 4, and Vol. VI. p. 130, n. 6, are found corruptions similar to the present, in consequence of the printer's completing the abbreviated word of the Mss. improperly. MALONE.

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [Exit.]

Apem. Even so, thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house¹ merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whore-master, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; some-

¹ — my mistress' house—] Here again the old copy reads—*master's*. I have corrected it for the reason already assigned. The context puts the matter beyond a doubt. Mr. Theobald, I find, had silently made the same emendation; but in subsequent editions the corrupt reading of the old copy was again restored, MALONE.

time, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one²: He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All. Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON, and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*]

Fla. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Serv.*]

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me; That I might so have rated my expence, As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me, At many leasures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to: Perchance, some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister³, Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord! At many times I brought in my accounts, Laid them before you; you would throw them off, And say, you found them in mine honesty.

² — *his artificial one*:] Meaning the celebrated philosopher's stone, which was in those times much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of those who lost considerable sums in seeking of it. JOHNSON.

Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in this pursuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden house. STEEV.

³ — *made your minister*,] The construction is: *And made that unaptness your minister.* MALONE.

When,

When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
 Return so much *, I have shook my head, and wept;
 Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
 To hold your hand more close: I did endure
 Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
 Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
 And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord,
 Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,
 The greatest of your having † lacks a half
 To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
 And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
 Of present dues: the future comes apace:
 What shall defend the interim? and at length
 How goes our reckoning ‡?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word §;
 Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
 How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falshood,

* *Return so much,*—] He does not mean so great a sum, but a certain sum, as it might happen to be. Our author frequently uses this kind of expression. See a note on the words—"with so many talents," p. 54, n. 6. MALONE.

† *Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,*

The greatest of your having, &c.] Though you now at last listen to my remonstrances, yet now your affairs are in such a state that the whole of your remaining fortune will scarce pay half your debts. You are therefore wise too late. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time,—
 and his emendation has been adopted in the late editions. But it is certainly unnecessary. MALONE.

‡ *What shall defend the interim? and at length*

How goes our reckoning?] How will you be able to subsist in the time intervening between the payment of the present demands (which your whole substance will hardly satisfy) and the claim of future dues, for which you have no fund whatsoever; and finally on the settlement of all accounts in what a wretched plight will you be? MALONE.

§ *O my good lord, the world is but a word;*] The meaning is, as the world itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath. WARBURTON.

Call me before the exactest auditors,
 And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
 When all our offices have been oppress'd
 With riotous feeders⁷; when our vaults have wept
 With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
 Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
 I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock⁸,
 And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
 How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
 This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
 What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Ti-
 mon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
 Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,

⁷ *With riotous feeders;*] *Feeders* are servants, whose low debaucheries are practised in the *offices* of a house. See a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. xi: "—one who looks on *feeders*." It appears that what we now call *offices*, were anciently called *houses of offices*. So, in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale*, late edit. v. 8140:

"*Houses of office* stuffed with plente

"*Ther mayst thou see of deinteous vittaille.*" STEVENS.

⁸ — *a wasteful cock,*] i. e. a *cockloft*, a garret. And a *wasteful cock*, signifies a garret lying in waste, neglected, put to no use.

HANMER.

Hanmer's explanation is received by Dr. Warburton, yet I think them both apparently mistaken. A *wasteful cock* is a *cock* or pipe with a turning stopple *running* to *waste*. In this sense, both the terms have their usual meaning; but I know not that *cock* is ever used for *cockloft*. or *wasteful* for *lying in waste*, or that lying in waste is at all a phrase.

JOHNSON.

Whatever be the meaning of the present passage, it is certain, that *lying in waste* is still a very common phrase. FARMER.

A *wasteful cock* is what we now call a *waste pipe*; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns and other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness from the scenes of luxury within the house, was favourable to meditation. COLLINS.

The reader will have a perfect notion of the method taken by Mr. Pope in his edition, when he is informed that, for *wasteful cock*, that editor reads—*lensly room*. MALONE,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.⁹
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument¹ of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance blest your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there,—Flaminius²! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will dispatch you severally,—You, to lord Lu-

⁹ *No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;*

Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.] Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon, who, although beggar'd through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures. STEEVENS.

¹ *And try the argument—*] The licentiousness of our author forces us often upon far fetched expositions. *Arguments* may mean contents, as the arguments of a book; or for evidences and proofs.

JOHNSON.

The matter contained in a poem or play was in our author's time commonly thus denominated. The contexts of his *Rape of Lucrece*, which he certainly published himself, he calls *The Argument*. Hence undoubtedly his use of the word. If I would, says Timon, by borrowing, try of what men's hearts are compos'd, what they have in them, &c. The old copy reads—*argument*, not, as Dr. Johnson supposed, *arguments*. MALONE.

² — *Flaminius*!—] The old copy has *Flavius*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The error probably arose from *Flav* being set down in the MS. MALONE.

cius,—to lord Lucullus you ; I hunted with his honour to-day ;—You, to Sempronius ;—commend me to their loves ; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them toward a supply of money : let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus ? humph ! [*Aside.*

Tim. Go, you, sir, [*to another Serv.*] to the senators, (Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o' the instant A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way³,)
To them to use your signet, and your name ;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true ? can it be ?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending other serious matters⁴,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions⁵,

3 — *I knew it the most general way,*] *General* is not speedy, but compendious, the way to try many at a time. JOHNSON.

4 — *intending—*] is regarding, turning their notice to other things. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* had anciently the same meaning. So, in the *Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ Good sir, *intend* this business.” STEEVENS.

So, in *Wits, Fitts, and Fancies*, &c. 1595 :

“ Tell this man that I am going to dinner to my lord maior, and that I can not now *intend* his tittle-tattle.”

Again, in *Pasquil's Night-Cap*, a poem, 1623 :

“ For we have many secret ways to spend,

“ Which are not fit our husbands should *intend*.” MALONE.

5 — *these hard fractions,*] *Broken hints, interrupted sentences, &c.* JOHNSON.

With certain half-caps⁶, and cold-movings nods⁷,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods reward them!—

'Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: These old fellows have
Their ingratitude in them hereditary⁸:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy⁹.—
Go to Ventidius,—[*to a Serv.*] Pr'ythee, [*to Flavius.*] be
not sad,

Thou art true, and honest; ingenuously I speak;
No blame belongs to thee:—[*to Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend¹⁰, which craves to be remember'd

⁶ — *half-caps,*] A *half-cap* is a cap slightly moved, not put off.

JOHNSON.

⁷ — *cold-moving nods,*] By *cold-moving* I do not understand with
Mr. Theobald, *chilling* or *cold-producing* nods; but a slight motion
of the head, without any warmth or cordiality.

Cold-moving is the same as *coldly-moving*. So—*perpetual sober*
gods, for—*perpetually sober*; *lany-pacing clouds*,—*loving-jealous*,—
flattering-sweet, &c.—Such distant and uncourteous salutations are
properly termed *cold-moving*, as proceeding from a cold and unfriendly
disposition. MALONE.

⁸ — *in them hereditary:*] *Hereditary*, for by natural constitution.
But some distempers of natural constitution being called *hereditary*, he
calls their ingratitude so. WARBURTON.

⁹ *And nature, as it grows again toward earth,*

Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—] The same thought
occurs in *The Wife for a Month* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Beside, the fair soul's old too, it grows tedious,

"Which shows all honour is departed from us,

"And we are earth again." STEEVENS.

¹⁰ *Bid him suppose, some good necessity*

Touches his friend,] Good, as it may afford Ventidius
tunity of exercising his bounty, and relieving his friend, in
his former kindness: or, some *best* necessity, not the *best*
of a *villainous* and *ignoble* bounty. I rather think this latter is the
meaning. MALONE.

With those five talents :—that had, [*to Flavius*] give it
these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it; That thought is
bounty's foe;
Being free² itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in Lucullus's House.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down
to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Afide.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I
warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver
basin and ewer³ to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius;
you are very respectfully welcome, sir².—Fill me some
wine.—[*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable,
complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very
bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

² Free,] is liberal, not parsimonious. JOHNSON.

³ — a silver basin and ewer—] These utensils of silver being much
in request in Shakespeare's time, he has, as usual, not scrupled to place
them in the house of an Athenian nobleman. So again, in *The*
Taming of the Shrew:

"~~within~~ my house within the city

"Is richly furnished with plate and gold;

"Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands."

See Vol. III. p. 292, n. 3. MALONE.

² — very respectfully welcome, &c.] i. e. respectfully. So, in
the Jew:

"'Tis too respectful," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 456, n. 8. MALONE.

Lucul.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour^t to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep to good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares⁴ for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ; And we alive, that liv'd⁵? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*

⁴ — three solidares—] I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet. STREVENs.

⁵ And we alive, that liv'd?] i. e. And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to say, in so short a time. WARBURTON.

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy maker.

[*Exit LUCULLUS.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation⁶,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights?⁷ O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave,
Unto his honour⁸, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?

O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature⁹
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!¹⁰ [*Exit.*]

⁶ *Let molten coin be thy damnation.* Perhaps the poet alludes to the punishment inflicted on Mithridates by Mithridates. In the *Shepherd's Calendar*, however, Lucullus declares himself to have seen in hell "a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles, full of boiling lead and oil, with other hot metals molten, to the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, for to fulfill and replenish them of their insatiable covetise." Again, in an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled *The Devil's Song*:

"And ladies full of melted gold

"Were poured down their throats." STERRENS.

This probably alludes to the story of Marcus Crassus and the Parthians, who are said to have poured molten gold down his throat, as a reproach and punishment for his avarice. MASON.

⁷ *It turns in less than two nights?* Alluding to the turning or softness of milk. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Unto his honour.* Thus the old copy. What Flaminius seems to mean is, — This slave (to the honour of his character) has, &c. The modern editors read, *unto his loss*, which may be right. STERRENS.

⁹ *That part of nature.* — Flaminius considers that nutriment which Lucullus had for a length of time received at Timon's table, as constituting a great part of his animal system. STERRENS.

¹⁰ *his hour.* — i. e. the hour of death. *His* for *us*. STERRENS.
This is almost every where in their plays is used for *us*, but here it is *his* hour" rather than *his* hour, and means *his* life. MALONE.

SCENE II.

The same. A publick Place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1. *Stran.* We know him for no less², though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord Timon's happy hours are done³ and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Eye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2. *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents⁴; nay, urged extremely for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2. *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mis-

² *We know him for no less, &c.]* That is, we know him by report to be no less than you represent him, though we are strangers to his person. JOHNSON.

³ *— are done —]* i. e. consumed. See Vol. VI. p. 113. *Stran. con.*

⁴ *— to borrow so many talents.]* Such is the reading of the old copy. The modern editors read *and* *so* *many* *talents*. So many is not an uncommon colloquial expression for an indefinite number. The stranger might not know the exact sum. STRAN. con.

So Queen Elizabeth to one of her parliament: "And for any it shall be sufficient that a marble stone declare that a queen having reigned *such a time*, [i. e. the time that she should have reigned, whatever time that might happen to be] lived and died a virgin." MAT. con.

51 TIMON OF ATHENS.

took him, and sent to me ⁴; I should ne'er have deny'd
His occasion so many talents ⁵.

Enter SERVILIUS.

*Sen. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have
swear'd to see his honour.—My honour'd lord,—*

Lucius.

*Sen. Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee
well.—Commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord,
my very exquisite friend.*

Luc. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

*Sen. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endear'd
to that lord, he's ever sending. How shall I thank him
for't then? And what has he sent now?*

*Luc. He has only sent his present occasion now, my
lord, requesting your lordship to supply his instant
want of many talents.*

*Sen. [To Lucius.] I will send him as much as I can. [Lucius has just de-
parted.] I am glad to hear that Timon, than Lucullus had
received, who certainly ought to have been the first to send him. Yet,
that he, had Timon's letter, had looked this circumstance, and
that I, I should not have sent him. STEEVENS.*

*Sen. [To Servilius.] I will send him as much as I can. [Lucius has just de-
parted.] I am glad to hear that Timon, than Lucullus had
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MALONE.

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that I, I should not have sent him. STEEVENS.*

TIMON OF ATHENS

55

Lsc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Err. But in the mean time he wants left, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Setvilana?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shewn myself honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little pain, and make a great deal of honour!—Senilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do it: the more beastly I say:—I was

7 If his occasion were not urgent, [Katharine, for being, for him, pressing. WASHINGTON.

The meaning may more properly be, "If he did not want it for a good use." JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is certainly right. We had before

"Some good money for the cause." - *NY Times*

2 — half so faithfully. Faithfully, For Christ's sake, W. A. A. T. W.

Zeal or ~~firmness~~ usually strengthens feeling. Malone

9 — that I could purchase, perhaps before for a dark room, and under
a great deal of labor I found it was a good thing to have a few more
antitheses in the form, I am very much interested in the progress at the
bottom. For a little part of what I have seen is the most suggestive
that follows in the instance. It would be the antithesis improved
by the sense which my imagination has been able to grasp. I have purchased
—for a Nihilist, and under what circumstances I can tell you.

J. B. D.

This examination is conducted by the police, by the Thomas Hammer, but neglected by the police. It is the Thomas's right in suspecting a corruption; not is his examination jurisdiction, though perhaps we may better read, and not the police for a new park.

I am satisfied with the way in which the author's manner. By the way, I have lost the more interesting my friend. Dr. Farne, in its common acceptance of a legal fence. See Lamb

I believe Dr. Johnson's use of the phrase "purchase" in the title of his author's works and the use of the word "purchase" in the title of his work of "Suspecting" concerning the "purchase" of "Suspecting" from that work.

sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and, I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:— And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit SERVILIUS.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed. [*Exit.*]

1. *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2. *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1. *Stran.* Why this is the world's soul, and just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit*. Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the same dish? for in my knowing
Timon has been this lord's father, and kept
His credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money

* — *flatterer's spirit.*] This is Dr. Warburton's emendation. The other [modern] editions read,

Why this is the world's soul;

Of the same piece is every flatterer's sport.

Mr. Upton has not unluckily transposed the two final words, thus:

Why, this is the world's sport:

Of the same piece is every flatterer's soul.

The passage is not so obscure as to provoke so much enquiry. *This*, says he, *is the soul or spirit of the world: every flatterer plays the same game, makes sport with the confidence of his friend.* JOHNSON.

The emendation, *spirit*, belongs not to Dr. Warburton, but to Mr. Theobald. The word was frequently pronounced as one syllable, and sometimes, I think, written *spirt*. Hence the corruption was easy; whilst on the other hand it is highly improbable that two words so distant from each other as *soul* and *sport* [or *spirit*] should change places. Mr. Upton did not take the trouble to look into the old copy; but finding *soul* and *sport* the final words of two lines in Mr. Pope's and the subsequent editions, took it for granted they held the same situation in the original edition, which we see was not the case. I do not believe this speech was intended by the author for verse. MALONE.

Has

Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
 But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
 And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man,
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!
 He does deny him, in respect of his²,
 What charitable men afford to beggars.

3. *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1. *Stran.* For mine own part,
 I never tasted Timon in my life,
 Nor came any of his bounties over me,
 'To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
 And honourable carriage,
 Had his necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my wealth into donation,
 And the best half should have return'd to him³,

So

² — in respect of his,] That is, in respect of his fortune: what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius possesses, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars. JOHNSON.

³ I would have put my wealth into donation,

And the best half should have return'd to him,] Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my fortune into a condition to be alienated, and the best half of what I had gained myself, or received from others, should have found its way to him. Either such licentious exposition must be allowed, or the passage remain in obscurity.

The following lines in *Hamlet*, Act II. sc. ii. persuade me that my explanation of—*put my wealth into donation*—is very doubtful:

“Put your dread pleasures more into command

“Than to entreaty.”

Again, in *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. iv:

“And mad'd me put into contempt the faults

“Of princely fellows,” &c.

Perhaps the stranger means to say, I would have treated my wealth as a present originally received from him, and on this occasion have return'd him the half of that whole for which I supposed myself to be indebted to his bounty. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that the latter very happy interpretation given by Mr. Steevens is the true one; and I should have omitted the former, but that it was so connected with what follows as not to be easily separated. Though, (says the speaker) I never tasted Timon's bounty in my life, I would have supposed my whole fortune to have been a gift from him, &c. So, in the common phrase,—*Put yourself* [i. e. suppose yourself] in my place. The passages quoted by Mr. Steevens fully support the phrase—*into donation*.

“Return'd

So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Sempronius's House.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph! 'Bove
all others?

He might have try'd lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison⁴: All these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd⁵, and found base metal; for
They have all deny'd him!

Sem. How! have they deny'd him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him?
And does he send to me? Three? humph!—
It shews but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over⁶; Must I take the cure upon me?
He

"Return'd to him" necessarily includes the idea of having come from him, and therefore can not mean simply—*found its way*, the interpretation first given by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

⁴ *And now Ventidius is wealthy too,*
Whom he redeem'd from prison] This circumstance occurs likewise in the anonymous unpublished comedy of *Timon*:

"O yee ingrateful! have I freed yee

"From bonds in prison, to requite me thus,

"To trample ore mee in my misery?" MALONE.

⁵ *They have all been touch'd,*] That is, *tried*; alluding to the touchstone. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *his friends, like physicians,*

Thrive, give him over] Hanmer reads, *try'd*, plausibly enough. Instead of *thrive* proposed by Mr. Pope, I should read *thrice*. But perhaps the old reading is the true. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read—*striv'd*. *They give him over striv'd*; that is, *prepared for immediate death by strife*. TAYLOR.

Perhaps the following passage in Webster's *Dishonour of Malfy* is the best comment after all:

" — Physicians

He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,
But

" ——— Physicians thus,

" *With their hands full of money, use to give o'er*

" *Their patients.*"

The passage will then mean:—"His friends, like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquish, and forsake him*, or give his case up as desperate." *To give over* in the *Taming of the Shrew* has no reference to the irremediable condition of a patient, but simply means to leave, to forsake, to quit:

" And therefore let me be thus bold with you,

" *To give you over* at this first encounter,

" Unless you will accompany me thither." STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio, the first and principal corrupter of these plays, for *Thrive*, substituted *Thriv'd*, on which the conjectures of Sir Thomas Hanmer and Mr. Tyrwhitt were founded.

The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *The Dutchess of Malfy*, is a strong confirmation of the old reading; for Webster appears both in that and in another piece of his (*The White Devil*) to have frequently imitated Shakspeare. Thus, in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, we find:

" ——— Use me well, you were best;

" What I have done, I have done; I'll confess nothing."

Apparently from *Othello*:

" Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;

" From this time forth I never will speak word."

Again, the Cardinal, speaking to his mistress Julia, who had importuned him to disclose the cause of his melancholy, says:

" ——— Satisfy thy longing;

" The only way to make thee keep thy counsel,

" Is, not to tell thee."

So, in *King Henry IV. P. I*:

" ——— " for secrecy

" No lady closer; for I well believe

" Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know."

Again, in *The White Devil*:

" Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils."

So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— 'tis the eye of childhood,

" That fears a painted devil."

Again, in *The White Devil*:

" ——— the secret of my prince,

" Which I will wear i' th' inside of my heart,"

Copied, I think, from these lines of *Hamlet*:

" ——— Give me the man

" That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

" In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart."

But his occasions might have woo'd me first ;
 For, in my conscience, I was the first man
 That e'er receiv'd gift from him :
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,
 That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove
 An argument of laughter to the rest,
 And amongst lords I be thought* a fool.
 I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;
 I had such a courage to do him good⁷. But now return,
 And with their faint reply this answer join ;
 Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[Exit.

Serv. Excellent⁸! Your lordship's a goodly villain.

The White Devil was not printed till 1612.—*Hamlet* had appeared in 1604. See also another imitation quoted in a note on *Cymbeline*, Act IV. sc. ii.; and the last scene of the fourth act of *The Dutchess of Malfy*, which seems to have been copied from our author's *King John*, Act IV. sc. i.

The Dutchess of Malfy had certainly appeared before 1619, for Burbage, who died in that year, acted in it, I believe, before 1616, for I imagine it is the play alluded to in Ben Jonson's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, printed in that year:

"To make a child new-swaddled to proceed

"Man," &c.

So that probably the lines above cited from Webster's play by Mr. Steevens, were copied from *Timon* before it was in print, for it first appeared in the folio, 1623. Hence we may conclude, that *thrue* was not an error of the press, but our author's original word, which Webster imitated, not from the printed book, but from the representation of the play, or the Mf. copy.

It is observable, that in this piece of Webster's, the dutchess, who, like Desdemona, is strangled, revives *after long seeming dead*, speaks a few words, and then dies. MALONE.

* — *I be thought* —] The personal pronoun was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

7 *I had such a courage* —] Such an ardour, such an eager desire.

JOHNSON.

⁸ *Excellent*! &c.] I suppose the former part of this speech to have been originally written in verse, as well as the latter, though the players having printed it in prose, (omitting several syllables necessary to the metre) it cannot now be restored without such additions as no editor is at liberty to insert in the text. STEEVENS.

I suspect no omission whatsoever here. MALONE.

The

The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear⁹. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire¹.

O! such a nature is his politick love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.

⁹ *The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear.* The meaning, I think, is this:—*The devil did not know what he was about, [how much his reputation for wickedness would be diminished] when he made man crafty and interested; he thwarted himself by it; [by thus raising up rivals to contend with him in iniquity, and at length to surpass him;] and I cannot but think that at last the enormities of mankind will rise to such a height, as to make even Satan himself, in comparison, appear (what he would least of all wish to be) spotless and innocent.*

Clear is in many other places used by our authour and the contemporary writers, for innocent. So, in *The Tempest*:

“ — nothing but heart's sorrow

“ And a clear life ensuing.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“ — This Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been

So clear in his great office,—”

Again, in the play before us:

Roots, ye clear gods!

Again, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:

I know myself am clear

As is the new-born infant.” MALONE.

¹ — *takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those, &c.*] This is a reflection on the puritans of that time. These people were then set upon a project of new-modelling the ecclesiastical and civil government according to scripture rules and examples; which makes him say, that under zeal for the word of God, they would set whole realms on fire. So Sempronius pretended to that warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before it. At best the similitude is an awkward one; but it fitted the audience, though not the speaker. WARBURTON.

And

And this is all a liberal course allows ;
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house¹. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

The same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter two servants of Varro, and the servant of Lucius, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other servants to Timon's Creditors, waiting his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met ; good-morrow, Titus, and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius ?

What, do we meet together ?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,

One business does command us all ; for mine
 Is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And fir Philotus too !

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother. What do you think the hour ?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much ?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet ?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't ; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him :

¹ — *keep his house.*] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns.

So, in *Measure for Measure*, Act III. sc. ii. " You will turn good husband now, Pompey, you will *keep the house*." JOHNSON.
SKEEVANS.

You must confider, that a prodigal courfe
Is like the fun's²; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,
'Tis deepeft winter in lord Timon's purfe;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Pbi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll fhew you how to obferve a ftrange event.
Your lord fends now for money.

Hor. Moft true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is againft my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how ftrange it fhow's,
Timon in this fhould pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord fhould wear rich jewels,
And fend for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge³, the gods can witnefs:
I know, my lord hath fpent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worfe than stealth.

1. *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thoufand crowns:
What's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thoufand mine.

1. *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it fhould feem by
the fun,
Your mafter's confidence was above mine;
Elfe, furely, his had equall'd⁴.

Enter

² — a prodigal courfe

Is like the fun's;—] That is, like him in blaze and fplendour.

"*Solis occidere et redire possunt.*" Catul. JOHNSON.

Theobald and the fubfequent editors, elegantly enough, but without neceffity, read—a *prodigal's* courfe. We have the fame phrafe as that in the text in the laft couplet of the preceding fcene:

"And this is all a *liberal courfe* allows." MALONE.

³ *I am weary of this charge,*] That is, of this *commiffion*, of this employment. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Elfe, furely, his bad equall'd.*] Should it not be, *Elfe, furely, mine bad equall'd.* JOHNSON.

The meaning may be, "The confidential friendship fubfifting between your mafter [*Lucius*] and Timon, was greater than that fubfifting

• Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [Exit FLAMINIUS.]

sitting between my master [Varro] and Timon; else surely the sum borrowed by Timon from your master had been *equal* to, and *not greater* than, the sum borrowed from mine; and this *equality* would have been produced by the application made to my master being *raised from three thousand crowns to five thousand*.

Two sums of unequal magnitude may be reduced to an equality, as well by addition to the lesser sum, as by subtraction from the greater. Thus, if A. has applied to B. for ten pounds, and to C for five, and C requests that he may lend A precisely the *same* sum as he shall be furnished with by B, this may be done, either by C's *augmenting* his loan, and lending ten pounds as well as B, or by B's *diminishing* his loan, and, like C lending only five pounds. The words of Varro's servant therefore may mean, Else surely the *same sums* had been borrowed by Timon from both our masters.

I have preserved this interpretation, because I once thought it *probable*, and because it may strike others as *just*. But the true explanation I believe is this (which I also formerly proposed). *His* may refer to *mine*. "It should seem that the confidential friendship subsisting between your master and Timon, was greater than that subsisting between Timon and my master; else surely *his* sum, i. e. the sum borrowed from *my* master, [the last antecedent] had been as large as the sum borrowed from yours."

The former interpretation (though I think it wrong,) I have stated thus precisely, and exactly in *substance* as it appeared several years ago, (though the expression is a little varied,) because a shallow REMARKER has endeavoured to represent it as unintelligible. It may be so to him, for the wit of some men, like Falstaff's desert, "is too thick to shine, and too heavy to mount." This *Remarker*, however, it is observable, after a feeble attempt at jocularly, (to which our great Satyrist tells us such criticks are much addicted,) and saying, that he shall take no further notice of this editor's *see-saw conjectures*, with great gravity proposes a comment evidently formed on the latter of them, as an original interpretation of *his own*, on which the reader may safely rely.

MALONE,

Enter

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting, 'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,

And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws;

You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you; For you serve knaves. [Exit.

1. Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2. Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail 'gainst great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS⁵.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know Some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, To repair some other hour, I should Derive much from it: for, take it on my soul, My lord leans wond'rously to discontent.

⁵ *Enter Servilius.*] It may be observed that Shakspeare has unskillfully filled his Greek story with Roman names. JOHNSON.

His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord⁶.

Both. Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Pbi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em⁷, cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

⁶ *Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.*] In the old copy this speech is given to *Varro*. I have given it to the servant of *Hortensius*, (who would naturally prefer his claim among the rest,) because to the following speech in the old copy is prefixed, *2. Var.* which from the words spoken [And ours, my lord.] meant, I conceive, the two servants of *Varro*. In the modern editions this latter speech is given to *Caphis*, who is not upon the stage. MALONE.

⁷ *Knock me down with 'em,*] *Timon* quibbles. They present their written bills; he catches at the word, alludes to the bills, or battle-axes, which the ancient soldiery carried, and were still used by the watch in Shakspeare's time. See the scene between Dogberry, &c. in *Much ado about Nothing*. Again, in Heywood's *If you know not me you know nobody*, 1633, Second Part, Sir John Gresham says to his creditors: "Friends, you cannot beat me down with your bills." Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "—they quit not strike down their customers with large bills." STEEVENS.

Tim.

Tim. Cut my heart in fums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that,—

What yours?—and yours?

1. *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

2. *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!

[*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON, and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves: Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it, so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; Ullorxa, all; I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. The Senate-House.

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1. *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't; the fault's bloody;

'Tis necessary, he should die :

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2. *Sen.* Most true ; the law shall bruise him ³.

Alc. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate !

1. *Sen.* Now, captain ?

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your virtues ;

For pity is the virtue of the law,

And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

Hath stept into the law, which is past depth

To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.

He is a man ², setting his fate aside ¹,

Of comely virtues :

Nor did he foil the fact with cowardice ;

(An honour in him, which buys out his fault)

But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe :

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent ²,

As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1. *Sen.*

² — *shall bruise him.*] The old copy reads—shall bruise 'em. The same mistake has happened often in these plays. In a subsequent line in this scene we have in the old copy—with *him*, instead of—with 'em. For the correction, which is fully justified by the context, I am answerable. MALONE.

9 *He is a man, &c.*] I have printed these lines after the original copy, except that, for *an honour*, it is there, *and honour*. All the latter editions deviate unwarrantably from the original, and give the lines thus :

He is a man, setting his fault aside,

Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault ;

Nor did he foil, &c. JOHNSON.

This licentious alteration of the text, with a thousand others of the same kind, was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

1 — *setting his fate aside,*] i. e. putting this action of his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the question. STEEVENS.

2 *And with such sober and unnoted passion*

He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent, &c.] Unnoted, according to Dr. Warburton, means *common, bounded*. "Unnoted passion," I believe.

1. *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox³,
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
 Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
 To bring man-slaughter into form, and set quarrelling
 Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
 Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
 When sects and factions were newly born:
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe⁴; and make his wrongs
 His outsides; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger.
 If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord,—

I believe, means a passion operating inwardly, but not accompanied with any external or boisterous appearances; so regulated and subdued, that no spectator could *note*, or observe, its operation.

The old copy reads—He did *beboove*, &c. which does not afford any very clear meaning. *Behave*, which Dr. Warburton interprets, *manage*, was introduced by Mr. Rowe. I doubt the text is not yet right. Our author so very frequently converts nouns into verbs, that I have sometimes thought he might have written—"He did *behave* his anger"—i. e. suppress it. So, *Milton*:

"—— yet put he not forth all his strength,

"But check'd it *mid-way*." MALONE.

I would rather read:

—— and unnoted passion

He did behave, ere was his anger spent.

Unnoted passion means, I believe, an uncommon command of his passion, such a one as has not hitherto been observed. *Behave* his anger may, however, be right. In Sir W. Davenant's play of the *Just Italian*, 1630, *behave* is used in as singular a manner:

"How well my stars *behave* their influence."

Again:

"—— You an Italian, sir, and thus

"*Behave* the knowledge of disgrace!"

In both these instances, to *behave* is to *manage*. STEEVENS.

³ *You undergo too strict a paradox,*] You undertake a paradox too hard. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *that man can breathe;*] i. e. can utter. So afterwards:

"You breathe in vain." MALONE.

1. *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad⁵? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it⁶;
And the ass, more captain than the lion; the fellow⁷,
Loaden with iron, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust⁸;

5 — *what make we*

Abroad?] *What do we, or what have we to do, in the field.*

JOHNSON.

See Vol. I. p. 275, n. 1. MALONE.

6 — *if bearing carry it,*] Dr. Johnson, when he proposed to connect this hemistich with the following line instead of the preceding words, seems to have forgot one of our author's favourite propensities. I have no doubt that the present arrangement is right. MALONE.

7 *And the ass, more captain than the lion; the fellow, &c.*] Mr. Pope, who rejected whatever he did not like, omitted the words—*more captain*. They are supported by what Alcibiades has already said:

“My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,

“If I speak like a captain.—”

and by Shakspere's 66th Sonnet, where the word *captain* is used with at least as much harshness as in the text:

“And captive good attending captain ill.”

Again, in another of his Sonnets:

“Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,

“Or captain jewels in the carcanet.”

Dr. Johnson with great probability proposes to read *selon* instead of *fellow*. MALONE.

8 — *sin's extremest gust;*] *Gust* is here in its common sense; the utmost degree of appetite for sin. JOHNSON.

I believe *gust* means *rashness*. The allusion may be to a sudden gust of wind. STEEVENS.

So we say, it was done in a sudden gust of passion. MALONE.

But,

TIMON OF ATHENS.

71

But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just^{*}

To be in anger, is impiety;

But who is man, that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.

2. *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1. *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. Why, I say *, my lords, he has done ~~rain~~ service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2. *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em^{*}, he's
A sworn rioter[†]: he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1. *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,

[‡] — by mercy, 'tis most just.] The meaning is, I call mercy herself to witness, that defensive violence is just. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, is, Homicide in our own defence, by a merciful and lenient interpretation of the laws, is considered as justifiable. MALONE.

* Why, I say, —] The personal pronoun was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

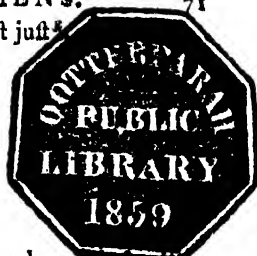
9 — with 'em,] The folio, with him. JOHNSON.

The correction was made by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

† A sworn rioter:] A sworn rioter is a man who practises riot, as if he had by an oath made it his duty. JOHNSON.

This expression seems to be similar to that of sworn brother. See Vol. V. p. 476, n. 4. MALONE.



Take my deserts to his, and join them both :
 And, for I know, your reverend ages love
 Security², I'll pawn my victories, all
 My honour to you, upon his good returns.
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,
 Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore ;
 For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1. *Sen.* We are for law, he dies ; urge it no more,
 On height of our displeasure : Friend, or brother,
 He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so ? it must not be : My lords,
 I do beseech you, know me.

2. *Sen.* How ?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3. *Sen.* What ?

Alc. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me ;
 It could not else be, I should prove so base³,
 'To sue, and be deny'd such common grace :
 My wounds ake at you.

1. *Sen.* Do you dare our anger ?
 'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect⁴ ;
 We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me ?
 Banish your dotage : banish usury,
 That makes the senate ugly.

1. *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
 Attend our weightier judgment.

² — your reverend ages love

Security,] He charges them obliquely with being usurers.

JOHNSON.

So afterwards :

“ ——— banish usury,

“ That makes the senate ugly.” MALONE.

³ — so base,] *Base*, for dishonour'd. WARBURTON.

⁴ *Do you dare our anger ?*

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;] This reading may pass,
 but perhaps the authour wrote :

—— our anger ?

'Tis few in words, but spacious in effect. JOHNSON.

And, not to swell our spirit⁵,
He shall be executed presently. [Exit Senators.

Alc. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts;—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts⁶.
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds⁷;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. [Exit.

SCENE

⁵ *And, not to swell our spirit,*] I believe, means, *not to put ourselves into any tumour of rage*, take our definitive resolution. So, in *King Henry VIII.* Act III. sc. i:

"The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

"So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,

"They swell and grow as terrible as storms." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *and lay for hearts.*] I do not conceive that to *lay for hearts* is a metaphor taken from card-play, [as Dr. Warburton thought,] or that *lay* should be changed into *play* [as Dr. Johnson proposed]. We should now say *to lay out for hearts*, i. e. the affections of the people; but *lay* is used singly, as it is here, by Ben Jonson, in *The Devil is an Ass*, Vol. IV. p. 33:

"Lay for some pretty principality." TYRWHITT.

A kindred expression occurs in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:

"He takes up Spanish hearts on trust, to pay them

"When he shall finger Castile's crown." MALONE.

⁷ *'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;*] I think, with Dr. Johnson, that *lands* cannot be right. To assert that it is honourable to fight with the *greatest* part of the *world*, is very wild. I believe therefore our author meant that Alcibiades in his spleen against the *Senate*, from whom alone he has received any injury, should say,

'Tis honour with most *lords* to be at odds. MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading. It is surely more honourable *to wrangle for a score of kingdoms*, (as Miranda expresses it) than to enter into quarrels with *lords*, or any other private adversaries. STEEVENS.

The

SCENE VI.

A magnificent Room in Timon's House.

Musick. Tables set out : Servants attending. Enter divers Lords^s, at several doors.

1. *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2. *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1. *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring⁹, when we encounter'd : I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2. *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuation of his new feasting.

1. *Lord.* I should think so : He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off ; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2. *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am

The objection to the old reading still in my apprehension remains. It is not difficult for him who is so inclined, to quarrel with a lord ; (or with any other person ;) but not so easy to be at odds with his *land*. Neither does the observation just made prove that it is honourable to quarrel, or to be at odds, *with most* of the lands or kingdoms of the earth, which must, I conceive, be proved, before the old reading can be supported. MALONE.

⁸ Enter *divers Lords*—] In the modern editions these are called *Senators* ; but it is clear from what is said concerning the banishment of Alcibiades, that this must be wrong. I have therefore substituted *Lords*. The old copy has "Enter *divers friends*." MALONE.

⁹ Upon that were my thoughts tiring,] A hawk, I think, is said to *tire*, when she amuses herself with pecking a pheasant's wing, or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a thing, is therefore, to be *idly employed upon it*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson is mistaken. *Tiring* means here, I think, *fixed, fastened*, as the hawk fastens its beak eagerly on its prey. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

"Like as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,

"Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,—".

MALONE.

ferry,

sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1. *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2. *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1. *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2. *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1. *Lord.* What of you?

3. *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1. *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2. *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1. *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2. *Lord.* My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*]

2. *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2. *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2. *Lord.* All cover'd dishes!

1. *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3. *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1. *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3. *Lord.*

3. *Lord.* Alcibiades is banish'd : Hear you of it ?

1. 2. *Lord.* Alcibiades banish'd !

3. *Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1. *Lord.* How ? how ?

2. *Lord.* I pray you, upon what ?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near ?

3. *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2. *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3. *Lord.* Will't hold ? will't hold ?

2. *Lord.* It does : but time will—and so—

3. *Lord.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress : your diet shall be in all places alike¹. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place : Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised : but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another : for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains : If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are.—The rest of your fees², O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag³ of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover ; dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.]

¹ — your diet shall be in all places alike.] See a note on the *Winter's Tale*, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

² — The rest of your fees,] We should read—*foes*. WARBURTON.

³ — the common lag—] Old Copy—*leg*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.
MALONE.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water
Is your perfection³. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.]

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long⁴,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies⁵,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks⁶!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady⁷
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physick first,—thou too,—and thou;—

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! *[Exit.]*

³ *Is your perfection.*] Your perfection, is the highest of your excellence. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*Live loath'd, and long,*] This thought has occurred twice before:

“—let not that part

“Of nature my lord paid for, be of power

“To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

Again:

“Gods keep you old enough,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ —*time's flies,*] Flies of a season. JOHNSON.

⁶ —*minute jacks!*] A minute-jack is what was called formerly a Jack of the clock-house; an image whose office was the same as one of those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street. See Sir John Hawkins's note on a passage in *King Richard III.* Act IV. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*the infinite malady*] Every kind of disease incident to man and beast. JOHNSON.

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1. *Lord.* How now, my lords⁸?

2. *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3. *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4. *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3. *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat :—Did you see my jewel?

4. *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2. *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4. *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1. *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2. *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3. *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4. *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,

⁸ *How now, my lords?*] This and the next speech are spoken by the newly arrived lords. MALONE.

And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;
 Thy mistress is o' the brothel⁹! son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
 With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries,
 And yet confusion live!¹—Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
 Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!

⁹ — *o' the brothel!*] The meaning is, go to thy master's bed, for he is alone; thy mistress is now *of* the brothel; is now there. In the old copy, *i'tb'*, *o'tb'*, and *a'tb'*, are written with very little care, or rather seem to have been set down at random in different places.

MALONE.

The sense is, Go, maid, with security to thy master's bed, for *thy mistress is a bawd to thy amours*. STEEVENS.

If the mistress was bawd to the maid, the maid must have known it without a prompter. MASON.

¹ — *yet confusion live!*] Hanmer reads, *let confusion*: but the meaning may be, *though by such confusion all things seem to hasten to dissolution, yet let not dissolution come, but the miseries of confusion continue*.

JOHNSON.

And

And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Athens. *A Room in Timon's House.*

Enter FLAVIUS², with two or three Servants.

1. *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where is our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1. *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2. *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes³
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows,

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3. *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,

* *Enter Flavius,*] Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domesticks; nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants. JOHNSON.

3 *So his familiars to his buried fortunes, &c.*] So those who were familiar to his buried fortunes, who in the most ample manner participated of them, slink all away, &c. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the subsequent editors read—*from* his buried fortunes, but certainly, as Dr. Johnson owns, without necessity. MALONE.

Hearing

Hearing the surges threat : we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flavi. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows ; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some ;

[*giving them money.*]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us³ !
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory ? or to live
But in a dream of friendship ?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart ;
Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood⁴,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !

Who

³ O, the fierce wretchedness—] I believe *fierce* is here used for *dashy*, *precipitate*. Perhaps it is employed in the same sense by Ben Jonson in his *Postaster* :

" And Lupus, for your *fierce* credulity,

" One fit him with a larger pair of ears."

In another play our author has *fierce* *vanities*. In all instances it may mean *glaring*, *conspicuous*, *violent*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, the Puritan says :

" Thy hobby-horse is an idol, a *fierce* and rank idol."

Again, in *King John* :

" O vanity of sickness ! *fierce* extremes

" In their continuance will not feel themselves."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

" With all the *fierce* endeavour of your wit." STREVEN.

⁴ — *Strange, unusual blood,*] In the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608, attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* seems to be used for *inclination*, *propensity* :

" For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden."

Strange, unusual blood, may therefore mean, *strange* *nausial* *disposition*. STREVEN.

Who then dares to be half so kind again?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord,—blest, to be most accurs'd,
 Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's slung in rage from this ungrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The Woods.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb⁵
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
 The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature⁶.
 Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord⁷;

The

Throughout these plays *blood* is frequently used in the sense of natural propensity or disposition. See Vol. II. p. 48, n. 7; and p. 244, n. 7. MALONE.

⁵ — *below thy sister's orb*] That is, the moon's, this sublunary world. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *Not nature,*

To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,

But by contempt of nature.] The meaning I take to be this: Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, besieged as it is by misery, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when elevated by fortune, will despise beings of nature like its own. JOHNSON.

But by is here used for *without*. MALONE.

⁷ *Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord,*] The old copy read—*deny* that lord. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. So, as Theobald has observed, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures.”

MALONE.

So

The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour.
 It is the pasture lards the brother's fides,
 The want that makes him lean^s. Who dares, who dares,

In

So lord Rea in his relation of M. Hamilton's plot, written in 1620:
 "All these Hamiltons had *denuded* themselves of their fortunes and
 "estates."

And Charles the First, in his message to the parliament, says:

"—*denude* ourselves of all."—Clar. Vol. III. p. 15. octavo edit.

WARBURTON.

I believe the former reading to be the true one. Raise me that
 beggar, and deny a proportionable degree of elevation to that lord. A
 lord is not so high a title in the state, but that a man originally poor
 might be raised to one above it. We might read—*devest* that lord.
Devest is an English law phrase. Shakspeare uses the word in *King
 Lear*:

"Since now we will *devest* us, both of rule," &c.

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce, is not, however,
 uncommon. I find it in the *Tragedy of Cæsar*, 1604:

"As one of all happiness *denuded*." STEEVENS.

The objection to the reading of the old copy, *deny's*, is, that there
 is no antecedent to which the word it can be referred. MALONE.

^s *It is the pasture lards the brother's fides,*

The want that makes him lean.] This passage stands thus in the
 old copy:

It is the pasture lards the brother's fides,

The want that makes him lean.

That it is corrupt, no one, I suppose, can doubt; emendation there-
 fore in this and a few other places, is not a matter of choice but neces-
 sity. I have already more than once observed, that many corruptions
 have crept into the old copy, by the transcriber's ear deceiving him.
 In *Coriolanus* we have *lighter* for *brete*, and *hope* for *hope*; in the pre-
 sent play *reverends* for *reverends's*; and in almost every play similar
 corruptions. In *King Richard II.* quarto, 1598, we find the very
 error that happened here:

"——— and bedew

"Her *pastors'* grafts with faithful English blood."

Again, in *As you like it*, folio, 1623, we find, "I have heard him
 read many *lectors* against it;" instead of *lectures*.

Pasture, when the *s* is sounded thin, and *pastor*, are scarcely distin-
 guishable.

Thus, as I conceive, the true reading of the first disputed word of
 this contested passage is ascertained. In *As you like it* we have—"good
 pasture makes fat sheep." Again, in the same play:

"——— Anon, a careless herd,

"Full of the *pasture*, jumps along by him," &c.

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,

So

The meaning then of the passage is, It is the land alone which each man possesses that makes him rich, and proud, and flattered; and the want of it, that makes him poor, and an object of contempt. I suppose, with Dr. Johnson, that Shakspeare was still thinking of the rich and poor *brother* already described.

I doubt much whether Dr. Johnson himself was satisfied with his far-fetched explication of *passure*, as applied to brother; [See his note.] and I think no one else can be satisfied with it. In order to give it some little support, he supposes "*This man's a flatterer*," In the following passage, to relate to the imaginary *passer* in this; whereas those words indubitably relate to *any* one individual selected out of the aggregate mass of mankind. See note 9.

Dr. Warburton reads—*weather's* sides; which affords a commodious sense, but is so far removed from the original reading as to be inadmissible. Shakspeare, I have no doubt, thought at first of those animals that are fattened by *pasture*, and passed from thence to the *proprietor* of the *soil*.

I have sometimes thought that he might have written—the *breather's* sides. He has thrice used the word elsewhere. "I will chide no *breather* in the world, but myself," says Orlando in *As you like it*. Again, in one of his *Sonnets*:

"When all the *breathers* of this world are dead."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"She shews a body, rather than a life;

"A statue, than a *breather*."

If this was the authour's word in the passage before us, it must mean *every living animal*. But I have little faith in such conjectures.

Concerning the third word there can be no difficulty. *Leane* was the old spelling of *lean*, and the *x* in the Mss. of our authour's time is not to be distinguished from an *w*. Add to this, that in the first folio *x* is constantly employed where we now use *w*; and hence, by inversion, the two letters were often confounded (as they are at this day in almost every *proof-sheet* of every book that passes through the press). Of this I have given various instances in a note in Vol. I. p. 292, n. 9. See also Vol. V. p. 252, n. 9.

But it is not necessary to have recourse to these instances. This very word *leave* is again printed instead of *lean*, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. quarto, 1600.

"The lives of all your loving complices

"*Leave* on your health."

On the other hand, in *K. Henry VIII.* 263, we have *lean* instead of *leave*: "You'll *lean* your nose anon, you rats!" But any argument on this point is superfluous, since the context clearly shews that *lean* must have been the word intended by Shakspeare.

Such

So are they all; for every grize of fortune¹
Is smoothe'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
'There's nothing level in our curfed natures,

Such emendations as those now adopted, *thus founded and supported*, are not capricious conjectures, against which no one has set his face more than the present editor, but almost certainties.

This note has run out into an inordinate length, for which I shall make no other apology than that finding it *necessary* to depart from the reading of the old copy, to obtain any sense, I thought it incumbent on me to support the readings I have chosen, in the best manner in my power. MALONE.

Let us see what sense the genuine reading will afford. Poverty, says the poet, *bears contempt hereditary, and wealth native honour*. To illustrate this position, having already mentioned the case of a poor and rich brother, he remarks, that this preference is given to wealth by those whom it least becomes; *it is the pastour that greases or flatters the rich brother*, and will grease him on till *want make him leave*. The poet then goes on to ask, *Who dares to say, this man, this pastour, is a flatterer?* the crime is universal; through all the world *the learned pate*, with allusion to the pastour, *ducks to the golden fool*. If it be objected, as it may justly be, that the mention of a pastour is unsuitable, we must remember the mention of *grace* and *cherubims* in this play, and many such anachronisms in many others. I would therefore read thus:

It is the pastour lards the brother's side,

'Tis want that makes him leave.

The obscurity is still great. Perhaps a line is lost. I have at least given the original reading. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote *pasturer*, for I meet with such a word in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "Alexander before he fell into the Persian delicacies, refused those cooks and *pasturers* that Ada queen of Caria sent to him." There is likewise a proverb among Ray's collection which seems to afford much the same meaning as this passage in Shakspeare. "Every one batteth the fat hog, while the lean one burneth." Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"That were to enlard his fat-already pride." STEEVENS.

9 And say, This man's a flatterer?] *This man* does not refer to any particular person before mentioned, as Dr. Johnson thought, but to some supposed individual. Who, says Timon, can with propriety lay his hand on *this* or *that* individual, and pronounce him a peculiar flatterer? All mankind are equally flatterers. So, in *As you like it*:

"Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,

"When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?" MALONE.

¹ — for every grize of fortune] *Grize* for *step* or *degree*. POPE.

See Vol. IV. p. 66, n. 4. MALONE.

But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
 Destruction fang mankind²!—Earth, yield me roots!
[digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
 I am no idle votarist³. Roots, you clear heavens⁴!
 Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
 Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
 Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides⁵;
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads⁶:
 'This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd⁷; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,

² —fang mankind!—] i. e. seize, gripe. This verb is used by Decker in his *Match me at London*, 1631: "—bite any catchpole that fangs for you." STEVENS.

³ —no idle votarist.] No insincere or inconstant suppliant. *Gold* will not serve me instead of *roots*. JOHNSON.

⁴ —you clear heavens!] This may mean either *ye cloudless skies*, or *ye deities exempt from guile*. Shakspeare mentions the *clearest gods* in *King Lear*. Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*

"Then Collatine again by Lucrece's side,

"In his clear bed might have reposed still."

⁵ i. e. his uncontaminated bed. STEVENS.

See p. 61, a. g. MALONE.

⁶ —Wby thou

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;] Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, Act V. sc. 11. makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus. WARRINGTON.

⁶ Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:] i. e. men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their disorder. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. But the Oxford editor, supposing *stout* to signify *beastly*, alters it to *stout*, and this he calls *amending*. WARRINGTON.

⁷ —the hoar leprosy—] So, in V. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* l. xxviii. ch. 12. "—the foul white leprosy called *elephantiasis*." STEVENS.

With

With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again^s;

She,

^s *That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;*] *Waped* or *wappen'd* signifies both sorrowful and terrified, either for the loss of a good husband, or by the treatment of a bad. But gold, he says, can overcome both her affliction and her fears. WARBURTON.

Of *wappen'd* I have found no example, nor knew any meaning. To *wakeup* is used by Spenser in his *Hubberd's Tale*, but I think not in either of the senses mentioned. I would read *wained*, for *delayed by time*. So our author in *K. Richard III*:

"*A beauty-waining and distressed widow.*" JOHNSON.

In the comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, by Middleton and Decker, 1632, I meet with a word very like this, which the reader will easily explain for himself, when he has seen the following passage:

"Moll. And there you shall *wap* with me.

"Sir B. Nay, Moll, what's that *wap*?

"Moll. *Wapping* and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gypsies Metamorphosed*:

"Boarded at Tappington,

"Bedded at *Wappington*."

Again, in *Martin Mark-all's Apologies to the Bel-man of London*, 1610. "*Niggling* is company-keeping with a woman: this word is not used now, but *wapping*, and thereof comes the name *wapping-morts* for whores."

It must not, however, be concealed, that Chaucer, in the *Complaint of Annelida*, line 217, uses the word with the sense in which Dr. Warburton explains it:

"My fewertye in *waped* countenance."

Wappen'd, according to the quotations I have already given, would mean—*The widow whose curiosity and passions had been already gratified*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"The instances that second marriage move,

"Are base respects of *thrift*, but none of *love*."

And if the word *defunct*, in *Othello*, be explained according to its primitive meaning, the same sentiment may be discovered there. There may, however, be some corruption in the text. STEEVENS.

The instances produced by Mr. Steevens fully support the text in my apprehension, nor do I suspect any corruption. *Unwappen'd* is used by Fletcher in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, for *fresh*, the opposite of *stale*; and perhaps we should read there *unwappen'd*.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation however, is, I think, not quite exact, because it appears to me likely to mislead the reader with respect to the general import of the passage. Shakspeare means not to account for the wappen'd widow's seeking a husband, (though "her curiosity has been gratified,") but for her finding one. It is her gold, says he, that induces some one (more attentive to *thrift* than *love*) to accept in marriage

She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at², this embalms and spices

stage the hand of the *experienced* and *o'er-worn* widow.—*Wed* is here used for *wedded*. So, in *the Comedy of Errors*, Act I. sc. 1:

"In Syracuse was I born, and *wed*
Unto a woman, happy but for me."

If *wed* is used as a verb, the words mean, *that effects or produces her second marriage*. MALONE.

"*She, whom the spital house and ulcerous sores*
Would cast the gorge at,"] Surely we should read:
She, at *whose* ulcerous sores the spital-house
Would cast the gorge *up*, this, &c.

So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*:

"And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spewed *up* his gorge."

The old reading is nonsense. STEVENS.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we have *honour and death*, for *honourable death*. "The spital-house and ulcerous sores," therefore, may be used for *the contaminated spital-house*; the spital house replete with ulcerous sores. If it be asked, how can the spital house, or how can ulcerous sores, *cast the gorge* at the female here described, let the following passages answer the question:

"Heaven stops the *nose* at it, and the moon *winks*." *Othello*.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"Whose *spirit*, with divine ambition puff'd,
Masters mouths at the invisible event."

Again, *ibid*:

"——— till our ground,
Binding his *pate* against the burning zone," &c.

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"Over thy *wounds* now do I prophecy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do *open* their ruby lips,——"

Again, in *the Merchant of Venice*:

"——— when the bagpipe sings i' the *nose*,——".

Again, in the play before us:

"——— when our vaults have *wags*
With drunken spilt of wine——."

In the preceding page, all *sores* are said to lay *stage* to nature; which they can no more do, if the passage is to be understood literally, than they can *cast the gorge* at the sight of the person here described.—In a word, the diction of the text is so very Shakspearian, that I cannot but wonder it should be suspected of corruption.

The meaning is, Her, whom the spital-house, however polluted, would not admit, but reject with abhorrence, this embalms, &c. or, (in a looser paraphrase) Her, at the sight of whom all the patients in the spital-house, however contaminated, would sicken and turn away with loathing and abhorrence, disgusted by the view of still greater pollution than any they had yet experience of, this embalms and spices, &c. MALONE.

To the April day again⁹. Come, damned earth,
Thou, common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature¹.—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?—

Thou'rt quick²,

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*keeping some gold.*]

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner*; PHRYNIA, and TYMANDRA.

Alc. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For shewing me again the eyes of man!

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

⁹ *To the April day again.*] The *April day* does not relate to the widow, but to the other diseased female, who is represented as the out-cast of an hospital. She it is, whom gold embalms and spices to the *April day again*: i. e. gold restores her to all the freshness and sweetness of youth. Such is the power of gold, that it will

“ — make black, white; foul, fair;

“ Wrong, right;” &c.

A quotation or two may perhaps support this interpretation. In Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, 1607, “He is a young man, and in the *April of his age*. Peacham's *Complete Gentleman*, chap. iii. calls youth “the *April of man's life*.” Shakspeare's Sonnet entitled *Love's Cruelty*, has the same thought:

“Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee

“Calls back the lovely *April of her prime*.”

Daniel's 31st Sonnet has, “ — the *April of my years*.” Master Panton “smells *April and May*.” TOLLET.

² *Do thy right nature.*—] Lie in the earth where nature laid thee.

² — *Thou'rt quick,*] Thou hast life and motion in thee. JOHNSON.

⁹ *I am misanthropos,*] A marginal note in the old translation of Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, furnished our author with this epithet: “Antony followeth the life and example of Timon *Misanthropos*, the Athenian,” MALONE.

Alc.

Alc. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Pbry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee³; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change!⁴

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none;
If thou wilt not promise⁵, the gods plague thee,
For thou art a man! if thou dost perform,
Cov'nt thee, for thou art a man!

Alc. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now; then was a blessed time*.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of hailots.

Tyman. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

³ *I will not kiss thee*;] This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection transmitted to another, left the infecter free. I will not, says Timon, take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee. JOHNSON.

⁴ *If thou wilt not promise, &c.*] That is, however thou may'st act, since thou art man, hated man, I wish thee evil. JOHNSON.

* — then was a blessed time.] I suspect, from Timon's answer, that Shakspeare wrote — *then was a blessed time*. MALONE.

Tim. Art thou Tymandra?

Tyman. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours⁵: season the slaves

For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth⁶

To the tub-fast, and the diet⁷.

Tyman.

⁵ *Be a whore still! They love thee not that use thee;*

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust;

Make use of thy salt hours, &c.] There is here a slight transposition. I would read—

—*They love thee not that use thee,*

Leaving with thee their lust; give them diseases,

Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves

For tubs and baths;— JOHNSON.

⁶ —*bring down rose-cheeked youth—*] This expressive epithet our authour might have found in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

“*Rose-cheek'd Adonis kept a solemn feast.*” MALONE.

⁷ *To the tub-fast, and the diet.]* Old Copy—*sub-fast*. Corrected by Dr. Warburton. The preceding line, and a passage in *Measure for Measure*, fully support the emendation:

“Truly, sir, she [the bawd] hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.” MALONE.

The authour is alluding to the *lues venerea*, and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions: and in both cases the patient was kept up very warm and close; that in the first application the sweat might be promoted; and left, in the other, he should take cold, which was fatal. “The regimen for the cure of guaiacum (says Dr. Friend in his *History of Physick*, Vol. II. p. 380.) was at first strangely circumstantial; and so rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him sweat; and in that manner, as Fallopius expresses it, the bones, and the very man himself was macerated.” Wiseman says, in England they used a tub for this purpose, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the unction, it was sometimes continued for thirty-seven days (as he observes, p. 375.) and during this time there was necessarily an extraordinary abstinence required. Hence the term of the *tub-fast*.

WARBURTON.

So, in Jasper Maine's *City Match*, 1639:

“—You had better match a ruin'd bawd,

“One ten times cur'd by sweating, and the tub.”

The diet was likewise a customary term for the regimen prescribed

Tyman. Hang thee, monster!

Alc. Pardon him, sweet Tymandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I have heard, and griev'd,
How curst Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them*,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born
To conquer my country.

Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

in these cases. So, in a Collection of ancient Epigrams called the
Mastus, &c.

"She took not *diet*, nor the sweat in season."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

"~~My~~ caught us, and put us in a tub,

"Where we this two months sweat, &c.

"This bread and water hath our *diet* been," &c. STEPHENS.

Of the tub mentioned in this note, there is a print in Holme's *Storehouse of Armory and Blazon*, with an account of it in Book iii. ch. xi. p. 421, which the reader, whose curiosity is alive to such subjects, may be referred to. M. C. T.

"~~we~~ trod upon them,] Hanmer reads—*had* trod upon them. Shakespeare was not thus minutely accurate. MALONE.

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air⁹: Let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron,
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes¹,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

*9. Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air:] This is wonderfully sublime and picturesque.*
WARBURTON.

We meet with the same image in *King Richard II*:

" ——— or suppose,

" Devouring pestilence hangs in our air." MALONE.

¹ *That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,]* The virgin
that shews her bosom through the lattice of her chamber. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is almost confirmed by the following
passage in *Cymbeline*:

" ——— or let her beauty

" Look through a casement, to allure false hearts,

" And be false with them."

Shakspeare at the same time might aim a stroke at this indecency
in the women of his own time, which is animadverted on by several
contemporary dramatists. So, in the ancient interlude of the *Repent-
ance of Marie Magdalene*, 1567:

" Your garments must be worne alway,

" That your *white papps* may be seene if you may.—

" If young gentlemen may see your white skin,

" It will allure them to love, and soon bring them in.

" Both damels and wives use many such feates.

" I know them that will lay out their *faire teates*."

And all this is addressed to Mary Magdalen. STEEVENS.

Our authour has again the same kind of imagery in his *Lower's Com-
plaint*:

" ——— spite of heaven's fell rage,

" Some *beauty* peep'd through *lattice* of fear'd age."

In the old copy *bars* is spelt *barne*.—I do not believe any particular
satire was here intended. Lady Suffolk, Lady Somerset, and many of
the celebrated beauties of the time of James I. are thus represented in
their pictures; nor were they, I imagine, thought more reprehensible
than the ladies of the present day, who from the same extravagant pur-
suit of what is called fashion, run into an opposite extreme. MALONE.

But

But set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,
 Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy²;
 Think it a bastard³, whom the oracle
 Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat⁴ shall cut,
 And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects⁵;
 Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
 Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
 Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
 Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon
 thee!

Phr. and Tym. Give us some gold, good Timon: Hast
 thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
 And to make whores, a bawd⁶. Hold up, you sluts,
 Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
 The immortal gods that hear you⁷,—spare your oaths,

² — exhaust *their* mercy;] For *exhaust*, Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *extort*, but *exhaust* here signifies literally to draw forth. JOHNSON.

³ — a *bastard*,] An allusion to the tale of Oedipus. JOHNSON.

⁴ — thy *throat*—] Old Copy—the throat. Corrected by Mr Pope. MAJONE.

⁵ Swear against *objects*;] So, in our author's 152d Sonnet:

“ Or made them swear against the thing they see.” STEEVENS.
 Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

— ‘gainst all *objects* :

Perhaps *objects* is here used provincially for *objeys*.⁸ FARMER.

⁶ And to make *whores*, a *bawd*.] That is, enough to make a *whore* leave *whoring*, and a *bawd* leave *making whores*. JOHNSON.

⁷ The *immortal gods that hear you*,] The same thought is found in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I sc. iii:

“ Though you with swearing *shake the throned gods*.”

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“ Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths.”

STEEVENS.

I'll trust to your conditions⁸: Be whores still;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turn-coats: Yet may your pains, six months,
 Be quite contrary⁹: And thatch your poor thin roofs^a

With

⁸ *I'll trust to your conditions*:] You need not swear to continue whores, I will trust to your inclinations. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 600, n. 3. MALONE.

⁹ — *Yet may your pains, six months,*

Be quite contrary:] This is obscure, partly from the ambiguity of the word *pains*, and partly from the generality of the expression. The meaning is this: he had said before, follow constantly your trade of debauchery: that is (says he) for six months in the year. Let the other six be employed in quite contrary pains and labour, namely, in the severe discipline necessary for the repair of those disorders that your debaucheries occasion, in order to fit you anew to the trade; and thus let the whole year be spent in these different occupations.— On this account he goes on, and says, *Make false hair, &c.*

WARBURTON.

The explanation is ingenious, but I think it very remote, and would willingly bring the authour and his readers to meet on easier terms. We may read:

— *Yet may your pains, six months,*

Be quite contraried.—

Timon is wishing ill to mankind, but is afraid lest the whores should imagine that he wishes well to them; to obviate which he lets them know, that he imprecates upon them influence enough to plague others, and disappointments enough to plague themselves. He wishes that they may do all possible mischief, and yet take *pains six months* of the year in vain.

In this sense there is a connection of this line with the next. Finding *your pains contraried*, try new expedients, *thatch your thin roofs, and paint.*

To contrary is an old verb. Latymer relates, that when he went to court, he was advised not to *contrary* the king. JOHNSON.

If Dr. Johnson's explanation be right, which I do not believe, the present words appear to me to admit it, as well as the reading he would introduce. Such unnecessary deviations from the text should ever be avoided. Dr. Warburton's is a very natural interpretation, which cannot be often said of the expositions of that commentator. The words that follow fully support it: "And thatch your poor thin roofs," &c. i. e. after you have lost the greater part of your hair by disease, and the medicines that for six months you have been obliged to take, then procure an artificial covering," &c. MALONE.

I believe

With burdens of the dead ;—some that were hang'd,
No matter :—wear them, betray with them : whore still ;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :
A pox of wrinkles !

Pbr. and Tym. Well, more gold ;—What then ?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions low
In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,
And marr men's spurring². Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,

I believe Timon means,—*Yet for half the year at least, may you suffer such punishment as is inflicted on harlots in houses of correction.*

STEVENS.

¹ — *shatch your poor this roofs, &c.*] About the year 1595, when the fashion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubbs's *Anatomy of Abuses*, which I have often quoted on the article of dress. To this fashion the writers of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been reconciled. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608 : “ — to wear perriwigs made of another's hair, is not this against kind ? ” Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:

“ And with large sums they stick not to procure
“ *Hair from the dead*, yea, and the most unclean ;
“ To help their pride they nothing will disdain.”

Again, in Shakspeare's 68th Sonnet :

“ Before the golden tresses of the dead,
“ The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
“ To live a second life on second head ;
“ *Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.*”

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, B. ix. c. 47, is likewise very severe on this fashion. Stowe informs us, that “ women's *perriwigs* were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris.” STEVENS.

See also Vol. III. p. 57, n. 9. The first edition of Stubbs's *Anatomy of Abuses* quoted above, was in 1583. Drayton's *Mooncalf* did not, I believe, appear till 1627. MALONE.

² — *men's spurring.*] Hammer reads—*sparring*, properly enough, if there be any ancient example of the word. JOHNSON.

Spurring is certainly right. The disease that enfeebled their *shins*, would have this effect. STEVENS.

Nor found his quillets shrilly³: hoar the flamen⁴,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee⁵,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians
bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
'That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all⁶!

Petr. and Tym. More counsel, with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewel, Timon;

³ *Nor found his quillets shrilly:*] *Quillets* are subtilties. So, in *Luxo Trucks*, &c. 1608: "— a *quillet* well applied!" STEEVENS.
Cole in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, renders *quillet*, *res frivola*, *recula*. MALONE.

⁴ — hoar the flamen,] Give the flamen the hoary leprosy. So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

" — — — — — shew like leprosy,

" 'The whiter the fouler.'

And before, in this play:

" Make the hoar leprosy ador'd." STEEVENS.

⁵ — that his particular to foresee,] The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the sense is good. To foresee his particular, is to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of public good. In hunting, when hares have cross'd one another, it is common for some of the hounds to smell from the general weal, and foresee their own particular. Shakspeare, who seems to have been a skilful sportsman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps, alludes, here to hunting. JOHNSON.

⁶ And ditches grave you all!] To grave is to entomb. The word is now obsolete, though sometimes used by Shakspeare and his contemporary authors. So, in lord Surrey's Translation of the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

" Cinders (think'st thou) mind this? or graved ghosts?"

STEEVENS.

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it?

Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him.—Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exit ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA,
and TYMANDRA.*]

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast⁷,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm⁸,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven⁹
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;

⁷ *Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it.] Shakspeare in this as in many other places, appears to allude to the sacred writings: "Woe unto him of whom all men speak well!" MALONE.

⁸ *Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,*] *Whose infinite breast* means no more than *whose boundless surface*. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *eyeless venom'd worm,*] The serpent, which we, from the smallness of his eyes, call the *blind worm*, and the Latins, *cæcilia*.

JOHNSON.

¹ — *below crisp heaven,*] We should read *cripp*, i. e. vaulted, from the Latin *crypta*, a vault. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton declares for *crisp*, curled, bent, hollow. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare means *curl'd*, from the appearance of the clouds. In the *Tempest*, Ariel talks of riding

On the *curl'd* clouds.

Chaucer in his *House of Fame*, says,

"Her here that was *ounde* and *crips*."

i. e. *wavy* and *curled*.

Again, in the *Philosophers Satires*, by Robert Anton:

"Her face as beauteous as the *crisp'd* mould." STEEVENS.

Yield

Yield him, who all thy human sons² doth hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
 Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb³,
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man⁴!
 Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears;
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above⁵
 Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas⁶;
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts;
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
 Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune⁷. Why this spade? this place?

² — *who all thy human sons doth hate,*] Old Copy—*the human sons do hate.* The former word was corrected by Mr. Pope; the latter by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

³ *Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb,*] So, in *King Lear*:

“Dry up in her the organs of increase.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!*] *Bring out* is *bring forth*. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *the marbled mansion—*] So Milton, B. III. l. 564:

“Through the pure marble air—.” STEEVENS.
 Again, in *Othello*:

“Now, by yon marble heaven,—”. MALONE.

⁶ *Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;*] The sense is this: O nature! cease to produce men, *ensear thy womb*; but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at least cease to pamper them; *dry up thy marrows*, on which they fatten with *unctuous morsels*, thy *vines*, which give them *liquorish draughts*, and thy *plough-torn leas*. Here are effects corresponding with causes, *liquorish draughts* with *vines*, and *unctuous morsels* with *marrows*, and the old reading literally preserved. JOHNSON.

⁷ *This is in thee a nature but affected;*

*A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune.*] The old copy reads *infected*, and *change* of future. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes¹, and have forgot
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
 By putting on the cunning of a carper².
 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent: Thou was told thus;
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome³,
 To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
 That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,
 Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
 A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees⁴,

¹ Hug their diseas'd perfumes,] i. e. their diseas'd perfumed mistresses. MALONE.

² — the cunning of a carper.] *Cunning* here seems to signify counterfeited appearance. JOHNSON.

The *cunning of a carper*, is the insidious art of a critick. Shame not these woods, says Apemantus, by coming here to find fault. *Maurice Kyffin* in the preface to his translation of Terence's *Andria*, 1588, says; "Of the curious carper I look not to be favoured." Again, *Ursula* speaking of the farcicalness of *Beatrice*, observes,

"Why sure, such *carping* is not commendable." STEVENS.

³ — like tapsters, that bid welcome,] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,

"Soothing the humour of fantastick wits."

The old copy has—*had* welcome. Corrected in the second folio.

MALONE.

⁴ — moist trees,] Sir T. Hanmer reads very elegantly,

— *moist* trees. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare uses the same epithet in *As you like it*, Act IV.

"Under an oak, whose boughs were moist'd with age." STEEV.
 So also Drayton, in his *Mortimeriades*, no date:

"Even as a bustling tempest rousing blasts

"Upon a forest of old branching oaks,

"And with his fustle teys their *moist* looks."

moist is, I believe, the true reading. MALONE.

That have outliv'd the eagle³, page thy heels,¹
 And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
 'To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—
 Whose naked natures live in all the spight
 Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
 'To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 Answer mere nature⁴,—bid them flatter thee;
 O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. 'To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too⁵?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
 To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
 Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
 Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery

³ — outliv'd the eagle,—] *Aquila senectus* is a proverb. I learn from *Turberville's* book of falconry, 1575, that the great age of this bird has been ascertained from the circumstance of its always building its eyrie, or nest, in the same place. STANLEY.

⁴ Answer mere nature,—] So, in *King Lear*, Act II.

"And with presented nakedness outface

"The winds," &c. STANLEY.

⁵ What! a knave too? Timon had just called Apemantus fool, in consequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance; but when Apemantus tells him, that he comes to vex him, Timon determines that to vex is either the office of a villain or a fool; that to vex by design is villainy, to vex without design is folly. He then properly asks Apemantus whether he takes delight in *vexing*, and when he answers, yes, Timon replies, *What! and knave too?* I before only knew thee to be a fool, but I now find thee likewise a knave.

JANSEN.

Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before⁶ :

The one is filling still, never complete;

The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse than the worst, content⁷.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath⁸, that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm

With favour never clasp'd⁹; but bred a dog¹.

Hadst

⁶ — *is crown'd before*:] Arrives sooner at *high wish*; that is, at the completion of its wishes. JOHNSON.

So, in a former scene of this play.

"And in some sort these wants of mine are *crown'd*,"

"That I account them blessings."

Again, more appositely, in *Cymbeline*:

"— my supreme *crown of grief*." MALONE.

⁷ *Worse than the worst, content*.] Best states contentless have a wretched being, a being worse than that of the worst states that are content. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *by his breath*.] I believe, is meant *his sentence*. To *breathe* is as licentiously used by Shakspeare in the following instance from *Hamlet*:

"Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,

"The youth you *breathe* of, guilty," &c. STEEVENS.

By his *breathe* means in our authour's language, by his *voice* or *speech*, and so in fact by his *sentence*. Shakspeare frequently uses the word in this sense. It has been twice so used in this play. See p. 65, n. 4.

MALONE.

⁹ *Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm*

With favour never clasp'd;] In a Collection of Sonnets entitled *Chlars, or the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepheard*, by William Smith, 1596, a similar image is found:

"Doth any live that ever had such hap,

"That all their actions are of none effect?

"Whom Fortune never dannaed in her lap,

"But as an object still doth me reject." MALONE.

¹ — *but bred a dog*.] Alluding to the word *Cynic*, of which sect Apemantus was. WARBURTON.

For the etymology of *Cynick* our authour was not obliged to have recourse to the Greek language. The dictionaries of this time furnished him with it. See Cawdrey's *Dictionary of hard English words*, octavo, 1604. "CYNICAL, *Doggyish*, froward." Again, in Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616: "CYNICAL, *Doggyish*, or curriish. There was in Greece an old sect of philosophers so called, because they did ever sharply

'Had'st thou, like us², from our first swath³, proceeded
 'The sweet degrees⁴ that this brief world affords
 'I'o such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command*, thou would'st have plung'd thyself

sharply *barke* at men's vices," &c. After all, however, I believe Shakspeare only meant, thou wert born in a low stat-, and jused from thy infancy to hardships. MAISON.

* *Had'st thou, like us, &c.*] There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness, and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

There is in a letter, written by the earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembling this, with which, I believe every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence.

"God grant your lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. *I had none but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breast, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise.* But your lordship bade me to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greatest fruit and end is of all consentment that this world can afford. Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have stiked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as sea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must lay with me, *there is no peace to the ungodly.*" JOHNSON.

A similar thought occurs in the metrical romance of *William and the Werwolf*, preserved in the library of King's College, Cambridge:

"For heretofore of hardnesse hadst thou never,

"But were brought forth in blisse as swich a burde ought,

"With all maner gode metes, and to misle them now,

"It were a botles bale," &c. p. 26, B. STEEVENS.

3 — *from our first swath*—] From infancy. *Swath* is the dress of a new-born child. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

"No more their cradles shall be made their tombe,

"Nor their soft *swaths* become their winding sheets." STEEVENS.

4 *The sweet degrees*—] Thus the folio. The modern editors have, without authority, read *Through*, &c but this neglect of the preposition was common to many other writers of the age of Shakspeare.

STEEVENS.

* — *command*,] Old Copy—*commandst*. Corrected by MR. ROWE.

MALONE.

In general riot ; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of luit ; and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect⁵, but follow'd
 'The sugar'd game before thee. But myself⁶,
 Who had the world as my confectionary ;
 'The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment⁷ ;
 'That numbeilets upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush⁸
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 'For every storm that blows ;—I, to bear this,
 'That never knew but better, is some burden :

5 — *precepts of respect*,] Of obedience to laws. JOHNSON.

Respect, I believe, means the *qu'en dira't on* & the regard of Athens, that strongest restraint on licentiousness: the *icy precepts*, i. e. that cool hot blood. STEEVENS.

Perhaps *respect* here is put for age, the period of life entitled to respect. If so, the *icy precepts of respect*, means, the cold admonitions of *time-honour'd* age. MALONE.

⁶ But *myself*.] The connection here requires some attention. *But* is here used to denote opposition ; but what immediately precedes is not opposed to that which follows. The adverbative particle refers to the two first lines.

*'Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
 Wish favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.*

—— But *myself*,

Who had the world as my confectionary, &c.

The intermediate lines are to be considered as a parenthesis of passion.

JOHNSON.

7 — *than I could frame employment* ;] i. e. frame employment *for*. Shakspeare frequently writes thus. See Vol. VII. p. 128, n. 8, and p. 237, n. 6. MALONE.

⁸ — *with one winter's brush*

Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare, &c.] Somewhat of the same imagery is found in our author's 73d Sonnet :

“ That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
 “ When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 “ Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 “ Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.”

MALONE.

So, in Massinger's *Maid of Honour* :

“ — O summer friendship,
 “ Whose flatt'ring leaves that shadow'd us in our
 “ Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
 “ In the autumn of adversity.” STEEVENS.

Thy

Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men?
 They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag⁹,
 Must be thy subject; who in spight, put stuff
 To some the beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
 If thou had'st not been born the worst of men,
 Thou had'st been a knave, and flatterer¹.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
 That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a roof.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*

⁹ — *that poor rag,*] In *K. Richard III.* Margaret calls Gloster *rag* of honour; and in the same play, the overweening *rags* of France are mentioned. STEEVENS.

The term is yet used. The lowest of the people are yet denominated *Tag, rag, &c.* So, in *Julius Cæsar*: “—if the *tag-rag* people did not elap him and hiss him,—I am no true man.” MASON.

We yet use the word *Ragamuffin* in the same sense. MASON.

¹ *Thou had'st been a knave, and flatterer.*] Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to shew how well he could have written satires. Shakspeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns.

Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtilty of discrimination with which Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble.

JOHNSON.

Knave is here to be understood of a man who endeavours to recommend himself by a hypocritical appearance of attention and superfluity of fawning officiousness; such a one as is called in *King Lear*, a *finical supererogable rogue*.—If he had had virtue enough to attain the profitable vices, he would have been profitably vicious. STEEVENS.

Tim.

Tim. First mend my company², take away thyself³.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thence thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, 'Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but
the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy gilt,
and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curi-
osity⁴; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despited
for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim.

² *First mend my company,*—] The old copy reads—mend *thy* com-
pany. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

³ —*take away thyself.*] This thought seems to have been adopted
from Plutarch's life of Antony. It stands thus in Sir Thomas North's
translation. "Aemantus said unto the other; O, here is a trimme
baket, *Timon*. *Timon* answered againe, yea, said he, *so thou wert
not here.*" STEEVENS.

⁴ —*for too much curiosity*; } i. e. for too much finical delicacy.
The Oxford editor alters it to *courtesy*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has explained the word justly. So, in Jervas Mark-
ham's *English Arcadia*, 1606. "— for all those eye-charming graces,
of which with such *curiosity* she had boasted." So, in *Hobby's* transla-
tion of Castiglione's *Cortegiano*, 1556, "A waiting gentlewoman
should see *affection* or *curiosity*." *Curiosity* is here inserted as a synonyme
to *affection* which means *affatation*. *Curiosity* likewise seems to have
meant *capriciousness*. So, in Greene's *Mamilia*, 1593: "Phariclyss
bath

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee^s.

Apem. An thou had'st hated medlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou had'st some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou

hath shewn me some curtesy, and I have not altogether requited him with *curiosity*: he hath made some shew of love, and I have not wholly seemed to dislike." STEVENS.

^s *Ay, though it look like thee.*] Timon here supposes that an objection against hatred which through the whole tenor of the conversation appears, a argument for it. One would have expected him to have answered,

Yes, for it looks like thee.

The old edition, which always gives the pronoun instead of the affirmative particle, has it,

I, though it look like thee.

Perhaps we should read,

I thought it look'd like thee. JOHNSON.

should'st

should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn⁶, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion⁷, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion⁸; and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that see'st not thy loss in transformation?

Ape. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: 'The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Ape. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Ape-mantus.

⁶ — *the unicorn, &c.*] The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn he betakes himself to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him. *Gesner Hist. Animal.* HANMER.

See a note on *Julius Caesar*, Act II. sc. i. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *thou wert german to the lion,*] This seems to be an allusion to Turkish policy:

"Bears, like the Turk, no brother near the throne."—*Pope.*

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *were remotion*;] i. e. removal from place to place. So, in *King Lear*:

"'Tis the *remotion* of the duke and her." STEEVENS.

Remotion means, I apprehend, not a frequent removal from place to place, but merely *remoteness*, the being placed at a distance from the lion. See Vol. II. p. 218, n. 4; and Vol. V. p. 225, n. 8.

MATTHEWS.

Ape.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive¹.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'st burst!

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee. [*throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*APPEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.*]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought

But even the meer necessities upon it.

'Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

¹ *'Thou art the cap, &c.]* The *cap*, the *principal*. The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explication is, I think, right; but I believe our author had also the *fool's cap* in his thoughts. MATTHEW.

² *'Twixt natural son and fire!]*

Διὰ τῆς τοῦ ἔκ ἀδελφοῦ

Διὰ τῆς τοῦ ἀδελφοῦ. ANAC. JOHNSON.

That lies on Dian's lap²! thou visible god,
 That solder'st close impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kifs! that speak'st with every tongue,
 To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts³!
 Think, thy slave man rebels: and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;—

But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:
 Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.

[*Exit APEMANTUS.*]

More things like men⁴?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves⁵.

1. *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The meer want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2. *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

² *Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow*

That lies on Dian's lap!] The imagery is here exquisitely beautiful and sublime. *WARBURTON.*

Dr. Warburton might have said—Here is a very elegant turn given to a thought more coarsely expressed in *King Lear*:

“—you limpering dame,

“Whole face between her forks presages snow.” *STEEVENS.*

3 — *O thou touch of hearts!*] *Touch, for touchstone.* *STEEVENS.*

4 *More things like men?*] This line, in the old edition, is given to *Apemantus*, but it apparently belongs to *Timon*. *Sir T. Hanmer* has transposed the foregoing dialogue according to his own mind, not unskillfully, but with unwarrantable licence. *JOHNSON.*

I believe, as the name of *Apemantus* was prefixed to this line, instead of *Timon*, so the name of *Timon* was prefixed to the preceding line by a similar mistake. That line seems more proper in the mouth of *Apemantus*, and the words *I am quit*, seem to mark his exit.

MALONE.

5 *Enter Thieves.*] The old copy reads,—*Enter the Banditti.* *STEV.*

3. *Thief.*

3. *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2. *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1. *Thief.* Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2. *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3. *Thief.* He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much dowant.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat⁶. Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots⁷?

⁶ — *you want much of meat.*] Thus both the player and poetical editors have given us this passage; quite *sand-blind*, as honest Launcelot says, to our author's meaning. If these poor thieves wanted *meat*, what greater want could they be cursed with, as they could not live on grass, and berries, and water? but I dare warrant the poet wrote,

— *you want much of meet.*

i. e. Much of what *you ought to be*; much of the qualities *befitting* you as human creatures. THEOBALD.

Such is Mr. Theobald's emendation, in which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. Sir T. Hanmer reads,

— *you want much of men.*

They have been all busy without necessity. Observe the series of the conversation. The thieves tell him, that they are *men that much do want*. Here is an ambiguity between *much want* and *want of much*. Timon takes it on the wrong side, and tells them that their *greatest want is*, that, like other men, *they want much of meat*; then telling them where meat may be had, he asks, *Want? why want?* JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read, — *your greatest want is, you want much of me*; — rejecting the two last letters of the word. The sense will then be — *your greatest want is that you expect supplies of me from whom you can reasonably expect nothing*. Your necessities are indeed desperate, when you apply for relief to one in my situation. STANLEY.

7 — *The earth hath roots, &c.*]

Vile olus, et duris hærentia mora rubetis.

Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem.

Flumine vicino fuitus sitis.

I do not suppose these to be imitations, but only to be similar thoughts on similar occasions. JOHNSON.

Within

Within this mile break forth an hundred springs:

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;

The bounteous hufwife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mefs before you. Want? why want?

1. *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con³,

That you are thieves protest; that you work not

In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft

In limited professions⁹. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,

Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,

And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob¹: take wealth and lives together²;

Do

³ — *Yet thanks I must you con,*] To *con thanks* is a very common expression among our old dramatick writers. So, in the *Story of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

“Yea and well said, I *con* you no thanke.”

Again, in *Pierce Pennilest his Supplication to the Devil*, by Nash, 1592: “It is well done to practise thy wit; but I believe our lord will *con thee litte thanks* for it.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *In limited professions.*] Regular, orderly, professions. So, in *Macbeth*:

“For 'tis my *limited service*.”

i. e. my appointed service, prescribed by the necessary duty and rules of my office. MALONE.

¹ — *trust not the physician;*

His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob:] Our authour's favourite daughter who married a physician, three years I believe before this play was written, could not have been much pleased with this passage. MALONE.

² — *take wealth and lives together;*] Why any attempt has been made to amend this passage, it is difficult to guess. After having counselled the thieves to endanger their own lives by intemperance, which may destroy them and so save them from the gallows, he proceeds to warn them not to trust the physician, when attacked by the fever brought on by a dissolute life, because he is a greater master of the art of killing than even the thief. Timon then diverts to a new subject, and exhorts the thieves “to do villainy like workmen;” whenever they rob, to kill also. So afterwards: “Cut throats; All that you meet are thieves.”

Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't³,
 Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery.
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears⁴; the earth's a thief,

That

thieves." Sir T. Hanmer changed *lives* to *life*, from his ignorance of our author's phraseology. "Do not our *lives* consist of the four elements?" says Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night*: for which in the modern editions is substituted—"Does not our *life*," &c. MALONE.

³ —since you profess to do't,] The old copy has—*protest*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁴ The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears;] The moon is supposed to be humid, and perhaps a source of humidity, but cannot be resolved by the surges of the sea. Yet I think *moon* is the true reading. Here is a circulation of thievery described: The sun, moon, and sea, all rob, and are robbed.

JOHNSON.

He says simply, that the *sun*, the *moon*, and the *sea*, rob one another by turns, but the *earth* robs them all: the *sea*, i. e. *liquid surge*, by supplying the *moon* with moisture, robs her in turn of the *soft tears of dew* which the poets always fetch from this planet. *Soft* for *salt* is an easy change. In this sense Milton speaks of *her moist continent*, *Par. Lost*, b. v. l. 422. And, in *Hamlet*, Horatio says:

"—— the moist star

"Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands." STEEVENS.

Shakspeare knew that the moon was the cause of the tides, [See *The Tempest*, p. 99,] and in that respect the liquid surge, that is, the waves of the sea, rising one upon another, in the progress of the tide, may be said to resolve the moon into salt tears; the moon, as the poet chooses to state the matter, losing some part of her humidity, and the accretion to the sea, in consequence of her tears, being the cause of the liquid surge. Add to this the popular notion, yet prevailing, of the moon's influence on the weather; which, together with what has been already stated, probably induced our author here and in other places to allude to the watry quality of that planet. In *Romeo and Juliet*, he speaks of her "watry beams." Again, in *Macbeth*:

"Upon the corner of the moon

"Hangs a vaporous drop profound."

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watry moon."

Again, more appositely in *K. Richard III.*

"That I, being govern'd by the watry moon,

"May bring forth plenteous tears, to drown the world."

Salt is so often applied by Shakspeare to *tears*, that there can be

TIMON OF ATHENS.

That feeds and breeds by a composture⁵ stolen
 From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
 The laws; your curb and whip⁶, in their rough power
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
 Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
 All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,

no doubt that the original reading is the true one: nor had the poet, as I conceive, *deu*, at all in his thoughts. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "—your salt tears' head—" Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Distasted with the salt of broken tears."

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

"Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears."

Again, more appositely, in *K. Henry VI. P. II.*

"——— to drain

"Upon his face an ocean of salt tears."

Mr. Tollet idly conjectures, (for conjecture is always idle where there is little difficulty,) that we should read—*The main*, i. e. the main land or continent. So, in *King Henry IV. P. II. Act III. sc. i.* "The continent melt itself into the sea."—An observation made by this gentleman in *Lowe's Labour's Loss*, p. 391, had he recollected it, might have prevented him from attempting to disturb the text here: "No alteration should be made in these lines that destroys the artificial structure of them."—In the first line the sun is the thief; in the second he is himself plundered by that thief, the moon. The moon is subjected to the same fate, and, from being a plunderer, is herself robbed of moisture (line 4th and 5th) by the sea. MALONE.

Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, quotes some one of a "reasonable good facilitie in translation, who finding certaine of Anacreon's odes very well translated by Ronsard the French poet—comes our minion, and translates the same out of French into English:" and his strictures upon him evince the publication. Now this identical ode is to be met with in Ronsard; and as his works are in few hands, I will take the liberty of transcribing it. Edit. fol. p. 507.

"La terre les eaux va boïvant;

"L'arbre la boit par sa racine,

"La mer salée boit le vent,

"Et le soleil boit la marine.

"Le soleil est ben de la lune,

"Tout boit soit en haut ou en bas:

"Suiuant cesté reigle commune,

"Pourquoy donc ne boirons-nous pas?" FARMER.

5 — by a composture—] i. e. composition, compost. STEEVENS.

6 The laws, your curb and whip,] So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"——— most biting laws,

"The needful bites and curbs for headstrong steeds." MALONE.

But

But thieves do lose it: Steal not less *, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
Amen.

[TIMON retires to his cave.

3. *Thief*. He has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1. *Thief*. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery⁷.

2. *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1. *Thief*. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true⁸.

[*Exeunt Thieves.*

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made⁹!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

* *Steal not less,*—] *Not*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁷ 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.] The malice of mankind is used for his malicious hatred of mankind. He does not give us this advice to pursue our trade of stealing and to cut throats, from any good will to us, or a desire that we should thrive in our profession, but merely from the malicious enmity that he bears to the human race. MALONE.

⁸ Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.] The second thief has just said, he'll give over his trade. It is time enough for that, says the first thief: let us wait till Athens is at peace. There is no hour of a man's life so wretched, but he always has it in his power to become a true, i. e. an honest man. I have explained this easy passage, because it has, I think, been misunderstood.

Our author has made Mrs. Quickly utter nearly the same exhortation to the dying Falstaff. "— Now I bid him not think of God; there was time enough for that yet." MALONE.

⁹ What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!] An alteration of honour, is an alteration of an honourable state to a state of disgrace. JOHNSON.

How rarely¹ does it meet with this time's guise,
 When man was wish'd to love his enemies² :
 Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do³ !
 He has caught me in his eye: I will present
 My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
 Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master !

TIMON comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir ?

Tim. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men ;
 Then, if thou grant'st thou art a man, I have
 Forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not :

I ne'er had honest man about me, I ; all
 I kept were knaves⁴, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
 Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
 For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep ?—Come nearer ;—then I
 love thee,
 Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
 Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give,

¹ *How rarely*—] How curiously ; how happily. MALONE.

² *When man was wish'd to love his enemies :*] He forgets his Pagan system here again. WARBURTON.

³ *Grant, I may ever love and rather woo*

Those that would mischief me, than those that do'] It is plain, that in this whole speech friends and enemies are taken only for those who profess friendship and profess enmity ; for the friend is supposed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the enemy. The sense is, *Let me rather woo or care for those that would mischief, that profess to mean me mischief, than those that really do me mischief under false professions of kindness.* The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb ; *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself.* This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *were knaves,*] *Knave* is here in the compound sense of a servant and a rascal. JOHNSON.

But

But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping⁵:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weep-
ing!

Flay. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
So comfortable? It almost turns
My dangerous nature wild⁶. Let me behold
Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)

⁵ — *Pity's sleeping*:] So, in Daniel's Second Sonnet, 1594:

“Waken her *sleeping pity* with your crying.” MALONE.

I do not know that any correction is necessary, but I think we might read:

————— *eyes do never give,*

But thorough lust and laughter, pity sleeping:

Eyes never flow (to give is to dissolve, as saline bodies in moist weather,) but by lust or laughter, undisturbed by emotions of pity. JOHNSON.

⁶ *It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.*] To turn wild is to distract. An appearance so unexpected, says Timon, *almost turns my savageness* to distraction. Accordingly he examines with nicety lest his phrenzy should deceive him:

*Let me behold thy face: Surely this man
Was born of woman.*

And to this suspected disorder of mind he alludes:

Perpetual-sober gods!—

Ye powers whose intellects are out of the reach of perturbation. JOHNS.

Dr. Warburton, with some probability, for *wild* reads *mild*. The letters *w* and *m* are frequently confounded in the old copy, MALONE.

Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness⁷; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I shew, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men⁸;
Hate all, curse all: shew charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,
Debts wither them to nothing: Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou 'rt blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

⁷ *If not a usuring—* If not seems to have slipped in here, by an error of the press, from the preceding line. Both the sense and metre would be better without it. TYRWHITT.

I do not see any need of change. Timon asks—*Has not thy kindness some covert design? Is it not proposed with a view to gain some equivalent in return, or rather to gain a great deal more than thou offorest? Is it not at least the offspring of avarice, if not of something worse, of usury?* In this there appears to me no difficulty. MALONE.

⁸ *—from men;*] Away from human habitations. JOHNSON.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The same. Before Timon's Cave.**Enter Poet, and Painter⁹; TIMON behind, unseen.**Pain.* As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.*Poet.* What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?*Pain.* Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Tymandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor

⁹ *Enter Poet, and Painter;*] The Poet and the Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon, and might then have seen Timon, since Apemantus, standing by him could see them: But the scenes of the thieves and steward have passed before their arrival, and yet passed, as the drama is now conducted, within their view. It might be suspected that some scenes are transposed, for all these difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter first, and the thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the scenes must keep their present order, for the Painter alludes to the thieves when he says, *he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity.* This impropriety is now heightened by placing the thieves in one act, and the Poet and Painter in another: but it must be remembered, that in the original edition this play is not divided into separate acts, so that the present distribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gained, or impropriety obviated, by alteration. JOHNS.

I perceive no difficulty. It is easy to suppose that the Poet and Painter, after having been seen at a distance by Apemantus, have wandered about the woods separately in search of Timon's habitation. The Painter might have heard of Timon's having given gold to Alcibiades, &c. before the Poet joined him; for it does not appear that they set out from Athens together; and his intelligence concerning the *thieves* and the *Steward* might have been gain'd in his rambles; Or, having searched for Timon's habitation in vain, they might, after having been defied by Apemantus, have returned again to Athens, and the Painter alone have heard the particulars of Timon's bounty.—But Shakespeare was not very attentive to these minute particulars; and if he and the *audience* knew of the several persons who had partaken of Timon's wealth, he would not scruple to impart this knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it. See Vol. VI. p. 367, n. 8.

The news of the Steward's having been enriched by Timon, though that event happened only in the end of the preceding scene, has, we here find, reached the Painter; and therefore here undoubtedly the fifth Act ought to begin, that a proper interval may be supposed to have elapsed between this scene and the last. The regulation now adopted was made by Mr. Capell, MALONE.

straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends?

Pam. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will shew honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pam. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pam. Good as the best. Promising is the very aim of the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use*. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself²: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

* — the deed of saying is quite out of use.] The doing of that which we have said we would do, the accomplishment and performance of our promise, is, except among the lower classes of mankind, quite out of use. so, in *King Lear* :

“ ——— In my true heart

“ I find the names my very deed of love.”

Again, more appositely, in *Hamlet* :

“ As he, in his peculiar act and force,

“ May give his saying deed ”

Mr. Pope rejected the words *of saying*, and the four following editors adopted his licentious regulation. MALONE.

² — It must be a personating of himself :—] Personating, for representing simply. For the subject of this projected satire was Timon's case, not his person. WARBURTON.

Tim.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:

'Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

When the day serves³, before black-corner'd night⁴,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
'Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

Fit I meet them.

[*advancing.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whole thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

³ *When the day serves, &c.*] Theobald with some probability assigns these two lines to the Poet. MALONE.

⁴ — *before black-corner'd night,*] I believe that Shakspeare, by this expression, meant only, Night which is as obscure as a dark corner. In *Measure for Measure*, Lucio calls the Duke, "a duke of dark corners." STEEVENS.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I have
gold;

I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit^s
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,
[to the Poet,

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither with I,

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, 'feed him,

^s — a counterfeit—] It has been already observed, that a portrait was so called in our author's time.

¹ — What kind I here?

² Fair Portia's counterfeit!" *Merchant of Venice*. STEVENS.

Keep in your bosom : yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain⁶.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well ; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies :
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught⁷,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in com-
pany :—

Each man apart, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company⁸.

If,

⁶ — a made-up villain.] That is, a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him ; a hypocrite. JOHNSON.

I rather think, a complete or consummate villain : *omnibus numeris absolutus*. MALONE.

⁷ — in a draught,] That is, in the jakes. JOHNSON.

⁸ You that way, and you this, but two in company :—

Each man apart, all single, and alone,

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.] The first of these lines has been rendered obscure by false pointing ; that is, by connecting the words, “ but two in company,” with the subsequent line, instead of connecting them with the preceding hemistick. The second and third line are put in apposition with the first line, and are merely an illustration of the assertion contained in it. Do you (says Timon,) go that way, and you this, and yet still *each* of you will have *two* in your company : each of you, though single and alone, will be accompanied by an arch-villain. Each man, being himself a villain, will take a villain along with him, and so each of you will have two in company. It is a mere quibble founded on the word *company*. See the former speech, in which Timon exhorts *each* of them to “ hang or stab the villain in his company,” i. e. himself. The passage quoted by Mr. Stevens from *Promos and Cassandra* puts the meaning beyond a doubt. MALONE.

This passage may receive some illustration from another in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. “ My master is a kind of knave ; but that's all one, if he be but *one knave*. ” The sense is, each man is a *double villain*, i. e. a villain with more than a single share of guilt. See Dr. Farmer's note on the third act of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, &c. Again, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578. “ Go, and a *knave with thee*. ” Again, in *The Storye of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude :

“ ——— if you needs will go away,

“ Take *two knaves* with you by my saye.”

There

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[to the Painter.

Come not near him.—If thou would'st not reside

[to the Poet.

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:

You have done work for me*, there's payment: Hence!—

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—

Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing, but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1. *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2. *Sen.* At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—

Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

There is a thought not unlike this in *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher.—“Take to your chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you, lady.” STREVEENS.

* *You have done work, &c.*] For the insertion of the word *done*, which, it is manifest, was omitted by the negligence of the compositor, I am answerable. Timon in this line addresses the Painter, whom he before called “excellent workman;” in the next the Poet. MALONE.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn * !—Speak, and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue²,
Consuming it with speaking!

1. *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2. *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the
plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1. *Sen.* O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love¹,

Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

2. *Sen.* They confess,

'toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:

Which now the publick body²,—which doth seldom

Play

* *Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn !—*] “Thine eyes,” says Lear to one of his daughters, “do comfort, and not burn.” STEEVENS.

² — *a cauterizing—*] The old copy reads—*canberizing*; the poet might have written, *cancerizing*. STEEVENS.

To *cauterize* was a word of our authour's time; being found in Bullock's *English Expofitor*, octavo, 1616, where it is explained, “To burn to a sore.” It is the word of the old copy, with the *u* changed to an *n*, which has happened in almost every one of these plays. Of the word *cancerize* I have found no example. MALONE.

¹ — *with one consent of love,*] With one united voice of affection. So, in Sternhold's translation of the 100th Psalm:

“With one consent let all the earth.”

All our old writers spell the word improperly, *consent*, without regard to its etymology, *concentus*. See Vol. V. p. 413, n. *; and p. 483, n. 3. MALONE.

² Which now the publick body,—] Thus the old copy, ungrammatically certainly; but our authour frequently thus begins a sentence, and concludes it without attending to what has gone before: for which perhaps the carelessness and ardour of colloquial language may be an apology. See Vol. I. p. 9, n. 6. So afterwards in the third scene of this act:

“H'hem,

Play the recant¹,—feeling in itself
 A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
 Of its own fall², restraining aid to Timon⁴;
 And send forth us, to make theirorrowed render⁵,
 Together with a recompence more fruitful
 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram⁶;
 Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
 As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
 And write in thee the figures of their love,

"Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,

"Yet our old love made a particular force,

"And made us speak like friends."

See also the Poet's last speech in p. 127.—Sir T. Hanmer and the subsequent editors read here more correctly—*And now the publick body, &c.* but by what oversight could *Whi b* be printed instead of *And*? MALONE.

³ *Of its own fall,*—] The Athenians *did* *justify*, that is, felt the danger of *their own fall*, by the arms of Alcibiades. JOHN ON.

I once suspected that our authour wrote—of its own *fall*, i. e. failure. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"I had if you *fail* in our request, the blame

"May hang upon your harden."

But a subsequent passage fully supports the reading of the text:

"—— In, and prepare:

"Our's is the *fall*, I fear, our foes the snare."

Again, in *sc. iv*:

"Before proud Athens he's set down by this,

"Whose *fall* the mark of his ambition is." MALONE.

⁴ — *restraining aid to Timon*,] I think it should be *restraining aid*, that is, with-holding aid that should have been given to Timon.

JOHNSON.

Surely this is the meaning of the word furnished by the old copy.

MALONE.

⁵ — *sorrowed render*,] Thus the old copy. *Render* is *confession*. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act IV. *sc. iv*.

"—— may drive us to a *render*

"Where we have liv'd."

The modern editors read—*tender*. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *a recompence more fruitful*

T' an their offence can weigh down by the dram,] A recompence so large that the offence they have committed, though every dram of that offence should be put into the scale, cannot counterpoise it. The recompence will outweigh the offence, which, instead of *weighing down* the scale in which it is placed, will kick the beam. MALONE.

Ever

Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it ;
Surprize me to the very brink of tears :
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1. *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power⁷, and thy good name
Live with authority :—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild ;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2. *Sen.* And makes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1. *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will ; therefore I will, sir ; Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war ;
Then let him know,—and, tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him take't at worst ; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer : for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp⁸,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you

⁷ Allow'd with absolute power,] Allowed is licensed, privileged, un-
controlled. So of a buffoon, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, it is said, that he
is allowed, that is, at liberty to say what he will ; a privileged scoffer.

⁸ There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,] A whittle is still in the
midland counties the common name for a pocket clasp knife, such as
children use. Chaucer speaks of a " Shetheld sturwittell," *STEVENS*.

To the protection of the prosperous gods⁹,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness¹
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1. *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1. *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1. *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass
through them.

2. *Sen.* And enter in our cars, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;

And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragil vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2. *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close²,
That

⁹ — *of the prosperous gods,*] I believe *prosperous* is used here with our poet's usual laxity, in an active, instead of a passive, sense: *the gods who are the authors of the prosperity of mankind*. So, in *Othello*:

“To my unfolding lend a prosperous ear.”

I leave you, says Timon, to the protection of the gods, the great distributors of prosperity, that they may so keep and guard you, as jailors do thieves; i. e. for final punishment. MALON.

¹ — *My long sickness*] The disease of life begins to promise me a period. JOHNSON.

² *I have a tree which grows here in my close,*] Our author was indebted for this thought to Fletcher's *Life of Antony*: “It is reported of

That mine own use invites me to cut down,
 And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
 Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree³,
 From high to low throughout, that whoso please
 To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
 Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
 And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
 Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
 Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
 Whom once a day⁴ with his embossed froth⁵
 The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
 And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
 Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
 What is ails, plague and infection mend!
 Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
 Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit* TIMON.]

of him also, that this Timon on a time, (the people being assembled in the market-place about dispatch of some affaires) got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly use to speake unto the people; and silence being made, everie man listening to hear what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place, at length he began to speak in this manner: My lordes of Athens, I have a little yard in my house where there groweth a figge tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves; and because I meane to make some building upon the place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that before the figge tree be cut downe, if any of you be desperate, you may there in time go hang yourselves." MALONE.

3 — in the sequence of degree,] Methodically, from highest to lowest. JOHN. ON.

4 Whom once a day—] Old Copy—*Who*. For the correction I am answerable. *Whom* refers to Timon. All the modern editors (following the second folio) read—"Which once," &c. MALONE.

5 — embossed froth—] When a deer was run hard and foamed at the mouth, he was said to be *emboss'd*. See a note on the first Scene of the *Taming of the Shrew*. The thought is from *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. I. Nov. 28. STEEVENS.

Embossed froth, is swollen froth; from *housse*, Fr. a tamour. The term *embossed*, when applied to a deer, is from *embogar*, Sp. to cast out of the mouth. See Vol. III. p. 246, n. 2. MALONE.

1. *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2. *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril⁶.

1. *Sen.* It requires swift foot.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.

1. *Sen.* 'Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

M. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2. *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

M. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend⁷;—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends⁸:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to 'Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senator, from TIMON.

1. *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3. *Sen.* No talk of 'Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring

⁶ *In our dear peril.*] *Dear*, in Shakspeare's language, is *dear*, *dreadful*. So, in *Samlet*:

"Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven." MALONE.

⁷ — *one mine ancient friend*;] Mr. Upton would read,

— *once mine ancient friend.* STEEVENS.

⁸ Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:] Our authour, hurried away by
strong conceptions, and little attentive to minute accuracy, takes great
liberties in the construction of sentences. Here he means, *Whom*,
though we were on our right sides in the publick cause, yet the force of
our old acquaintance wrought so much upon, as to make him speak to me as a
friend. See. p. 115, n. 2; and Vol. VII. p. 264, n. 3. MALONE.

Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a tomb-stone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sol. By all description, this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span:
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.⁹
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.

⁹ *Some beast read this; there does not live a man.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton read—Some beast rear'd this. “The soldier (says Theobald) had yet only seen the rude pile of earth heap'd up for Timon's grave, and not the inscription upon it.” In support of this emendation, which was suggested to him by Dr. Warburton, he quotes these lines from Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*:

“Here is no food, nor beds; nor any house

“Built by a better architect than beasts.” MALONE.

“The soldier” [says Dr. Warburton] “had only seen the rude heap of earth.” He had evidently seen something that told him Timon was dead, and what could tell him that but his tomb? The tomb he sees, and the inscription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peevishly, *some beast read this*, for it must be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man.

There is something elaborately unskillful in the contrivance of sending a soldier, who cannot read, to take the epitaph in wax, only that it may close the play by being read with more solemnity in the last scene.

JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms¹, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush²,
When crouching marrow, 'in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more*³: now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursty intolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1. *Sen.* Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity⁴.

2. *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means⁵;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

¹ — *travers'd arms*—] Arms across. JOHNSON.

² — *the time is flush*,] A bird is *flush* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the nest. *Flush* is *mature*. JOHNSON.

³ *When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong, Cries of itself, No more*:—] The marrow was supposed to be the original of strength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who rises immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear. WARBURTON.

The image may as justly be said to be taken from a porter or coal-heaver, who when there is as much laid upon his shoulders as he can bear, will certainly cry, *no more*. MALONE.

⁴ *Above their quantity*.] *Their* refers to *griefs*. "To give thy rages balm," must be considered as parenthetical. The modern editors have substituted *ingritudes* for *ingratitude*. MALONE.

⁵ — *by promis'd means*;] i. e. by promising him a competent subsistence. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. "Your *means* are very slender, and your waste is great." MALONE.

1. *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs⁶: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them⁷.

2. *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts⁸. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1. *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square⁹, to take,
On those that are, revenges^{*}: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall

⁶ *You have receiv'd your griefs.*] The old copy has—*grief*; but as the senator in his preceding speech uses the plural, *grief* was probably here an error of the press. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁷ *For private faults in them.*] That is, in the persons from whom you have received your griefs. MALONE.

⁸ *Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess Hath broke their hearts.*] Shame in excess (i. e. extremity of shame) that they wanted cunning (i. e. that they were not wise enough not to banish you) hath broke their hearts. THEOBALD.

I have no wish to disturb the manes of Theobald, yet think some extenuation may be offered that will make the construction less harsh, and the sentence more serious. I read:

*Shame that they wanted, coming in excess,
Hath broke their hearts.*

Shame which they had so long wanted, at last coming in its utmost excess. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *not square*—] Not regular, not equitable. JOHNSON.

^{*} — *revenges*:] Old Copy—*revenge*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. See the preceding speech. MALONE.

With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2. *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1. *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2. *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports¹:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter², or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedy'd³, to your publick laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words⁴.

¹ — *uncharged ports*: That is, *unguarded gates*. JOHNSON.
Uncharged means *unattacked*. MASON.

² — *not a man*

Shall pass his quarter,] Not a soldier shall quit his station, or be let loose upon you; and, if any commits violence, he shall answer it regularly to the law. JOHNSON.

³ *But shall be remedy'd*,] The construction is, But he shall be remedied; but Shakspeare means, that his offence shall be remedied, the word offence being included in *offend* in a former line. The editor of the second folio, for *so*, in the last line but one of this speech, substituted *by*, which all the subsequent editors adopted. MALONE.

⁴ *Descend, and keep your words*,] Old Copy—*Defend*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead ;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea :
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture ; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance *.

Alc. [reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched
soul bereft :*

*Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked caitiffs
left!*

*Here lie I Timon ; who, alive, all living men did hate :
Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay not here thy
gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :
'Though thou abhor'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow⁶, and those our droplets which

* — *for my poor ignorance.*] *Poor* is here used as a disyllable, as door is in the *Merchant of Venice*. MALONE.

⁵ — *caitiffs left !*] This epitaph is found in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, with the difference of one word only, viz. *wretches* instead of *caitiffs*. STEEVENS.

This epitaph is formed out of two distinct epitaphs which Shakspeare found in Plutarch. The first couplet is said by Plutarch to have been composed by Timon himself as his epitaph ; the second to have been written by the poet Callimachus.

Perhaps the slight variation mentioned by Mr. Steevens, arose from our authour's having another epitaph before him, which is found in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrammes*, 1577, and in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, Vol. i. Nov. 28.

TIMON HIS EPITAPH.

" My wretched *caitiff* daies expired now and past,

" My carren corpe enterred here, is graspt in ground,

" In weltring waves of swelling seas by surges cast ;

" My name if thou desire, the gods thee doe confound !"

MALONE.

* — *our brain's flow,—*] *Our brain's flow* is *our tears*. JOHNSON.

So, in Sir Giles Goskerap, 1606 :

" I shed not the tears of my brain."

Again, in the *Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton :

" But he from rocke that fountains can command,

" Cannot yet stay the fountains of his brain." STEEVENS.

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
 On thy low grave, on faults forgiven⁷. Dead
 Is noble Timon; of whose memory
 Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
 And I will use the olive with my sword:
 Make war breed peace; make peace flint war; make
 each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leach⁸.—

Let our drums strike¹.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ — *on faults forgiven.*] I suspect that we ought to read:

On thy low grave.—*One* fault's forgiven. Dead

Is noble Timon, &c.

One fault (*viz.* the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon) is forgiven, *i. e.* exempted from punishment by the death of the injured person. TYRWHITT.

I formerly thought Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture very probable, (*on* being frequently printed for *one* in these plays,) but the old reading and punctuation, which I have followed, appear to me now sufficiently intelligible. Mr. Theobald asks, "why should Neptune weep over Timon's faults", or, indeed, what fault had he committed?" The faults that Timon had committed, were, 1. that boundless prodigality which his Steward so forcibly describes and laments; and 2. his becoming a *Misanthrope*, and abjuring the society of all men for the crimes of a few.—Theobald supposes that Alcibiades bids the senate set forward, assuring them at the same time that he forgives the wrongs they have done him. *On:—Faults forgiven.* But how unlikely is it, that he should desert the subject immediately before him, and enter upon another quite different subject, in these three words; and then return to Timon again? to say nothing of the strangeness of the phrase —*faults forgiven*, for "*faults are forgiven.*" MALONE.

⁸ — *leach.*] *i. e.* physician. STEEVENS.

¹ The play of *Timon* is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded. JOHNSON.

This play was altered by Shadwell, and brought upon the stage in 1678. In the *modest* title-page he calls it *Timon of Athens, or the Misanthrope*, as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre, made into a play.

STEEVENS.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PREFACE to the quarto edition of this play, 1609.

A never writer, to an ever reader. *Newes.*

Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your [*r. ibar*] braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: especially this authours commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleas'd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-witted then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such favored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you think your tetterne well bestowd) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuf in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you: since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them [*r. it*] rather then beens prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. *Valo.*

P R O L O G U E.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
 The princes orgillous², their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
 Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
 To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
 'The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.
 'To Tenedos they come;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions: Priam's fix-gated city,
 Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
 And Antenorides, with massy staples,
 And correspondve and fulfilling bolts³,
 Sperr up the sons of Troy⁴.

Now

¹ This prologue is found only in the folio edition. MALONE.

² *The princes orgillous,*] *Orgillous*, i. e. proud, disdainful. *Orgueilleux*, Fr. This word is used in the ancient romance of *Richard Cœur de Lyon*:

"His atyre was *orguleux*." STEEVENS.

³ — *fulfilling bolts,*] *To fulfill* in this place means to fill till there be no room for more. In this sense it is now obsolete. So, in Gower, *De Confeffione Amantis*, lib. V. fol. 114:

"A lustie maide, a sobre, a meke,

"Fulfilled of all curtosie."

Again:

"Fulfilled of all unkindship." STEEVENS.

To be fulfilled with grace and benediction, is still the language of our liturgy. BLACKSTONE.

⁴ *Sperr up the sons of Troy.*] The old copy has—*Stierre*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. To *sperre*, he observes, is to *shut up*, to *defend* by *bars*.—The names of the gates are here exhibited as in the old copy, for the reason assigned by Dr. Farmer; except in the instance of *Antenorides*, instead of which the old copy has *Antenonydus*. The quotation from Lydgate shews that was an error of the printer.

MALONE.

So,

P R O L O G U E,

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. 5. c. 10:

“ The other that was entred, labour'd fast

“ To *sperre* the gate,” &c.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. B. II. chap. 12:

“ When chafed home into his holdes, there *sparred* up in gates.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald informs us that the very names of the gates of Troy have been barbarously demolished by the editors; and a deal of learned dust he makes in setting them right again; much however to Mr. Heath's satisfaction. Indeed the learning is modestly withdrawn from the later editions, and we are quietly instructed to read—

“ Dardan, and Thymbria, *Ilia*, *Scæa*, Trojan,

“ And *Antenoridea*.”

But had he looked into the *Troy booke* of *Lydgate*, instead of puzzling himself with *Dares Phrygius*, he would have found the horrid demolition to have been neither the work of Shakspeare, nor his editors.

“ Therto his cyte | compassed enuyrowne

“ Hadde gates VI to entre into the towne :

“ The fiste of all | and strengest eke with all,

“ Largest also | and moste pryncypall,

“ Of myghty byldyng | alone pereles,

“ Was by the kinge called | *Dardanydes* ;

“ And in storye | lyke as it is founde,

“ *Tymbria* | was named the seconde ;

“ And the thyrde | called *Helyas*,

“ The fourthe gate | hyghte also *Cetbeas* ;

“ The fyfthe *Trojana*, | the sixth *Anthonydes*,

“ Stronge and myghty | both in werre and pes.”

Lond. empr. by R. Pynson, 1513, Fol. b. ii. ch. 11.

The *Troy Boke* was somewhat modernized, and reduced into regular stanzas, about the beginning of the last century, under the name of, *The Life and Death of Hector—who fought a Hundred mayne Battailles in open Field against the Grecians; wherein there were slaine on both Sides Fourteene Hundred and Sixe Thousand, Fourscore and Sixe Men.*—Fol. no date. This work Dr. Fuller, and several other critics, have erroneously quoted as the *original*; and observe in consequence, that “ if Chaucer's coin were of greater weight for deeper learnings, Lydgate's were of a more refined standard for purer language: so that one might mistake him for a modern writer !” FARMER.

On other occasions, in the course of this play, I shall insert quotations from the *Troy Boke modernized*, as being the most intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

Sets

P R O L O G U E.

Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
 A prologue arm'd⁵,—but not in confidence
 Of authour's pen, or actor's voice ; but suited
 In like conditions as our argument,—
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt⁶ and firflings of those broils,
 'Ginning in the middle ; flarting thencę away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like, or find fault ; do as your pleasures are ;
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

⁵ *A prologue arm'd,*] I come here to ſpeak the prologue, and come in armour ; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the authour's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character ſuited to the ſubject, in a drefs of war, before a warlike play. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *the vaunt*—] i. e. the *avaunt*, what went before. STEEVENS.
 The *vaunt* is the *van guard*, called in our author's time the *vaunt-guard*. PERCY.

Persons Represented.

Priam, *king of Troy :*

Hector,

Troilus,

Paris,

Deiphobus,

Helenus,

Æneas,

Antenor,

} *his Sons.*

} *Trojan Commanders.*

Calchas, *a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

Pandarus, *Uncle to Cressida.*

Margarelon, *a bastard son of Priam.*

Agamemnon, *the Grecian General :*

Menelaus, *his brother.*

Achilles,

Ajax,

Ulysses,

Nestor,

Diomedes,

Patroclus,

Grecian Commanders.

Thersites, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

Alexander, *servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus ; Servant to Paris ; Servant to Diomedes.

Helen, *wife to Menelaus.*

Andromache, *wife to Hector.*

Cassandra, *daughter to Priam ; a Prophetess.*

Cressida, *daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, *Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA¹.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter TROILUS arm'd, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet², I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,

That

¹ The story was originally written by Lollius, an old Lombard author, and since by Chaucer. POPE.

Mr. Pope (after Dryden) informs us, that the story of *Troilus and Cressida* was originally the work of one Lollius, a Lombard; (of whom Galscoigne speaks in *Dan Bartholmeus his first Triumph*: "Since Lollius and Chaucer both, make doubt upon that glofe") but Dryden goes yet further. He declares it to have been written in Latin verse, and that Chaucer translated it. Lollius was a historiographer of Urbino in Italy. Shakspeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the *Troie Eke* of Lydgate. Lydgate was not much more than a translator of Guido of Columpna, who was of Messina in Sicily, and wrote his *History of Troy* in Latin, after Dictys Cretensis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On these, as Mr. Warton observes, he engrafted many new romantick inventions, which the taste of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian and Gothic fiction easily admitted; at the same time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic stories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Guido's work was published at Cologne in 1477, again in 1480: at Strassburgh 1486, and *ibidem* 1489. It appears to have been translated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne, into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into English in 1471, under the title of his *Recuyel*, &c. so that there must have been yet some earlier edition of Guido's performance than I have hitherto seen or heard of, unless his first translator had recourse to a manuscript.

Guido of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own chronicler Grafton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and Cressida famous, which very probably might have been Shakspeare's induc-

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That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,

L^et

ment to try their fortune on the stage.—Lydgate's *Troie Boke* was printed by Pynson, 1513. In the books of the Stationers' Company, anno 1581, is entered "A proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between *Troilus* and *Cressida*." Again, Feb. 7, 1602: "The booke of *Troilus* and *Cressida*, as it is acted by my Lo. Chamberlain's men." The first of these entries is in the name of Edward White, the second in that of M. Roberts. Again, Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley, "A booke called the history of *Troilus* and *Cressida*." STEEVENS.

The entry in 1608-9 was made by the booksellers for whom this play was published in 1609. It was written, I conceive, in 1602. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I.

MALONE.

Before this play of *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1609, is a book-seller's preface, shewing that first impression to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was published without Shakspeare's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the book-seller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the first of our author's plays: but, on the contrary, it may be judged from the fore-mentioned preface, that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations, both moral and politick, with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his, seems to confirm my opinion. POPE.

We may rather learn from this preface, that the original proprietors of Shakspeare's plays thought it their interest to keep them unprinted. The author of it adds, at the conclusion, these words: "Thank fortune for the 'scape it hath made amongst you, since, by the grand possessors wills, I believe you should have played for them, rather than been played," &c. By the *grand possessors*, I suppose, were meant *Heming* and *Condell*. It appears that the rival playhouses at that time made frequent depredations on one another's copies. In the *Induction* to the *Mairecontant*, written by Webster, and augmented by Marston, 1604, is the following passage:

"I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it."

"Why not *Malevole* in folio with us, as *Jeronimo* in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our plays; we call it *One for another*."

Again, T. Heywood, in his preface to the *English Traveller*, 1633: "Others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print."

STEEVENS.

It appears, however, that frauds were practised by writers as well as actors. It stands on record against *Robert Greene*, the author of *Frier Bacon*

Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended³?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder⁴ than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less⁵ as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan.

Bacon and Friar Bungay, and Orlando Furioso, 1594 and 1599, that he sold the last of these pieces to two different theatres: "Master R. G. would it not make you blush, &c. if you sold not Orlando Furioso to the Queen's players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, sold the same play to the Lord Admiral's men for as much more? Was not this plain Coneycatching, M. G.?" Defence of Coneycatching, 1592. COLLINS.

Notwithstanding what has been said by a late editor, I have a copy of the *first folio*, including *Troilus and Cressida*. Indeed, as I have just now observed, it was at first either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not however appear in the *list* of the plays, and is thrust in between the *histories* and the *tragedies* without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think, on one leaf only. It differs intirely from the copy in the *second folio*: FARMER.

I have consulted *eleven copies* of the *first folio*, and *Troilus and Cressida* is not wanting in any one of them. STEEVENS.

² — *my varlet*,] This word anciently signified a servant or footman to a knight or warrior. So, Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Agincourt: "— diverse were releev'd by their *varlets*, and conveied out of the field." Again, in an ancient epitaph in the churchyard of saint Nicas at Arras:

"Cy giit Hakin et son *varlet*,

"Tout di-armé et tout di-pret,

"Avec son espé et falloche," &c. STEEVENS.

³ *Will this geer ne'er be mended?*] There is somewhat proverbial in this question, which I likewise meet with in the *Interlude of K. Darrius, 1565*:

"Wyll not yet this gere be amended,

"Nor your sinful acts corrected?" STEEVENS.

⁴ — *fonder*—] i. e. more weak, or foolish. See Vol. III. p. 66, D. 5. MALONE.

⁵ *And skill-less*, &c.] Mr. Dryden, in his alteration of this play, has taken this speech as it stands, except that he has changed *skill-less* to *arless*, not for the better, because *skill-less* refers to *skill* and *skilful*. JOHNSON.

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Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulding.

Tro. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the boulding; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench⁶ at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yester-night fairer than ever I saw her look; or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,

A very *fond and skill-less Remarker* on this note, asks, “and does not *artless* refer to *art* and *artful*?”—Where will he find *art* and *artful* in this passage? The other words mentioned by Dr. Johnson have occurred before. MALONE.

⁶ *Doth lesser blench*—] To *blench* is to shrink, start, or fly off. So, in *Hamlet*:

“——— if he but *blench*,

“ I know my course—.”

Again, in the *Pilgrim* by B. and Fletcher:

“——— men that will not totter,

“ Nor *blench* much at a bullet.” STEVENS.

⁷ —when she comes!—When is she thence? Both the old copies read—then she comes, when she is thence. Mr. Rowe corrected the former error, and Mr. Pope the latter. MALONE.

I have

I have (as when the sun doth light a storm *)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile *:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women,—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit: but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, 'There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
I handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand⁹,

In

8 — a storm—] Old Copies—a storm. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.
MALONE.

* — in wrinkle of a smile:] So, in *Twelfth Night*: "He doth smile his face into more lines than the new map with the augmentation of the Indies." MALONE.

⁹ Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand, &c.] Handlest is here used metaphorically, with an allusion at the same time to its literal meaning; and the jingle between *hand* and *handlest* is perfectly in our author's manner.

The beauty of a female hand seems to have made a strong impression on his mind. Antony cannot endure that the hand of Cleopatra should be touched.

"—— To let a fellow that will take rewards,
" And say, *God quit you*, be familiar with
" My play fellow, your *band*,—this kingly seal,
" And pligher of high hearts."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—— they may seize
" On the white wonder of dear Juliet's *band*."

In the *Winter's Tale* Florizel with equal warmth, and not less poetically, desists on the hand of his mistress:

"—— I take thy hand; this hand
" As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
" Or Ethiopian's tooth; or the fann'd snow
" That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er."

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In whose comparifon all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose foft feizure
The cygnet's down is harfh, and fpirit of fenfe
Hard as the palm of ploughman¹! This thou tell'ft me,
As true thou tell'ft me, when I fay—I love her;
But, faying thus, inftead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ft in every gafh that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I fpeak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou doft not fpeak fo much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe
is: if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not,
ſhe has the mends in her own hands².

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought
on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and
between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

This paſſage has, I think, been wrong pointed in the late editions:
Pour'ft in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice
Handleit in thy diſcourſe;—O that her hand!
In whose comparifon, &c. MALONE.

¹ — and ſpirit of ſenſe

Hard as the palm of ploughman!] In comparifon with Crefſida's
hand, ſays he, the ſpirit of ſenſe, the utmoſt degree, the moſt exquisite
power of ſenſibility, which implies a ſoft hand, ſince the ſenſe of
touching, as Scaliger ſays in his *Exercitationes*, reſides chiefly in the
fingers, is hard as the callous and infenſible palm of the ploughman.

Warburton reads:—ſpite of ſenſe: Hammer,—to th' ſpirit of ſenſe.
It is not proper to make a lover profeſs to praiſe his miſtreſs in ſpite of
ſenſe; for though he often does it in ſpite of the ſenſe of others, his
own ſenſes are ſubdued to his deſires. JOHNSON.

² — ſhe has the mends in her own hands.] She may mend her com-
plexion by the aſſiſtance of cosmeticks. JOHNSON.

I believe it rather meant—She may make the beſt of a bad bargain.
So, in *Woman's a Weatbercock*, 1612: “I ſhall ſtay here and have my
head broke, and then I have the mends in my own hands.” Again, in
S. Goffon's *School of Abufe*, 1579: “—turne him with his back full
of ſtripes, and his hands laden with his own amendes.” Again, in the
Wild Geefe Chaſe, by B. and Fletcher:

“The mends are in mine own hands, or the ſurgeon's.”

STEEVENS.

Tro.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on friday, as Helen is on sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool, to stay behind her father³; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her, the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit PANDARUS. An Alarm.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;

And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

³ — to stay behind her father;] Calchas, according to Shakspeare's authority, *The Destruction of Troy*, was "a great learned bishop of Troy," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which was threatened by Agamemnon. As soon as he had made "his oblations and demaunds for them of Troy, Apollo" (says the book) "answered unto him, saying; Calchas, Calchas, beware that thou returne not back again to Troy; but goe thou with Achylles, unto the Greekes, and depart never from them, for the Greekes shall have victorie of the Troyans by the agreement of the Gods." *Hist. of the Destruction of Troy*, translated by Caxton, 5th edit. 4to. 1617. This prudent bishop followed the advice of the Oracle, and immediately joined the Greeks. MALONE.

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Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium⁴, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark⁵.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield⁶?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*.—
But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*]

4 *Between our Ilium,*] *Ilium* or *Iliou* (for it is spelt both ways) was according to Lydgate and the authour of the *Destruction of Troy*, the name of Priam's palace, which is said by these writers to have been built upon a high rock. See a note in Act IV. sc. v. on the words—
“Yon towers,” &c. MALONE.

5 — *this sailing Pandar,*
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“This punk is one of Cupid's carriers;

“Clap on more sails,” &c. MALONE.

6 *How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?*] Shakspeare, it appears from various lines in this play, pronounced *Troilus* improperly as a disyllable; as every mere English reader does at this day.

So also, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“Here manly Hector faints, here *Troilus* swoonds.”

MALONE.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*The same. A Street.**Enter CRESSIDA, and ALEXANDER.**Cre.* Who were those went by?*Alex.* Queen Hecuba, and Helen.*Cre.* And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
 Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
 To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
 Is, as a virtue, fix'd⁷, to-day was mov'd:
 He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
 And, like as there were husbandry in war,
 Before the sun rose*, he was harness'd light⁸,
 And to the field goes he; where every flower
 Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
 In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks
 A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
 They call him, Ajax.

Cre. Good; And what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*⁹,
 And stands alone.

⁷ — *Hector, whose patience*

Is, as a virtue, fix'd,] Hector's patience was as a virtue, not variable and accidental, but fixed and constant. JOHNSON.

* — *as there were husbandry in war,*

Before the sun rose, &c.] *Husbandry* means economical prudence. Troilus alludes to Hector's early rising. So, in *K. Henry V.*

"— our bad neighbours make us early stirrers,

"Which is both healthful and good husbandry." MALONE.

⁸ — *he was harness'd light,*] i. e. he put on light armour. See Vol. IV. p. 429, n. 1. Dr. Warburton has written a long note to shew that light armour was very proper on this occasion; because "Æneas was to fight on foot." If he had looked into *The Destruction of Troy* already quoted, he would have found, in every page, that the leaders on each side were alternately tumbled from their horses by the prowess of their adversaries. MALONE.

⁹ — *per se,*] So, in Chaucer's *Tellament of Cresseide*:

"Of faire Cresseide, the flour and a *per se*

"Of Troie and Greece."

Again, in *Blunt Master Constable*, 1602:

"That is the *a per se* of all, the creame of all." STEEVENS.

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Cre. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their particular additions*; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crush'd into folly¹, his folly fauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attain, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair²: He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cre. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good-morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good-morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good-morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

* — *their particular additions;*] Their peculiar and characteristick qualities or denominations. The term in this sense is originally for-ensick. MALONE.

¹ — *that his valour is crush'd into folly,*] To be crushed into folly, is to be confused and mingled with folly, so as that they make one mass together. JOHNSON.

² — *against the hair:*] is a phrase equivalent to another now in use—*against the grain*. The French say—*à contrepoil*. STEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 243, n. 4. MALONE.

Cre.

Cre. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cre. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cre. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,—

Cre. So he is.

Pan.—'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above³; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuse me. *

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit* this year.

³ *Well, the gods are above;*] So, in *Othello*: "Heaven's above all."

MALONE.

* — *his wit*—] Both the old copies have—*will*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

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Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities ;—

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece : Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then, Troilus should have too much : if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his ; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek⁴, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compass'd window⁵,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young : and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter⁶ ?

Pan.

⁴ — a merry Greek,] *Græcori* among the Romans signified to play the reveller. STEEVENS.

The expression occurs in many old English books. See Act IV. sc. iv.

“ A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks.” MALONE.

⁵ — compass'd window,] The *compass'd window* is the same as the *bow-window*. JOHNSON.

A *coined* ceiling is yet in some places called a *compass'd* ceiling.

MALONE.

⁶ — so old a lifter ?] The word *lifter* is used for a *thief* by Greene, in his *Art of Cony-catching*, printed 1591 : on this the humour of the passage

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cre. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cre. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O, yes; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:—But, to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cre. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cre. With mill-stones?

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

passage may be supposed to turn. We still call a person who plunders shops, a *shop-lifter*. Jonson uses the expression in *Cynthia's Revels*: "One other peculiar virtue you possess is, *lifting*." Again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611: "—cheaters, *lifters*, nips, foists, puggards, courbers," STEVENS.

Iliftus, in the Gothic language signifies a *thief*. See *Archæolog.* Vol. V. p. 311. BLACKSTONE.

7 — *her eyes ran o'er—with mill-stones.*] So, in *K. Richard III.*

"Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears."

MALONE.

Cre.

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Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin:

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs*^s, quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.* Jupiter! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?* The forked one, quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.

Cre. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. *[A Retreat sounded.]*

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Aeneas passes over the stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

^s . *One and fifty hairs,*] The old copies, here and above, have —*Two* and fifty. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The well-known number of Priam's sons proves it to be right. MALONE.

Pan.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit⁹, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have more¹.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cre. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you, what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's

9 *That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit,*]

“ *Antenor was*———

“ *Copious in words, and one that much time spent*

“ *To jest, when as he was in companie,*

“ *So drierly, that no man could it espie;*

“ *And therewith held his countenance so well,*

“ *That every man received great content*

“ *To hear him speake, and pretty jests to tell,*

“ *When he was pleasant, and in merriment:*

“ *For tho' that he most commonly was sad,*

“ *Yet in his speech some jest he always had.”*

Lidgate, p. 105. STEEVENS.

¹ *If he do, the rich shall have more.*] The allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did, in our authour's time, and long before, signify a *filly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, signify likewise *full of nods*. *Cressid* means, that a *noddy shall have more nods*. JOHNSON.

laying

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laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now.¹ Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day;—That's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus? Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloody'd*, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's²; And

* —how his sword is bloody'd,] So Lydgate describing Troilus, in a couplet that reminds us of Dryden, or Pope:

“ He was so fierce they might him not withstand,

“ When that he helde his *bloody sword* in hand ”

I always quote from the original poem, edit. 1555. MALONE.

² — his helm more hack'd than Hector's;] So, in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, b. iii. 640:

“ His *helme* to *bewin* was in twenty places,” &c. STEEVENS.
how

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how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot².

Forces pass over the stage.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cre. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye³,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles⁴; upon my secrecy, to defend mine

² — *an eye to boot.*] So the quarto. The folio, with less force, — *give money to boot.* JOHNSON.

³ — *no date in the pye,*—] To account for the introduction of this quibble, it should be remembered that *dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry.”

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, Act 1. “ — your *date* is better in your *pye* and porridge than in your cheek.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *upon my wit, to defend my wiles;*] So read both the copies: yet perhaps the author wrote:

— upon my wit, to defend my *will*.

The terms *wit* and *will* were, in the language of that time, put often in opposition. JOHNSON.

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mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him⁵.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the same token—you are a hawd.— [*Exit Pan.*
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing⁶:
That she⁷ belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

So, in *The Rape of Lucretia*:

“What wit sets down, is blotted straight with will.”
Yet I think the old copy right. MALONE.

⁵ —there he unarms him.] These words are not in the folio.

MALONE.

⁶ —joy's soul lies in the doing:] So read both the old editions, for which the later editions have poorly given:

—the soul's joy lies in doing. JOHNSON.

This tasteless alteration was originally made by the ignorant editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁷ That she—] Means, that woman. JOHNSON.

That

That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though ⁸ my heart's content ⁹ firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.

*Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,
MENELAUS, and Others.*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,

⁸ *Then though*—] The quarto reads *Then*; the folio and the modern editions read improperly, *That*. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *my heart's content*—] perhaps means, my heart's satisfaction or joy: my well pleased heart. So, in our authour's Dedication of his *Penns and Adonis* to lord Southampton: "I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your *heart's content*."—This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has *contents*. Dr. Warburton by *content* understands *capacity*. MALONE.

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Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works ;
 And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else.
 But the protractive trials of great Jove,
 To find persistive constancy in men ?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love : for then, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unlearn'd,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin :
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad¹ and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
 And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
 Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike feat²,
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
 Thy latest words³. In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men : The sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast⁴, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk⁵ ?

¹ — broad—] So the quarto ; the folio reads *loud*. JOHNSON.

² — thy godlike feat,] The throne in which thou sittest, "like a descended god." The quarto has—*the* godlike. The folio—Thy god-ly. MALONE.

³ Nestor shall apply

Thy latest words.] Nestor applies the words to another instance. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Nestor means, that he will attend particularly to, and consider, Agamemnon's latest words. So, in an ancient Interlude entitled *The Nice Wanton*, 1560 :

"O ye children, let your time be well spent ;

"Apply your learning, and your elders obey."

See also Vol. III. p. 258, n. 8. MALONE.

⁴ — patient breast,] The quarto not so well :—*ancient* breast.

⁵ With those of nobler bulk ?] Statius has the same thought, though more diffusely expressed :

"Sic ubi magna novum Phario de littore puppis

"Solvit iter, jamque innumeros utrinque rudentes

"Lataque velsiferi porrexit brachia mali,

"Invalitque vias, ut eodem angusta phaselus

"Æquora, et immensi partem sibi vendicat æstri."

Pope has imitated the passage. STREAVENS.

But

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
 'The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist element,
 Like Perseus' horse⁶: Where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-ival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide
 In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize⁷,
 Than by the tyger: but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies fled under shade⁸, Why, then, the thing of
 courage⁹,
 As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
 And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,

⁶ *Bounding between the two moist elements,*

Like Perseus' horse: Mercury according to the fable presented Perseus with *calasira*, but we nowhere hear of his horse. The only flying horse of antiquity was Pegasus; and he was the property, not of Perseus, but Bellerophon. But our poet followed a more modern fabulist, the author of *the Destruction of Troy*, a book which furnished him with some other circumstances of this play. Of the horse alluded to in the text he found in that book the following account.

"Of the blood that issued out [from Medusa's head] there engendered Pegasus, or the *flying horse*. By the flying horse that was engendered of the blood issued from her head, is understood, that of her riches issuing of that realm he [Perseus] sounded and made a ship named Pegase,—and *this ship was likened unto an horse flying*," &c. Again: "By this fashion Perseus conquered the head of Medusa, and did make Pegase, the most swift ship that was in all the world."—In another place the same writer assures us, that this ship, which he always calls Perseus' flying horse, "*it flew on the sea like unto a bird.*" *Dest. of Troy*, 410. 1617, p. 155—164. MALONY.

⁷ — *by the brize,* The brize is the gad or hoarse fly. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 520, n. 7. MALONY.

⁸ *And flies fled under shade,* i. e. And flies are fled under shade. I have observed similar omissions in the works of many of our authors's contemporaries. MALONY.

⁹ — *the thing of courage,* It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds he roars and roars most seriously. HANMER.

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Returns to chiding fortune¹.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—

[*to Agamemnon.*

And thou most reverend for thy stretcht-out life,—
[*to Nestor.*

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue²,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam.

¹ Returns to chiding fortune.] For returns, Hammer reads *replus*, unnecessarily, the sense being the same. The folio and quarto have *reuses*, corruptly. JOHNSON.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. *Chiding* is noisy, clamorous. So, in *K. Henry VIII*

“As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood.”

See Vol. VII. p. 84, n. 3. MALONE.

² —speeches,—which was such,

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece

Should hold up high in brass; and such again,

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,

Should with a bond of air—knit all the Greekish ears

To his experienc'd tongue,] Ulysses begins his oration with praising those who had spoken before him, and marks the characteristic excellencies of their different eloquence,—strength and sweetness, which he expresses by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the instruction of posterity. The speech of Agamemnon is such that it ought to be engraven in brass, and the tablet held up by him on the one side, and Greece on the other, to shew the union of their opinion. And Nestor ought to be exhibited in silver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his soft and gentle elocution. Brass is the common emblem of strength, and silver of gentleness. We call a soft voice a *silver* voice, and a persuasive tongue a *silver* tongue.—and once read for hand, the hand of Greece, but I think the text

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 165

Agam. Speak³, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect

That

text right.—To *batch* is a term of art for a particular method of engraving. *Haber*, to cut, Fr. JOHNSON.

In the description of Agamemnon's speech, there is a plain allusion to the old custom of engraving laws and publick records in *brass*, and hanging up the tables in temples, and other places of general resort. Our author has the same allusion in *Misfire for Measure*, Act V. sc. i. The Duke, speaking of the merit of Angelo and Escalus, says, that

" — it deserves *with characters of brass*

" A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time

" And rasure of oblivion."

So far therefore is clear. Why Nestor is said to be *batch'd in silver*, is much more obscure. I once thought that we ought to read,—*batch'd in silver*, alluding to his *silver hair*; the same metaphor being used by Timon, Act IV. sc. iv. to Phryne and Timandra:

" — *batch* your poor thin roofs

" With burthens of the dead—."

But I know not whether the present reading may not be understood to convey the same allusion; as I find, that the species of engraving, called *batching*, was particularly used in the *bills of swords*. See Cotgrave in v. *Habé*; hacked, &c. also, *Hatch'd*, as the *bills of a sword*; and in v. *Haber*; to hacke, &c. also, *to batch a bill*. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, Vol. II p. 90:

" When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,

" *Hatch'd* in the life of him—."

After all, the construction of this passage is very harsh and irregular; but with that I meddle not, believing it was left to by the author. TAYLOR.

Perhaps no alteration is necessary; *batch'd in silver*, may mean, whose white hair and beard make him look like a figure engraved on silver. The word is metaphorically used in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

" His weapon *batch'd* in blood."

Again, literally, in the *Two merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

" Double and treble gilt,—

" *Hatch'd* and inlaid, not to be worn with time."

Again, more appositely, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

" Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *batch'd*

" *With silver*—."

The voice of Nestor, which on all occasions enforced attention, might be, I think, not unpoetically called, *a band of air*, because its operations were visible, though his voice, like the wind, was unseen.

SEPTANS.

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That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips ; than we are confident,

When

In the following verses in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, nearly the same picture of Nestor is given. The fifth line of the first stanza may leave us to the true interpretation of the words *hatch'd in silver*. In a subsequent passage the colour of the old man's beard is again mentioned : " I'll hide my *silver* beard in a gold beaver." Dr. Johnson therefore is undoubtedly mistaken in supposing that there is any allusion to the soft voice or *silver tongue* of Nestor. — The poet, however, might mean not merely that Nestor looked like a figure engraved in silver (as Mr. Stevens supposes) ; but that he should actually be so engraved.

With respect to the breath or speech of Nestor, here called a *bone of air*, it is so truly Shakspearian, that I have not the smallest doubt of the genuineness of the expression. Shakspeare frequently calls words *wind*, and *air*. So, in one of his poems :

" — sorrow ebbs, being blown with *wind of words*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" Three civil broils, bred of an *airy* word."

Again, more appositely, in *Much ado about nothing* :

" Charm ache with *air*, and agony with words."

The verses above alluded to are these :

" There pleading you might see grave Nestor stand,
" As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight ;
" Making such sober action with his hand,
" That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight ;
" In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white
" Wag'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
" Thin winding breath, which pur'd up to the sky.

" About him were a press of gaping faces,
" Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice,
" All jointly list'ning but with several graces,
" As if some mermaid did their ears entice ;
" Some high, some low ; the painter was so nice,
" The scalps of many almost hid behind
" To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind."

What is here called *speech that beguil'd attention*, is in the text a *bird of air* ; i. e. a *whisper*, or *whisper*, that strongly enforced the attention of his auditors. In the same poem we find a kindred expression :

" Keat finding minstrels, tuning my defiance,

" Will so the bearers to attend each line."

Again, more appositely, in Drayton's *Myrtiliad*, 4to. no date :

" Torlon, with *his tongue* men's ears in chains could bind."

The word *knit*, which alone testifies to be noticed, is often used by Shakspeare in the same manner. So, in *Macbeth* :

When rank Therſites opes his maſtiſſ jaws,
We ſhall hear muſick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyſſ. Troy, yet upon hiſ baſis, had been down,
And the great Hector's ſword had lack'd a maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.

The ſpecialty of rule⁴ hath been neglected :
And, look, how many Grecian tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this plain, ſo many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected ? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the maſk.
The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this center⁵,
Obſerve degree, priority, and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office, and cuſtom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpher'd

" — to the which my duties

" Are with a moſt indiffoluble tie

" For ever knit."

Again, in *Orbello* : " I have profeſs'd me thy friend, and I confeſs
me knit to thy deſerving with cables of perdurable toughneſs."

MALONE.

³ *Agam. Speak, &c.*] This ſpeech is not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

⁴ *The ſpecialty of rule—*] This particular rights of ſupreme authority. JOHNSON.

⁵ *When that the general is not like the hive,*] The meaning is,
When the general is not to the army like the hive to the bees, the repository of the ſtock of every individual, that to which each particular reſorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, *what honey is expected ?* what hope of advantage ? The ſenſe is clear, the expreſſion is confuſed. JOHNSON.

⁶ *The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this center,*] By this center Ulyſſes means the earth itſelf, not, as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſed, the center of the earth. According to the ſyſtem of Ptolemy, the earth is the center round which the planets move. MASON.

This illuſtration was probably derived from a paſſage in Hooker :
" If celeftial ſpheres ſhould forget their wonted motion ; if the prince of the heights of heaven ſhould begin to ſtand ; if the moon ſhould wander from her beaten way ; and the ſeaſons of the year blend themſelves ; what would become of man ?" WARBURTON.

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Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil⁷,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check, to good and bad : But, when the planets,
 In evil mixture, to disorder wander⁸,
 What plagues, and what portents ? what mutiny ?
 What raging of the sea ? shaking of earth ?
 Commotion in the winds ? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate

⁷ *Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,*] So the folio. The quarto reads :

Corrects the influence of evil planets. MALONE.

⁸ — *But, when the planets,*

In evil mixture, to disorder wander, &c.] I believe the poet, according to astrological opinions, means, when the planet, form malignant configurations, when their aspects are evil towards one another. Thus he terms *evil mixture*. JOHNSON.

The poet's meaning may be somewhat explained by Spenser, to whom he seems to be indebted for his present allusion :

" For who so list into the heavens looke,
 " And search the courts of the rowling spheres,
 " Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
 " Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
 " They all are *wandered* much ; that plaine appears.
 " For that same golden fleecy ram, which bore
 " Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
 " Hath now forgot where he was plapt of yore,
 " And shouldred hath the bull which fayre Europa bore.

" And eke the bull hath with his bow-bent horne
 " So hardly buttred those two twinnes of Jove,
 " That they have crush'd the crab, and quite him borne
 " Into the great Nemæan lion's grove.
 " So now all *range*, and do at *random* rove
 " Out of their proper places far away,
 " And all this world with them amisse doe move,
 " And all his creatures from their course astray,
 " Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay."

Fairy Queen, B. IV. c. vi. STREVENSON.

The apparent irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind ; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about *ad libitum*, as the etymology of their names demonstrates. ANONYMUS.

The unity and married calm of states⁹
Quite from their fixure ? O, when degree is shak'd¹,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprize is sick² ! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities³,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores⁴,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentick place ?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy : The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe :
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead :
Force should be right ; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too,
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite ;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,

⁹ —married *calm of states*—] The epithet married, which is used to denote an intimate union, is employed in the same sense by Milton :

“ — Lydian sire

“ Married to immortal verse.”

Again :

“ — voice and verse

“ We'll your divine sounds.”

Shakspeare calls a harmony of features, *married lineaments*, in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

¹ — O, when degree is shak'd,] I would read :—So when degree is shak'd. JOHNSON.

² The enterprize—] Perhaps we should read :—Then enterprize is sick ! JOHNSON.

³ — brotherhoods in cities,] Corporations, companies, confraternities. JOHNSON.

⁴ —from dividable shores,] Dividable is here used to express divided. MASON.

And

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And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.

And this neglect⁵ of degree it is,
That by a pace⁶ goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb⁷. The general's disdain'd

By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick

Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation⁸:

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame⁹,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,

* — [his neglect]—] This uncommon word occurs again in *Pericles*, 1609:

“ ——— If neglect⁵ — ”

“ Should therein make me vile, — ”. MALONE.

6 That by a pace —] That goes backward *step by step*. JOHNSON.

7 — with a purpose.

It hath to climb:] With a design in each man to aggrandize himself, by slighting his immediate superior. JOHNSON.

Thus the quarto. Folio: — with a purpose. MALONE.

8 — bloodless emulation:] An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and sluggish. JOHNSON.

9 — his airy fame:] Verbal elogium; what our authour in *Macbeth* has called *mouth honour*. See p. 166, n. MALONE.

Thy topless deputation¹ he puts on;
 And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
 Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage²,—
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming³
 He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a mending ; with terms unsquar'd,
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fustly stuff,
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applaus ;
 Cries—*Excellent !—'tis Agamemnon just.*—
Now play me Nestor ;—hem, and strokes thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration.
 That's done ;—as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels⁴ ; as like as Vulcan and his wife :
 Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent !*
 'Tis Nestor right ! *Now play him me, Patroclus,*
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough, and spit,
 And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget⁵,

Shake

¹ *Thy topless deputation*—] *Topless* is that which has nothing *topping* or *over-topping* it, supreme ; sovereign. JOHNSON.
 So, in *De Witt Faustus*, 1604 :

“ Was this the face th it launch'd a thousand ships,

“ And burnt the *topless* towers of Ilium ?” STEEVENS.

² *'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage*,] The galleries of the theatre, in the time of our authour, were sometimes termed *the scaffolds*. See *The Account of the ancient Theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

³ — *o'er-wrested seeming*—] i. e. wrested beyond the truth ; over-charged. Both the old copies, as well as all the modern editions, have *o'er-ressed*, which affords no meaning. MALONE.

⁴ — *as near as the extremest ends*, &c.] The parallels to which the allusion seems to be made, are the parallels on a map. As like as east to west. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget*,] *Palsy*, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed, is here used adjectively, for *paralytick*.

Fumbling is often applied by our old English writers to the speech. So, in *K. John*, 1591 :

“ — he *fumbleth* in the mouth ;

“ His speech doth fall.”

Again,

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Shake in and out the rivet :—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies ; cries, O !—*enough*, Patroclus ;—
Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact⁷,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes⁸.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd ; and bears his head
In such a rein⁹, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles : keeps his tent like him ;
Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle : and sets Therfites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint¹),
To match us in comparisons with dirt ;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger².

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;

Again, in North's Translation of *Plutarch* : “ — he heard his wife Calphurnia being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many *fumbling lamentable speeches*.” Shakspeare, I believe, wrote—*in his gorget*. MALONE.

⁷ All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact, &c.] All our good grace exact, meant, our excellents irreprehensible. JOHNSON.

⁸ — to make paradoxes.] *Paradoxes* may have a meaning, but it is not clear and distinct. I with the copiers had given : — to make parodies. JOHNSON.

⁹ — bears his head

In such a rein,] That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, *she bridle*. JOHNSON.

¹ — whose gall coins slanders like a mint,] i. e. as fast as a mint coins money. See Vol. V. p. 147, n. 5. MALONE.

² How rank soever rounded in with danger.] A rank word is a high word. The modern editions silently read : *How hard soever*—

JOHNSON.
Count

Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
Forefall pre-science, and esteem no act
But that of hand : the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on ; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity ;
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet war :
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine ;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. *[Trumpet sounds.]*

Agam. What trumpet ? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent ?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you ?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears ?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm⁴
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks⁵

Know

² — *kingly ears* ?] The quarto : — *kingly eyes.* JOHNSON.

⁴ — *Achilles' arm* } So the copies. Perhaps the authour wrote :
— *Alcides' arm.* JOHNSON.

⁵ *A stranger to those most imperial looks* } And yet this was the seventh
year of the war. Shakspeare, who so wonderfully preserves character,
usually confounds the customs of all nations, and probably supposed
that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to
their helmets. So, in the fourth act of this play, Nestor says to
Hector :

*But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now.*

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Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay; I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek⁶ be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's ac-
cord,

Nothing so full of heart⁷. But peace, *Æneas*,

Peace,

Shakspeare might have adopted this error from the illuminators of manuscripts, who never seem to have entertained the least idea of habits, manners, or customs more ancient than their own. There are books in the British Museum of the age of king Henry VI, and in these the heroes of ancient Greece are represented in the very dresses worn at the time when the books received the decorations. SEE FV.

In *The Destruction of Troy*, Shakspeare found all the chieftains of each army termed knights, mounted on stately horses, defended with modern helmets, &c. &c. MALONE.

⁶ — *bid the cheek* —] So the quarto. The folio has: — *on the cheek.* JOHNSON.

⁷ — *they have galls,*

Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,

Nothing so full of heart.] I have not the smallest doubt that the poet wrote — (as I suggested in my SECOND APPENDIX, 8vo. 1783)

— *they have galls,*

Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and Jove's accord

Nothing so full of heart.

So, in *Much ado*:

"Slack o'er your rugged looks, be bright and jovial

"Among your guests to-night."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Oscar, why he's the Jupiter of men."

Again, *ibidem*:

"Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove."

The text in my apprehension is unintelligible, though I have not ventured

Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise diffains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, tran-
scends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes from
Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,

ventured on my own opinion to disturb it. In the old copy there is no point after the word *accord*, which adds some support to my conjecture. It also may be observed, that in peace the Trojans have just been compared to *angels*; and here Æneas in a similar strain of panegyrick compares them in war to that *God* who was proverbially distinguished for high spirits.

The present punctuation of the text was introduced by Mr. Theobald. The words being pointed thus, he thinks it clear that the meaning is,—They have galls, good arms, &c. and, *Joy's annuities*, nothing is so full of heart as they. Had Shakespeare written "*—with Joy's accord*," and "*Nothing's so full*," &c. such an interpretation might be received; but as the words stand, it is inadmissible.

The quarto reads—*an* ~~accord~~ *joy's accord*—&c. MALONE.

A The worthiness of praise diffains his worth,

If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"Power unto itself most commendable,

"Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair

"To extol what it hath done." MALONE.

What

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What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce⁹
Is rusty¹ grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair't of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession²,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves³,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers⁴,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greek,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:

⁹ —*long-continued truce*—] Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken; in this very act it is said, that *Ajax* *loped* *Hector* yesterday in the battle. JOHNSON.

Here we have another proof of Shakspeare's falling into inconsistencies by sometimes adhering to, and sometimes deserting, his original: a point, on which some stress has been laid in the Dissertation printed at the end of the third part of *K. Henry VI.* See Vol. VI. p. 420.

Of this dull and long continued truce (which was agreed upon at the desire of the Trojans, for six months) Shakspeare found an account in the seventh chapter of the third book of the *Destruction of Troy*. In the fifteenth chapter of the same book the beautiful daughter of Calchas is first introduced. MALONE.

¹ *rusty*—] Quarto, *rusty*. JOHNSON.

² —*more than in confession*,] *Confession*, for *profession*. WARBURTON.

³ —*to her own lips he loves*,)] 'That is, confession made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves. JOHNSON.

⁴ *In other arms than hers*,—] *Arms* is here used equivocally, for the arms of the body, and the armour of a soldier. MALONE.

If

If any come, Hector shall honour him ;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance⁵. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas ;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home : But we are soldiers ;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love !
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector ; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandfire suck'd : he is old now ;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host⁶
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace⁷ put this wither'd brawn ;
And, meeting him, will tell him, 'That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world : His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood⁸.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth !

Ulyss. Amen.

⁵ — and not worth.

The splinter of a lance.—] This is the language of romance. Such a challenge would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis, than Hector or Æneas. STE VENS.

⁶ — in our Grecian host—] So the quarto. The folio has—Grecian mould. MALONE.

⁷ And in my vantbrace—] An armour for the arm, *avantbras*.

POPE.

Milton uses the word in his *Sampson Agonistes*, and Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632 :

—peruse his armour,

“ The dint's still in the *vantbrace*.” STEEVENS.

⁸ I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.] So, in *Coriolanus*, one of the Volscian Guard says to old Menenius, “ Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood.”

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—I'll *peruse* this truth. MALONE.

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Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand ;
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent ;
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent :
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
 And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*]

Ulyss. Nestor, —

Nest. What says Ulysses ?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
 Be you my time to bring it to some shape⁹.

• *Nest.* What is't ?

Ulyss. This 'tis :
 Blunt wedges rive hard knots : The seeded pride^a
 That hath to this maturity blown up
 In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
 Or, shedding, breed a nursery² of like evil,
 To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how ?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
 However it is spread in general name,
 Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

⁹ *Be you my time, &c.*] i. e. be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity. STEVENS.

I believe Shakspeare was here thinking of the period of gestation, which is sometimes denominated a female's time, or reckoning. T. C.

^a — *The seeded pride, &c.*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,

“ When thus thy vices bud before thy spring ?” MALONE.

Shakspeare might have taken this idea from *Lyte's Herbal*, 1578, and 1579. The Oleander tree or Nerium “ hath scarce one good propertie. It may be compared to a Pharisee, who maketh a glorious and beautiful show, but inwardly is of a corrupt and poisoned nature.” — “ It is high time, &c. to supplant it, (i. e. pharisaism) for it hath already flourished, so that I feare it will shortly feede, and fill this wholesome foyle full of wicked Nerium.” TOLLET.

² — *nursery* —] Alluding to a plantation called a nursery.

JOHNSON.

Nest.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up³;
And, in the publication, make no strain⁴;
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling⁵

3 *The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,*

Whose grossness little characters sum up:] That is, the purpose is as plain as *body* or substance; and though I have collected this purpose from many minute particulars, as a gross body is made up of small insensible parts, yet the result is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and visible. This is the thought, though a little obscured in the conciseness of the expression. WARBURTON.

Substance is estate, the value of which is ascertained by the use of small *characters*, i. e. numerals. So, in the prologue to *K. Henry V*:

“ — a crooked figure may

“ Attest, in little place, a million.”

The *gross sum* is a term used in the *Merchant of Venice*. *Grossness* has the same meaning in this instance. STEEVENS.

4 *And, in the publication, make no strain,*] Nestor goes on to say, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. This is the meaning of the line. So afterwards, in this play, Ulysses says:

I do not strain at the position.

i. e. I do not hesitate at, I make no difficulty of it. THEOBALD.

5 *— scantling —*] That is, a *measure*, *proportion*. The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain *scantling*. JOHNSON.

So, in John Florio's Translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, folio 16 3:
“ When the lion's skin will not suffice, we must add a *scantling* of the fox's.” MALONE.

Of good or bad unto the general ;
 And in such indexes, although small pricks*
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
 The baby figure of the giant mass
 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
 He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice :
 And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
 Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
 As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
 Out of our virtues ; Who miscarrying,
 What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves ?
 Which entertain'd⁷, limbs are in his instruments,
 In no less working, than are swords and bows
 Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech ;—
 Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
 Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
 And think, perchance, they'll sell ; if not,
 The lustre of the better shall exceed,
 By shewing the worse first⁸. Do not consent,
 That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;
 For both our honour and our shame, in this,
 Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes ; What are they ?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,

* — *small pricks*—] Small points compared with the volumes.

INDEXES. JOHNSON.
 Indexes were in Shakspeare's time often prefixed to books. MALONE.
⁷ *Which entertain'd, &c.*] These two lines [and the concluding
 hemistick] are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

⁸ *The lustre of the better shall exceed,
 By shewing the worst first.*] The folio reads :
 The lustre of the better, yet to shew,
 Shall shew the better.

I once thought that the alteration was made by the author ; but a
 more diligent comparison of the quartos and the first folio has convinced
 me that some arbitrary alterations were made in the latter copy by its
 editor. The quarto copy of this play is in general more correct than
 the folio. MALONE.

Were he not proud, we all should share⁹ with him :
 But he already is too insolent ;
 And we were better parch in Africk sun.
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
 Should he 'scape Hector fair : If he were foil'd,
 Why, then we did our main opinion¹ crush
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
 And, by device, let blockish Ajax² draw

The

⁹ — *share* —] So the quarto. The folio, *wear*. JOHNSON.

¹ — *our main opinion* —] is, our general estimation or character. See Vol. V. p. 256, n. 1. *Opinion* has already been used in this scene in the same sense. MALONE.

² — *blockish Ajax* —] Shakspeare on this occasion has deserted Lidgate, who gives a very different character of Ajax :

“ Another Ajax (surnamed Telamon)

“ There was, a man that *learning did adore*, &c.”

“ Who did so much in eloquence abound,

“ That in his time the like could not be found.”

Again :

“ And one that *bated pride and flattery*,” &c.

Our author appears to have drawn his portrait of the Grecian chief from the invectives thrown out against him by Ulysses in the thirteenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis* ; or from the prologue to Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, in which he is represented as “ strong, heady, boisterous, and a terrible fighting fellow, but neither wise, learned, staide, nor politticke.” STEEVENS.

I suspect that Shakspeare confounded Ajax *Telamonius* with Ajax *Oileus*. The characters of each of them are given by Lydgate. Shakspeare knew that one of the *Ajaxes* was Hector's nephew, the son of his sister ; but perhaps did not know that he was Ajax *Telamonius*, and in consequence of not attending to this circumstance has attributed to the person whom he has introduced in this play part of the character which Lydgate had drawn for Ajax *Oileus* :

“ Oileus Ajax was right corpulent ;

“ To be well cladde he set all his entent,

“ In rich aray he was full curyous,

“ Although he were of body corsyous.

“ Of armes great, with shoulders square and brode ;

“ It was of him almost a horse-lode.

“ High of stature, and boystrous in a pres,

“ And of his speech rude, and recblesse.

“ Full many worde in ydel bym asterte,

“ And but a coward was he of his herte.”

Ajax *Telamonius* he thus describes :

The sort³ to fight with Hector : Among ourselves,
 Give him allowance for the better man,
 For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
 Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll die's him up in voices : If he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion⁴ still,
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,

" An other Ajax Thelamonyus
 " There was also, discrete and virtuous ;
 " Wonder faire and femely to behold,
 " Whose heyr was black and upward ay gan folde,
 " In compas wise round as any sphere ;
 " And of musyke was there none his pere.
 " ——— yet had he good practike
 " In armes eke, and was a noble knight.
 " No man more oyped, nor hardyer for to fight,
 " Nor desirous for to have victorie ;
 " Devoyde of pomp, hating all vayn glorie,
 " All ydle laud spent and blowne in wayne."

Lydgate's *Auncient Historie*, &c. 1559.

There is not the smallest ground in Lydgate for what the authour of the *Risfimento* of this poem published in 1614, has introduced, concerning his *eloquence* and *adoring learning*. See Mr. Steevens's note.

Perhaps, however, *The Destruction of Troy* led Shakspere to give this representation ; for the authour of that book, describing these two perforce, improperly calls Ajax Oileus, simply *Ajan*, as the more eminent of the two :

" *Ajan* was of a huge stature, great and large in the shoulders, great armes, and always was well clothed, and very richly ; and was of no great enterprise, and spake very quicke. *Thelamon Ajan* was a marvellous faire knight ; he had black hayres, and he hadde great pleasure in musicke, and he sang him selfe very well : he was of great prowesse, and a valiant man of warre, and without pompe."

MALONE.

³ *The sort*—] i. e. the lot. STEEVENS.

So, in Lydgate's *Auncient Historie*, &c.

" Calchas had experience

" Especially of calculation ;

" Of *sortes* also, and divynation." MALONE.

⁴ *under our opinion*—] Here again *opinion* means character.

MALONE.

Our

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,

Now I begin⁵ to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on⁶, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter AJAX, and THERSITES.

Ajax. Therites,—

*Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all
over, generally?*

Ajax. Therites,—

*Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the
general run then? were not that a botchy core?*

Ajax. Dog,—

*Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see
none now.*

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Fce!
then. [*Strikes him.*

*Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee⁸, thou mungrel
beef-witted lord⁹!*

Ajax.

⁵ *Ulysses,*

*Now I begin, &c.] The quarto and folio have—Now, Ulysses,
I begin, &c. The transposition was made by Mr. Steevens. MAJOR.*

⁶ *Must tarre the mastiffs on,] Tarre, an old English word signifying
to provoke or urge on. See King John, Act IV. sc. i.*

“ — like a dog

Snatch at his master that doth tar him on.” POPE.

⁷ This play is not divided into acts in any of the original editions.

JOHNSON.

⁸ *The plague of Greece upon thee,] The following lines of Lydgate's
Ancient Historie, &c. of the Warres between the Trojans and Grecians,
1555, were probably here in our author's thoughts:*

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven², speak: I will beat thee into handfomenefs.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

“ And in this whyle a great mortalyte,
 “ Both of sworde and of pestilence,
 “ Among Greekes, by fatal influence
 “ Of noyous hete and of corrupt eyre,
 “ Engendred was, that tho in great dispayre
 “ Of theyr life in the syelde they leye,
 “ For day by day sodaynly they deye,
 “ Whereby theyr nombre fast gan dyscrece;
 “ And whan they sawe that it ne wolde seece,
 “ By theyr advyse the kyng Agamemnowne
 “ For a trewse sent unto the towne,
 “ For thirty dayes, and Priamus the kinge
 “ Without abode graunted his arynges.” MALONE.

¹ — *thou mongrel beef-witted lord!* So, in *Twelfth-Night*:
 “ — I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.” STEEVENS.

He calls *Ajax mongrel* on account of his father's being a *Grecian* and his mother a *Trojan*. See *Hector's* speech to *Ajax* in *Act IV.* sc. v.

“ Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,” &c. MALONE.

² *Speak then, thou unsalted leaven,*] Thus the quarto. The folio has—*thou wbinid'st leaven*, a corruption undoubtedly of *winnewedst*, or *winniedst*: that is, thou most mouldy leaven; “ — *thou composition*” (to use Dr. Johnson's words) “ of mustiness and sourness.” In Dorsetshire they at this day call cheese that is become mouldy, *winny* cheese. MALONE.

Unsalted leaven means *sour* without *salt*, malignity without wit. Shakspeare wrote first *unsalted*; but recollecting that want of *salt* was no fault in leaven, changed it to *winew'd*. JOHNSON.

The want of salt is no fault in leaven; but leaven without the addition of salt will not make good bread: hence Shakspeare used it as a term of reproach. MALONE.

Unsalted is the reading of both the quartos. Francis Beaumont, in his letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer's works, 1602, says: “ Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were *winew'd* and hoarie with over long lying.” STEEVENS.

In the preface to James the First's bible the translators speak of *fernew'd* (i. e. *vinew'd* or mouldy) traditions. BLACKSTONE.

Ther.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth³ in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him⁴.

Ajax. Mistress Therfites!

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf⁵!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers⁶ with his fist, as a sailer breaks a bisket.

Ajax. You whorefson cur!

[*beating him.*]

Ther. Do, do.

³ *When thou art forth, &c.*] These words are not in the folio.

MALONE.

⁴ —ay, that thou bark'st at him.] I read, O that thou bark'dst at him. JOHNSON.

The old reading is *I*, which, if changed at all, should have been changed into *ay*. TYRWHITT.

⁵ *Cobloaf!*] A crusty uneven loaf is in some counties called by this name. STEEVENS.

Cole in his Dictionary, 1679, says that a *cobloaf* is a *bun*; but, I believe, he is mistaken. A *cobnut* is a very large nut. So a *cobloaf* is, I suppose, a large, misshapen loaf. MALONE.

⁶ —pun thee into shivers—] *Pun* is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for *pound*. JOHNSON.

It is used by P. Holland in his translation of Pliny's Natural Hist. b. xxviii. ch. 12: "—*punned* altogether and reduced into a liniment." Again, b. xxix. ch. 4. "The gall of these lizards *punned* and dissolved in water." STEEVENS.

Cole in his Dictionary, renders it by the Latin words *contuso*, *contudo*. Mr. Pope, who altered whatever he did not understand, reads —*pound*, and was followed by three subsequent editors. MALONE.

Ajax.

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Ajax. Thou stool for a witch ? !

Ther. Ay, do, do ; thou foddren-witted lord ! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows ; an *asfnego*⁸ may tutor thee : Thou scurvy valiant ass ! thou art here put to thrash Trojans ; and thou art bought and sold⁹ among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou !

Ajax. You dog !

Ther. You scurvy lord !

Ajax. You cur !

Ther. Mars his ideot ! do, rudeness ; do, camel ; do, do. [beating him.]

Enter ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax ? wherefore do you thus ? How now, Therfites ? what's the matter, man ?

⁷ *Thou stool for a witch !*—] In one way of trying a *witch* they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tyed across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat ; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. GREY.

⁸ — an *asfnego*—] I am not very certain what the idea conveyed by this word was meant to be. *Asinaio* is Italian, says Hamner, for an *ass-driver* : but in *Mirza*, a tragedy by Rob. Baron, Act III. the following passage occurs, with a note annexed to it :

“ ——— the stout trusty blade,

“ That at one blow has cut an *asfnego*

“ Afunder like a thread.”—

“ This (says the author) is the usual trial of the Persian sham-sheers, or cemiters, which are crooked like a crescent, of so good metal, that they prefer them before any other, and so sharp as any razor.”

I hope, for the credit of the prince, that the experiment was rather made on an *ass*, than an *ass-driver*. From the following passage I should suppose *asfnego* to be merely a cant term for a foolish fellow, an ideot : “ They apparell'd me as you see, made a fool, or an *asfnego* of me.” See *The Antiquary*, a comedy, by S. Marmion, 1641. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady* : “ ——— all this would be forsworn, and I again an *asfnego*, as your sister left me.” STEEVENS. — *Asfnego* is Portuguese for a little *ass*. MUSGRAVE.

⁹ — *thou art bought and sold*—] This was a proverbial expression. See Vul. VI. p. 611, n. 7. MALONE.

Ther.

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, who-soever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*]

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Therfites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil.

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Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary¹: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an ~~im~~press.

Ther. Even so:—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Therfites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires² had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Therfites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me³, shall I?

Achil.

¹ — is beaten voluntary:] i. e. voluntarily. Shakspeare often uses adjectives adverbially. See Vol. V. p. 234, n. 3. MALONE.

² — ere your grandsires—] The old copies have *their* grandsires. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. In the MS. of our author's time *y* stood for *your* and *their*. MALONE.

³ — when Achilles' brach bids me,] The folio and quarto read,— Achilles' *brooch*. *Brooch* is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be, equivalent to one of Achilles' *bangers-on*. JOHNSON.

Brach I believe to be the true reading. He calls Patroclus, in contempt, Achilles' dog. STEEVENS.

Brooch was properly a trinket with a pin affixed to it, and is consequently used by Shakspeare for an ornament in general. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— he is the *brooch* indeed

“ And gem of all the nation.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— not the imperious shew

“ Of the full fortun'd Cæsar ever shall

“ Be *brooch'd* with me.”

But Therfites could not mean to compliment Patroclus, and therefore this cannot, I think, be the true reading.—*Brach*, which was introduced

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the first* hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewel.

Ajax. Farewel. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

roduced by Mr. Rowe, might serve well enough, but that it certainly meant a *brack*. [See Vol. III. p. 245, n. 1.] It is possible however that Shakspeare might have used the word as synonymous to *follower*, without any regard to sex.

I have sometimes thought that the word intended might have been Achilles's *brack*, i. e. that over-weening conceited coxcomb, who attends upon Achilles. Our authour has used this term of contempt in *Twelfth Night*: "Marry, hang thee, brack!" So, in *The Jests of George Peele*, quarto, 1657: "This self-conceited *brack* had George invited," &c. MALONE.

* —the first—] So quarto. Folio—the fifth—. MALONE.

Hec.

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Hec. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
 As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
 Dread Priam,
 There is no lady of more softer bowels,
 More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
 More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows* ⁴?
 Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
 Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
 To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
 Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes ⁵,
 Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
 To guard a thing nor ours; not worth to us,
 Had it our name, the value of one ten;
 What merit's in that reason, which denies
 The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
 Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
 So great as our dread father, in a scale
 Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
 The past-proportion of his infinite ⁶?
 And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons ⁷,
 You

⁴ — *Who knows what follows*?] Who knows what ill consequences may follow from pursuing this or that course? MALONE.

⁵ — *many thousand dismes,*] *Disme*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth. So, in the prologue to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554:

"The *disme* goeth to the bataille."

Again, in Holinshed's *Reign of Rich. II.*: "—so that there was levied, what of the *disme*, and by the devotion of the people," &c.

STEVENS.

⁶ *The past-proportion of his infinite*?] Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, *that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion*. The modern editors silently give: *The vast proportion*—. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *though you bite so sharp at reasons,* &c.] Here is a wretched quibble between *reasons* and *raisins*, which in Shakspeare's time were, I believe,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
 You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons :
 You know, an enemy intends you harm ;
 You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
 And reason flies the object of all harm :
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 'The very wings of reason to his heels ;
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
 Or like a star dis-orb'd ?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
 Let's shut our gates, and sleep : Manhood and honour
 Should have hare hearts, would they but sat their thoughts
 With this cramm'd reason : reason and respect
 Make livers pale⁹, and lustihood deject.

Heu. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
 The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd ?

Heu. But value dwells not in particular will ;
 It holds his estimate and dignity

I believe, pronounced alike. Dogberry in *Much ado about Nothing* plays upon the same words : " If Justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more *reasons* in her balance." MALONE.

⁸ *And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
 Or like a star dis-orb'd ?*] These two lines are misplaced in all the folio editions. POPE.

⁹ — *reason and respect*

Make livers pale, &c.] *Respect* is caution, a regard to consequences. So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece* :

" Then, childish fear, avaunt ! debating die !

" *Respect* and reason wait on wrinkled age !—

" Sad pause and deep regard bestem the sage."

Again, in *Timon of Athens* :

" ——— and never learn'd

" The icy precepts of *respect*, but follow'd

" The sugar'd game before them."

In the passage last quoted, Vol. VIII. p. 104, n. 4, I have misinterpreted this word, as have the two preceding editors. See the Appendix in Vol. X. MALONE.

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As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive¹
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit².

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will³;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment; How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the filks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them⁴; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve⁵,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full concent⁶ belly'd his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;

¹ *And the will dotes, that is attributive*] So the quarto. The folio reads *inclinable*, which Mr. Pope says "is better." MALONE.

I think the first reading better; *the will dotes that attributes or gives the qualities which it affects*; that first causes excellence, and then admires it. JOHNSON.

² *Without some image of the affected merit.*] The will *affects* an object for some supposed merit, which Hector says is censurable, unless the merit so affected be really there. JOHNSON.

³ *—in the conduct of my will*; i. e. under the guidance of my will. MALONE.

⁴ *—soil'd them*;] So reads the quarto. The folio—*spoil'd them*.—JOHNSON.

⁵ *—unrespective sieve*,] That is, into a common voider. *Sieve* is in the quarto. The folio reads, *—unrespective* same; for which the modern editions have silently printed, *—unrespective* place. JOHNSON.

Place was the arbitrary correction made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁶ *Your breath with full concent*—] Your breaths all blowing together; your unanimous approbation. See Vol. V. p. 413, n. *. Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*of full concent*. MALONE.

And,

And, for an old aunt⁷, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning⁸.

Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:

Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now

'The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did⁹,
Beggard the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
'That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves¹, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Caj. [*within.*] Cry, 'Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Caj. [*within*] Cry, 'Trojans!

Hec. It is Cassandra.

⁷ *And, for an old aunt,*] Priam's sister, Hecione, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax. MALONE.

⁸ — *makes pale the morning.*] So the quarto. The folio and modern editors, — *stale the morning.* JOHNSON.

⁹ *And do a deed that fortune never did,*] If I understand this passage, the meaning is: "Why do you, by censuring the determination of your own wisdoms, degrade Helen, whom fortune has not yet deprived of her value, or against whom, as the wife of Paris, fortune has not in this war so declared, as to make us value her less?" This is very harsh, and much strained. JOHNSON.

Fortune was never so unjust and mutable as to rate a thing on one day above all price, and on the next to set no estimation whatsoever upon it. You are now going to do what fortune never did.—Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

¹ *But, thieves,*] Hammer reads—*Base thieves.* JOHNSON.

That did in the next line means—that which did. MALONE.

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Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry ! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hel. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders²,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours ! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry ! practise your eyes with tears !

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand³ ;

Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry ! a Helen, and a woe :

Cry, cry ! 'Troy burns, or else let Helen go. *[Exit.]*

Hel. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse ? or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same ?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each aft

Such and no other than event doth form it ;

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because Cassandra's mad ; her brain-sick raptures

Cannot distaste⁴ the goodness of a quarrel,

Which hath our several honours all engag'd

To make it gracious. For my private part,

I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons :

And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen

'To fight for and maintain !

Pri. Else might the world convince of levity

² — wrinkled elders,] So the quarto. Folio—wrinkled old.

³ — nor goodly Ilion stand ;] *Ilion*, according to Shakspeare's authorities, Lydgate, and *The Destruction of Troy*, was the name of Priam's palace. MALONE.

⁴ — distaste—] Corrupt ; change to a worse state. JOHNSON.

As well my undertakings, as your counsels :
 But I attest the gods, your full consent *
 Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas, can these my single arms ?
 What propugnation is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will,
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights :
 You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
 So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
 But I would have the foil of her fair rape †
 Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ranfack'd queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up,
 On terms of base compulsion ? Can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this,
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms ?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When Helen is defended ; nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unsam'd,
 Where Helen is the subject : then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hec. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well ;
 And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glaz'd,—but superficially ; not much

* — your full consent —] Your unanimous approbation. See p. 192, n. 6. MALONE.

† — her fair rape] Rape in our author's time commonly signified the carrying away of a female. MALONE.

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Unlike young men, whom Aristotle⁶ thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
 The reasons, you alledge, do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves,
 All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 'Than wife is to the husband? if this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection;
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 'To their benumbed wills', resist the same;
 There is a law⁸ in each well-order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
 As it is known she is,—these moral laws
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
 Is this, in way of truth⁹: yet, ne'ertheless,

⁶ — Aristotle—] Let it be remember'd as often as Shakspeare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have form'd the greater part of his library. I may add that even classic authors are not exempt from such mistakes. In the fifth book of Statius's *Thebaid* Amphiaræus talks of the fates of Nestor and Pilam, neither of whom died till long after him. If on that occasion somewhat should be attributed to his augural professiⁿ, yet if he could so freely mention, say even quote as examples to the whole army, things that would not happen till the next age, they must all have been prophets as well as himself, or they could not have understood him. STANLEY.

⁷ — *benumb'd wills*—] That is, inflexible, immovable, no longer obedient to superior direction. JOHNSON.

⁸ *There is a law*—] What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Is this, in way of truth*—] Though considering *truth* and *justice* in this question, this is my opinion; yet as a question of honour, I think on it as you. JOHNSON.

My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still ;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens¹,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown ;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;
Whole present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us :
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hec. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowzy spirits :
I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation² in the army crept ;
This, I presume, will wake him.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ — *the performance of our heaving spleens,*] The execution of spite and resentment. JOHNSON.

² — *emulation*—] That is, envy, factious contention. JOHNSON.
Emulation is now never used in an ill sense ; but Shakspeare meant to employ it so. He has used the same word with more propriety in a former scene, by adding epithets that ascertain its meaning :

" ——— so every step,

" Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick

" Of his superior, grows to an *envious* fever

" Of pale and bloodless *emulation*." MALONE

SCENE III.

*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.**Enter THERSITES.*

Ther. How now, Therites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. 'Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer³. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons⁴, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache⁵! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

³ — *a rare engineer.*] The old copies have — *engineer*, which was the old spelling of *engineer*. So *tru cheamer*, *pioneer*, *mutiner*, *sonnetter*, &c. MALONE.

⁴ — *without drawing their massy irons,*] That is, *without drawing their swords to cut the web*. They use no means but those of violence. JOHNSON.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads — *the massy irons*. In the late editions *iron* has been substituted for *irons*, the word found in the old copies, and certainly the true reading. So, in *King Richard III.*

"Put in their hands thy bruising *irons* of wrath,

"That they may crush down with a heavy fall

"The usurping helmets of our adversaries." MALONE.

⁵ — *the bone-ache!*] In the quarto, *the Neapolitan bone-ache*.

JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Therfites? Good Therfites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou would'st not have slipp'd out of my contemplation⁶; but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven ble's thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction⁷ till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrowded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therfites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon!

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Therfites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

⁶ *If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou would'st not have slipp'd out of my contemplation:*] A play (as I observed in my SECOND APPENDIX, 8vo. 1783) is intended on the word *slip*, which in our author's time was the name of a counterfeit piece of money. See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv. MALONE.

⁷ *Let thy blood be thy direction—*] *Thy blood* means, thy passions; thy natural propensities. See Vol. III. p. 226, n. 5. MALONE.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question⁸. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool⁹.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Therситes.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Therситes is a fool; and, as aforefaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Therситes is a fool, to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive¹.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover².—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with no body:—Come in with me, Therситes. [Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling; and such knavery! all the argument is—a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions³, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo*⁴ on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [Exit.

⁸ —decline the whole question.] Deduce the question from the first case to the last. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VI. p. 572, n. *. MALONE.

⁹ —*Patroclus is a fool.*] The four next speeches are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

¹ —a fool positive.] The poet is still thinking of his grammar; the first degree of comparison being here in his thoughts. MALONE.

² —of the prover.—] So the quarto. JOHNSON.

The folio profanely reads—*of the creator.* STEVENS.

There seems to be a profane allusion in the last speech but one spoken by Therситes. MALONE.

³ —to draw emulous factions,] i. e. envious, contending, factions. See p. 197, n. 2. MALONE.

⁴ —Now the dry *serpigo*, &c.] This is added in the folio.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here.
He shent our messengers^s; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [Exit.

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent;
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may
call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by
my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him shew us a
cause.—A word, my lord. [takes Agamemnon aside.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Therisites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his
argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his
argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish,
than their faction: But it was a strong composition⁶, a
fool could disunite.

^s *He shent our messengers;*] He rebuked our messengers. The quarto
reads *sate*; the folio—*sant*. The correction was made by Dr. War-
burton. Sig T. Hanmer reads—*He sent us messengers*. I have great
doubts concerning the emendation now adopted, though I have nothing
satisfactory to propose. Though *sant* might easily have been misprint-
ed for *shent*, how could *sate* (the reading of the original copy) and
shent have been confounded? MALONE.

This word is used in common by all our ancient writers. So, in
Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. VI. c. vi.

"He for such baseness shamefully him *shent*." STEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 286, n. 3. MALONE.

"—*composition*."] So reads the quarto very properly; but the folio,
which the moderns have followed, has, *it was a strong counsel*.

JOHNSON.

Ulyss.

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Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints⁷, but none for courtesy; his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Pat. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, if any thing more than your sport and pleasure did move your greatness, and this noble state⁸, To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot out-fly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,

⁷ *The elephant hath joints, &c.*] So, in *All's Lust* by Lust, 1633:

“ ——— Is she pliant?”

“ Stubborn as an elephant's leg, no bending in her.”

Again, in *All Fools*, 1605:

“ I hope you are no elephant, you have joints.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — noble state,] Person of high dignity; spoken of AGAMEMNON.
JOHNSON.

Noble state rather means the stately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you. STEEVENS.

State was formerly applied to a single person. So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614: “ — The archbishop of Grenada saying to the archbishop of Toledo, that he much marvelled, he being so great a state, would visit hospitals —.”

Again, in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*, 1591:

“ The Greek demands her, whither she was going,

“ And which of these two great estates her keeps,”

Yet Mr. Steevens's interpretation appears to me to agree better with the context here. MALONE.

We come to speak with him : And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater,
'Than in the note of judgment ; and worthier than him-
self

Here tend the savage strangeness¹ he puts on ;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And under-write² in an oberving kind
His humourous predominance ; yea, watch
His pettish luns³, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this ; and add,
That, if he over-hold his price so much,
We'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war :
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give³
Before a sleeping giant.—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall ; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*]

A₃am. In second voice 'we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.
[*Exit* ULYSSES.]

¹ —tend the savage strangeness—] i. e. shyness, distant behavi-
our. See Vol. X. p. 38, n. 4. To tend is to attend upon. MALONE.

² —under-write—] To subscribe, in Shakspeare, is to obey.
JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Lear* :

“ You owe me no subscription.” STEEVENS.

³ His pettish luns,] This is Hamner's emendation of—his pettish
lines. The old quarto reads—His course and time.

This speech is unfaithfully printed in modern editions. JOHNSON.

The quarto reads,

His course and time, his ebbs and flows, and if
The passage and whole stream of his commencement
Rode on his tide.

His [his commencement] was probably misprinted for this, as it is
in a subsequent passage in this scene in the quarto copy :

“ And how his silence drinks up his applause. MALONE.

³ —allowance give] Allowance is approbation, So, in *K. Lear* :
——— if your sweet sway
Allow obedience.” STEEVENS.

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Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that's proud, eats up himself: pride, is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise⁴.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads⁵.

Nest. And yet he loves himself; Is it not strange?

[*Aside,*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

⁴ — *whatsoever praises itself*

But in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.] So, in *Coriolanus*;

“—power, unto itself most commendable,

“Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair

“To extol what it hath done.” MALONE.

⁵ — *the engendering of toads.*] Whoever wishes to comprehend the whole force of this allusion, may consult the late Dr. Goldsmith's *History of the World, and animated Nature*, Vol. VII. p. 92, 93.

STEEVEN.

Ulyss.

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
 He makes important: Posselt he is with greatness;
 And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
 That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
 Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
 That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
 Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages⁶,
 And batters down himself: What should I say?
 He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it⁷
 Cry—*No recovery*.

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
 'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
 At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
 We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
 When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord,
 That baffles his arrogance with his own seam⁸;
 And never suffers matter of the world
 Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
 And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
 Of that we hold an idol more than he?
 No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd,
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
 As amply titled as Achilles is,
 By going to Achilles:
 'That were to enlard his fat-already pride;

⁶ Kingdom'd *Achilles in commotion rages*,] So, in *J. Ius C. & 2r*

"The genius and the mortal instruments

"Are then in council; and the state of a man,

"Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

"The nature of an insurrection." MALONE.

⁷ —the death tokens of it—] Alluding to the deslative spots appearing on those infected by the plague. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

"Now, like the fearful tokens of the plague,

"Are mere fore-runners of their ends." STEVENSON.

⁸ —with his own seam;] *Seam* is *top's-tail*. See *Sherwood's English and French Dictionary*, folio, 1650. MALONE.

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And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;

And say in thunder—*Achilles*. go to him.

Nest. O. this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll path him o'er the face^o.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride¹ :
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth² that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow,—

Nest. How he describes himself! [*Aside.*

Agam. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood³.

^o I'll path him o'er the face.] i. e. strike him with violence. So, in the *Virgin Martyr*, 1623 :

“—when the battering ram

“ Were tetching his carter backward, to pass

“ Me with his horns to pieces.”

Again, in *Churchyard's Challenge*, 1596, p. 91 : “—the pot which goeth ofte to the water comes home with a knock, or at length is passed all to pieces.” R170

¹ — pheeze his pride.] To pheeze is to comb or curry. JOHNSON. This undoubtedly is the meaning of the word here. Kersey in his Dictionary, 1708, says that it is a sea-term, and that it signifies, to separate a cable by untwisting the ends; and Dr. Johnson gives a similar account of its original meaning in Vol. III. p. 247, n. 2. But whatever may have been the origin of the expression, it undoubtedly signified in our author's time to beat, knock, strike, or whip. Cole in his Latin Dict. 1679, renders it, *flagellare, virgis cadere*, as he does to *scape*, of which the modern school-boy term, to *jag*, is a corruption. MALONE.

² Not for th. worth—] 'Not for the value of all for which we are fighting. JOHNSON.

³ I'll let his humours blood.] In the year 1600 a collection of Epigrams and Satires was published with this quaint title : *The letting of humours blood in the head-veine.* MALONE.

Agam.

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Agam. He will be the physician, that should be the patient. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. He should not bear it so,

He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*]

Ulyss. He would have ten shares*. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him⁵ with praises:

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*]

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [*to Agamemnon.*]

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous⁶, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorson dog, that shall palter⁷ thus with us!

* *He would have ten shares.*] These words, and all that follows to the words—*thorough warm*, are given by mistake in the original copy in quarto to *Ajax*. The editor of the folio remedied the error in part, but left the words "He's not thorough warm," still in the possession of *Ajax*, which evidently belong to *Nestor*. This inaccuracy was corrected by Mr. Theobald.

Nestor is of the same opinion with Dr. Johnson, who, speaking of a metaphysical Scotch writer, said, that he thought there was "as much charity in helping a man *down hill* as up hill, if his tendency be downwards." See Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, third edit. p. 245.

MALONE.

⁵ — *force him*.—] i. e. stuff him. Farcir, Fr. STEEVENS.

⁶ *He is not emulous,*] *Emulous* is here used in an ill sense, for envious. See p. 197, n. 2. MALONE.

⁷ — *that shall palter*.—] That shall juggle with us, or fly from his engagements. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"— what other band

"Than secret Romans, who have spoke the word,

"And will not palter?" MALONE.

*Would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composition;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all thy erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield^s

To finewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn², a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise,—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But he as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son¹.

¹ *Bull bearing Milo his addition yield*—] i. e. yield his titles, his celebrity for strength. *Addition*, in legal language, is the title given to each party, shewing his degree, occupation, &c. as esquire, gentleman, yeoman, merchant, &c.

Our author here as usual pays no regard to chronology. Milo of Croton lived long after the Trojan war. MAISON.

² — *like a bourn*,] A *bourn* is a boundary, and sometimes a rivulet dividing one place from another. So, in *K. Lear*, Act III. sc. vi.

"Come o'er the *bourn*, Bessy, to me."

See the note on this passage. STEEVENS.

¹ *Shall I call you father?*

Nest. *Ay, my good son*.] In the folio and in the modern editions Ajax desires to give the title of *father* to Ulysses; in the quarto, more naturally, to Nestor. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare had a custom prevalent about his own time, in his thoughts. B. Jonson had many who called themselves his sons, S. 1. 2. v.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast;
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS, and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you
follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must
needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better*.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [*Musick within.*]

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are
my titles:—What musick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is musick in parts.

* *I hope, I shall know your honour better.*] The servant means to quibble. He hopes that Pandarus will become a better man than he is at present. In his next speech he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he had said he wished to grow better, and hence the servant affirms that he is in the state of *grace*. The second of these speeches has been pointed in the late editions, as if he had asked, of what *rank* Pandarus was. MALONE.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul²,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida: I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a skew'd phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS, and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—(especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, there is good broken musick.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

² — *Love's invisible soul,*] may mean the soul of love invisible every where else. JONKIN.

Helen.

Helen. O, fir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth; very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits³.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a four offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you⁴, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen; my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

³ — in fits.] i. e. now and then, by fits; or perhaps a quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song, sometimes a strain in music, and sometimes a measure in dancing. The reader will find it sufficiently illustrated in the two former senses by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*: in the third of these significations it occurs in *All for Money*, a Morality, by T. Lupton, 1578:

“Satan. Upon these chearful words I needs must dance a *fitte*.”

STEVENS.

⁴ And, my lord, he desires you, —] Here I think the speech of Pandarus should begin, and the rest of it should be added to that of Helen; but I have followed the copies. JOHNSON.

Mr. Rowe had disposed these speeches in this manner. Hammer annexes the words “And to make a sweet lady,” &c. to the preceding speech of Pandarus, and in the rest follows Rowe. MALONE.

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups³.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

³ *You must not know where he sups.*] These words are in the quarto given to *Helen*, and the editor of the folio did not perceive the error. In like manner in Act II. sc. i. p. 185, four speeches belonging to different persons are all in the quarto assigned to *Ajax*. "Cob-lost! He would pun thee," &c. and in the last scene of the same act, words that evidently belong to *Nestor* are given to *Ajax*, [See p. 207, n. 4.] both in the quarto and folio. I have not therefore hesitated to add the words, "You must not know where he sups," to the speech of *Pandarus*. Mr. Steevens proposes to assign the next speech, "I'll lay my life," &c. to *Helen*, instead of *Paris*. This arrangement appeared to me so plausible, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But it is observable that through the whole of the dialogue *Helen* steadily perseveres in soliciting *Pandarus* to sing: "*My lord Pandarus*,"—"Nay, but my lord,"—&c. I do not therefore believe that *Shakspere* intended she should join in the present inquiry. Mr. *Malon*'s objection also to such an arrangement is very weighty. "*Pandarus*," he observes, "in his next speech but one clearly addresses *Paris*, and in that speech he calls *Cressida* his disposer." In what sense, however, *Paris* can call *Cressida* his disposer, I am altogether ignorant. Mr. *Malon* supposes that "*Paris* means to call *Cressida* his governor or director, as it appears from what *Helen* says afterwards that they had been good friends."

Perhaps *Shakspere* wrote ~~disposer~~. What *Pandarus* says afterwards, that "*Paris* and *Cressida* are twins," supports this conjecture.

I do not believe that *disposer* (a reading suggested below) was our author's word; for *Cressida* had not deposited *Helen* in the affections of *Troilus*. A speech in a former scene in which *Pandarus* says, *Helen* loves *Troilus* more than *Paris*, (which is insisted on by an anonymous Remarker,) proves nothing. Had he said that *Troilus* once loved *Helen* better than *Cressida*, and afterwards preferred *Cressida* to her, this observation might deserve some attention.

The words,—*I'll lay my life*—are omitted in the folio. The words—"You must not know where he sups," I find Sir T. Hanmer had assigned to *Pandarus*. MALON.

That *Cressida* wanted to separate *Paris* from *Helen*, or that the beauty of *Cressida* had any power over *Paris*, are circumstances not evident from the play. The one is the opinion of Dr. Warburton, the other a conjecture by the author of *The Reusals*. By giving, however, this line, *I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida*, to *Helen*, and by changing the word *disposer* into *deposer*, some meaning may be obtained. She addresses herself, I suppose, to *Pandarus*, and, by her *disposer*, means—the who thinks her beauty (or, whose beauty you suppose) to be superior to mine. STEEVENS.

Pan.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy⁶.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out⁷, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord⁸, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all.
O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots back and dyes:

The shaft confounds⁹

Not that it wounds¹,

But tickles still the jore.

⁶ *I spy.*] This is the usual exclamation at a childish game called *Hit, spy, or, STREVEN.*

⁷ *Falling in, after falling out, &c.*] *i. e.* The reconciliation and wanton dalliance of two lovers after a quarrel, may produce a child, and so make three of two. *TOLLET.*

⁸ *—sweet lord,*] In the quarto, *sweet lad.* *JAMESON.*

⁹ *The shaft confounds—*] To confound, it has already been observed, formerly meant to destroy. *MALONE.*

¹ *—that it wounds,*] *i. e.* that which it wounds. *MURRAY.*

*These lovers cry—Ob! ob! they die!
 Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
 Doth turn ob! ob! to ha! ha! he!
 So dying love lives still²:
 Ob! ob! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
 Ob! ob! groans out for ba! ha! ha!
 Hey ho!*

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pau. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pau. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit. A Retreat sounded.*]

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall, To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

² *These lovers cry—Ob! ob! they die!*

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn ob! ob! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still: So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*

“For I have heard, it [love] is a life in death,

“That laughs and weeps, and all but in a breath!” MALONE.

The wound to kill may mean the wound that seems mortal. JOHNSON.
The wound to kill is the killing wound. MALONE.

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, over-shines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin
Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Servant.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserfer! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her straight.

[Exit PANDARUS.

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round,
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed

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Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp³ in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight:
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches
her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a sprite:
I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches
her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[*Exit Pandarus.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom⁴:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty⁵.

Enter PANDARUS, and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a
baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her,
that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again?

³ — *tun'd too sharp* —] So the quarto, except that it has *to* instead of *too*. The folio reads—*and too sharp*. MALONE.

⁴ *Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom*:] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ ——— rash-embraced despair,” MALONE.

⁵ *Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.*] Rowe seems to have imitated this passage in his *Ambitious Step-mother*, Act I:

“ ——— Well may th' ignoble herd

“ Start, if with heedless steps they unawares

“ Tread on the lion's walk: a prince's genius

“ Awea with superior greatness all beneath him,” STEEVENS.

you must be watch'd ere you be made tame⁶, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i'the fills⁷.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture⁸. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress⁹. How now, a kiss in fee-farm¹! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. 'The

6 — you must be watch'd ere you be made tame,] Alluding to the manner of taming hawks. So, in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

“ — to watch her as we watch these kites.” STEEVENS.

Hawks were tam'd by being kept from sleep, and thus Pandarus means that Cressida should be tamed. MALONE.

7 — i'the fills.] That is, in the shafts. *Fill* is a provincial word used in some counties for *shills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon. See Vol. III. p. 28, n. 9.

The editor of the second folio, for *fills*, the reading of the first folio, substituted *files*, which has been adopted in all the modern editions. The quarto has *filles*, which is only the more ancient spelling of *fills*. The words “ draw backward” shew that the original is the true reading. MALONE.

8 Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.] It should seem from these words that Cressida, like *Olivia* in *Twelfth Night*, was intended to come in veil'd. *Patroclus* however had as usual a double meaning. MALONE.

9 So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.] The allusion is to *bowling*. What we now call *the jack*, seems in Shakespeare's time to have been termed *the mistress*. A bowl that kisses *the jack* or *mistress*, is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on* is a term at the same game. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

“ — So, a fair riddance;

“ There's three rubs gone; I've a clear way to the mistress.”

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

“ *Mini*. Since he hath hit the mistress so often in the fore-game, we'll even play out the rubbers.

“ *Sir Knave*. Play out your rubbers in God's name; by Jesu I'll never boot in your alley.” MALONE.

1 — a kiss in fee-farm!] Is a kiss of a duration that has no bounds; a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee, that is, for ever, reserving a certain rent. MALONE.

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falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river²: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*³—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [Exit PANDARUS.]

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cre. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty

² — *The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' th' river*:—] Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bet. The *tercel* is the male hawk; by the *falcon* we generally understand the female. THEOBALD.

The meaning is, I will back the falcon against the tercel, I will wager that the falcon is equal to the tercel. MASON.

I think we should rather read:

“ — at the tercel, —. TYRWHITT.

In Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*, l. iv. 410, is the following stanza, from which Shakspeare may have caught a glimpse of meaning, though he has not very clearly expressed it. Pandarus is the speaker:

“ What? God forbid, alway that eche plesaunce

“ In o thing were, and in non othir wight;

“ If one can finge, anothir can wel daunce,

“ If this begodely, she is glad and light,

“ And this is faire, and that can gode aright;

“ Eche for his vertue holdin is full dere,

“ Both lecherer and fawcon for riwer.”

Again, in Fenton's, *Tragical Discourses*, 4to, 1567: “ — how is that possible to make a froward kite a forward ~~duke~~ to the ryver?”

STEVENS.

³ — *the parties interchangeably*—] have set their hands and seals. So afterwards: “Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it.” Shakspeare appears to have had here an idea in his thoughts that he has often express'd. So, in *Messure for Messure*:

“ But my kisses biding again,

“ Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.”

Again, in his *Penus and Adonis*:

“ Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,

“ What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?” MALONE.

abruption?

abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes⁴.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: 'To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers⁵; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. 'This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it⁶: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his

⁴ — *if my fears have eyes.*] The old copies have—*tears*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁵ — *weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers;*] Here we have, not a Trojan prince talking to his mistress, but Orlando Furioso vowing that he will endure every calamity that can be imagined; boasting that he will achieve more than ever knight performed. MALONE.

⁶ — *our head shall go bare, till merit crown it;*] I cannot forbear to observe, that the quarto reads thus: *Our head shall go bare, till merit lower part no affection in reversion, &c.* Had there been no other copy, how could this have been corrected? The true reading is in the folio. JENNISON.

birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble⁷. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth⁸; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown⁹.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day, For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord, With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;— If I confess much, you will play the tyrant. I love you now; but not, till now, so much

⁷ — *his addition shall be humble.*] We will give him no high or pompous titles. JOHNSON.

See p. 208, n. 3. MATHEWS.

⁸ — *what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth;*] i. e. shall be only a mock for his truth. Even malice (for such is the meaning of the word *envy*) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way except by ridiculing him for his constancy.— See Vol. VII. p. 42, n. 2, and p. 70, n. 5. MATHEWS.

⁹ — *they'll stick where they are thrown.*] This allusion has already occurred in *Measure for Measure*:

“Nay, sir, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.” STEEVENS.

But

But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or, that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness¹, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morn-
ing,—

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offend's you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you²;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak³.

¹ *Cunning in dumbness,*] The quarto and folio read—*Coming in dumbness*. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

² *I have a kind of self resides with you,*] So, in our author's 123d Sonnet:

“ ——— for I, being pent in thee,

“ Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.” MALONE.

³ ——— *I would be gone* :—

Where is my wit? I know not what I speak] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

To be another's fool. Where is my wit?

I would be gone. I speak I know not what. MALONE.

Tro.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than love ;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts : But you are wise ;
Or else you love not ; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,

* — But you are wise,
Or else you love not ; for to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might, &c.] I read :
—— but we are not wise,
Or else we love not ; to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might ; —.

Cressida, in return to the praise given by Troilus to her wisdom, replies : " That lovers are never wise ; that it is beyond the power of man to bring love and wisdom to an union." JOHNSON.

— to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might ;] This is from Spenser, *Shepherd's Cal.*
March :

" To be wise, and like to love,

" Is granted scarce to gods above." TYRWHITT.

The thought originally belongs to *Publius Syrus*, among whose sentences we find this :

Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur.

Marston, in the *Dutch Courtesan*, 1606, has the same thought, and the line is printed as a quotation :

" But raging lust my fate all strong doth move ;

" The gods themselves cannot be wise and love."

Cressida's argument is certainly inconsequential : " But you are wise, or else you are not in love ; for no one who is in love can be wise." I do not, however, believe there is any corruption, as our authour sometimes entangles himself in inextricable difficulties of this kind. One of the commentators has endeavoured to extort sense from the words as they stand, and thinks there is no difficulty. In these cases the surest way to prove the inaccuracy, is, to omit the word that embarrasses the sentence. Thus, if, for a moment, we read—

—— But you are wise ;

Or else you love ; for to be wise and love

Exceeds man's might ; &c.

the inference is clear, by the omission of the word *not* : which is not a word of so little importance that a sentence shall have just the same meaning whether a negative is contained in it or taken from it. But for all inaccuracies of this kind our poet himself is undoubtedly answerable.—HAMMER, to obtain some sense, arbitrarily reads :

A sign you love not. MALONE.

(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
 To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
 To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
 Out-living beauty's outward, with a mind
 That doth renew swifter than blood decays⁵!
 Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
 That my integrity and truth to you
 Might be affronted with the match⁶ and weight
 Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
 How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
 I am as true as truth's simplicity,
 And simpler than the infancy of truth⁷.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
 When right with right wars who shall be most right!
 True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
 Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
 Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration⁸,—
 As true as steel⁹, as plantage to the moon¹⁰,

As

⁵ — *faster than blood decays!*] Blood in Shakspeare frequently means desire, appetite. MALONE.

⁶ *Might be affronted with the match —*] I wish "my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmixed love." JOHNSON.

⁷ *And simpler than the infancy of truth.*] This is fine; and means, "Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learned worldly policy." WARBURTON.

⁸ *True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
 Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,*

Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration, —] The metre, as well as the sense, of the last verse will be improved, I think, by reading:

Want similes of truth, tir'd with iteration, —

So, a little lower in the same speech:

Yet after all comparisons of truth. TAYLOR.

This is a very probable conjecture. Truth at present has no verb to which it can relate. MALONE.

⁹ *As true as steel,*] *As true as steel* is an ancient proverbial simile. I find it in Lydgate's *Troy Book*, where he speaks of Troilus, l. ii. ch. 16.

"Thereto in love trewe as any stele." STEVENS.

Mirrors

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As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant², as earth to the center,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentick author to be cited³,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,

Mirrors formerly being made of steel, I once thought the meaning might be, "as true as the mirour, which faithfully exhibits every image that is presented before it." But I now think with Mr. Steevens that *As true as steel* was merely a proverbial expression, without any such allusion. A passage in an old piece entitled *The Pleasures of Poetry*, no date, but printed in the time of Queen Elizabeth, will admit either interpretation:

"Behold in her the lively glasse,

"The pattern, true as steel." MALONE.

² — as *plantage to the moon*,] Alluding to the common opinion of the influence the moon has over what is *planted* or *sown*, which was therefore done in the increase:

"Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,

"Rite crescentem face nostrilucam,

"Prosperam frugum,—" *Hor.* lib. iv. od. 6. WARBURTON.

From a book entitled *The profitable Art of Gardening*, &c. by Tho. Hill, Londoner, the third edition, printed in 1579, I learn, that neither sowing, planting, nor grafting, were ever undertaken without a scrupulous attention to the increase or waning of the moon. Dryden does not appear to have understood the passage, and has therefore altered it thus:

As true as flowing tides are to the moon. STEEVENS.

As true—as plantage to the moon,] This may be fully illustrated by a quotation from Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*: "The poore husband-man perceiveth that the increase of the moon maketh *plants* frutefull: so at in the full moones they are in the best strength; decaying in the wane; and in the conjunction do utterlie wither and vade." FARMER.

³ *As iron to adamant*,—] So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614:

"As true to thee as *steel to adamant*." MALONE.

³ *As truth's authentick author to be cited*,] Troilus shall *crown the verse*, as a man to be cited as the authentick author of truth; as one whose protestations were true to a proverb. JOHNSON.

And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up⁴,
And mighty states characterless are grated
'To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men⁵ be Troiluses, all

⁴ And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,] So, in *K. Richard III.* quarto, 1598:

“And almost shoulder'd in this *swallowing gulph*

“Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.” MALONE.

⁵ — let all constant men—] Though Hamner's emendation [*inconstant*] be plausible, I believe Shakspeare wrote *constant*. He seems to have been less attentive to make Pandar talk consequentially, than to account for the ideas *actually annexed* to the three names. Now it is certain, that, in his time, a *Troilus* was as clear an expression for a *constant lover*, as a *Cressida* and a *Pandar* were for a *jilt* and a *pimp*.

TYRWHITT.

I entirely agree with Mr. Tyrwhitt, and am happy to have his opinion in support of the reading of the old copy, from which, in my apprehension, we ought not to deviate, except in cases of extreme necessity. Of the assertion in the latter part of his note relative to the constancy of Troilus various proofs are furnished by our old poets. So, in *A Gorgeous Gallery of gallant inventions*, &c. 4to. 1578:

“But if thou me forsake,

“As Cressid that forgot

“True Troilus, her make,” &c.

Again, *ibid*:

“As Troilus' truth shall be my shield,

“To kepe my pen from blame,

“So Cressid'a craft shall kepe the field,

“For to resound thy shame.”

Mr. Mason objects, that *constant* cannot be the true reading, because
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all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a chamber and a bed^e, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud

Pandarus has already supposed that they should *both* prove false to each other, and it would therefore be absurd for him to say that *Troilus* should be quoted as an example of *constancy*. But to this the answer is, that Shakspeare himself knew what the event of the story was, and who the person was that did *prove* false; that many expressions in his plays have dropped from him in consequence of that knowledge that are improper in the mouth of the speaker; and that in his licentious mode of writing, the words, "*if ever you prove false one to another,*" may mean, not, if you *both* prove false, but, if it should happen that any falsehood or breach of faith should disunite you who are now thus attached to each other. This might and did happen, by one of the parties proving false, and breaking her engagement.

The modern editions read—if ever you prove false to *one another*; but the reading of the text is that of the quarto and folio, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. MALONE.

It is clearly the intention of the poet that this imprecation should be such a one as was verified by the event, as it is in part to this very day. But neither was *Troilus* ever used to denote an *inconstant* lover, nor, if we believe the story, did he ever deserve the character, as he is the other did in truth deserve that shame here imprecated upon them. Besides, Pandarus seems to adjust his imprecation to those of the other two preceding, just as they dropped from their lips; as false as *(i. e.)* she and consequently as true (or as constant) as *Troilus*. HEATH.
"→ and a bed—" These words are not in the old copy, but what follows shews that they were inadvertently omitted. MALONE.

To

To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,
 That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
 I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
 Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
 From certain and possess conveniences,
 To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
 And here, to do you service, am become
 As new into the world', strange, unacquainted:

I do

7 — *through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
 I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
 Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
 From certain and possess conveniences,
 And here, to do you service, am become*

As new into the world, —] In p. 149, n. 3, an account has been given of the motives which induced Calchas to abandon Troy. The services to which he alludes, a short quotation from Lydgate will sufficiently explain. *Auncient Hist. &c.* 1555.

"He entred into the oratorye,
 "And besily gan to knele and praye,
 "And his things devoutly for to saye,
 "And to the god crye and call full stronge;
 "And for Apollo would not the prolonge,
 "Sodaynly his answere gan attame,
 "And sayd Calchas twis by his name;
 "Be right well ware thou ne tourge agayne
 To Troy towne, for that were but in vayne,
 For finally lerne this thyng of me,
 In shorte tyme it shall destroyed be:
 This is in sooth, whych may not be denied.
 Wherefore I will that thou be ayed
 With the Greekes, and with Achilles go
 "To them anone; my will is, it be so:—
 "For thou to them shall be necessary,
 "In counseling and in gruing rede,
 "And be right helping to their good spede."

Mr. Theobald thinks it strange that Calchas should claim any merit from having joined the Greeks, after he had said that he knew his country was undone; but there is no inconsistency: he had left, from whatever cause, what was dear to him, his country, friends, children, &c. and, having joined and served the Greeks, was entitled to protection and reward.

On the phrase—*As new into the world*, (for so the old copy reads,) I must observe, that it appears from a great number of passages in our

I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
(Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still deny'd: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs*,

That

old writers, the word *into* was formerly often used in the sense of *unto*, as it evidently is here. In proof of this assertion, the following passages may be adduced:

"It was a pretty part in the old church-players when the nimble Vice would skip up nimbly like a jackanapes *into* the devil's necke, and ride the devil a course." *Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures*, 4to, 1602.

Again, in a letter written by J. Paston, July 8, 1468; *Paston Letters*, Vol. II. p. 5. "—and they that have jusked with him *into* this day, have been as richly beseen," &c.

Again, in Laneham's *Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworthe*, in 1575: "—what time it pleased her to ryde forth *into* the chase, to hunt the hart of fere; which found, anon," &c.

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, B. IV. St. 72, edit. 1602.

She doth conspire to have him made away,—

Thrust *thereinto* not only with her pride,

But by her father's counsell and consent,"

Again, in our authour's *All's Well that ends well*:

——— I'll stay at home,

And pray God's blessing *into* thy attempt." MALONE.

— *through the fight I bear in things, to Jove*—] This passage in all the modern editions is silently depraved, and printed thus:

——— *through the fight I bear in things to come*.

The word is so printed that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *Jove* or *Jove*. I believe that the editors read it as *Jove*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain some meaning. JOHNSON.

— *to Jove*, might mean—to the consequences of Paris's *love* for Helen. STEEVENS.

* — *such a wrest in their affairs*,] According to Dr. Johnson, who quotes this line in his Dictionary, the meaning is, that the *loss* of Antenor is such a violent distortion of their affairs, &c. But as in a former scene we had *per-ressed* for *per-pressed*, so here I strongly suspect *wrest* has been printed instead of *ress*. Antenor is such a *flay* or

That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain⁸.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge; Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exeunt DIOM. and CAL.*]

Enter ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:—
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

or support of their affairs, &c. All the ancient English muskets had rests by which they were supported. The subsequent words—*wanting his manage*—appear to me to confirm the emendation. To say that Antenor himself (for so the passage runs, not, the loss of Antenor,) is a violent distortion of the Trojan negotiations, is little better than nonsense. MALONE.

⁸ *In most accepted pain.* Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read—*In most accepted pay.* They do not seem to understand the construction of the passage. *Her presence,* says Calchas, *shall strike off, or recompence, the service I have done, even in those labours which were most accepted.* JOHNSON.

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Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along ;—
So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
'Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me ?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles ? would he aught with us ?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better. [Exit AGAM. and NEST.]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you ? how do you ? [Exit MEN.]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me ?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus ?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha ?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [Exit AJAX.]

Achil. What mean these fellows ? know they not
Achilles ?

Patr. They pass by strangely : they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles ;
'To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late ?

'Tis certain, Greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too : What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall : for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the summer ;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour ; but honour⁹ for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit :

⁹ —but honour—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—but honour'd. MALONE.

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, 'That man—how dearly ever parted',
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself¹
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself²,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd

¹ — *how dearly ever parted,*] However excellently endowed, with however dear or precious parts enriched or adorned. JOHNSON.

So, in a subsequent passage:

" — no man is the lord of any thing,

" (Though in and of him there is much consisting),

" 'Till he communicate his parts to others."

Ben Jonson has used the word *parted* in the same manner) in the *Dramatis Personæ of Every Man out of his Humours*: "MACILWATE, a man well-parted, a sufficient scholar," &c. MASON.

² — *nor doth the eye itself, &c.*] So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

" No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,

" But by reflection, by some other things." STEEVENS.

³ *To others' eyes* :—

That most pure spirit, &c.] These two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the first quarto. POPE.

232 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself⁴,
Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulf. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance⁵, expressly proves—
'That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
'Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
'Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like* an arch, rever-
berates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax⁶.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd⁷. O heavens, what some men do,

4 *For speculation turns not, &c.*] *Speculation* has here the same meaning as in *Macbeth*:

"Thou hast no *speculation* in those eyes

"Which thou dost glare with." MALONE.

5 *— in his circumstance,*] In the detail or circumduction of his argument. JOHNSON.

* *— which, like—*] Old Copies—*who*, like—. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

6 *The unknown Ajax.*] *Ajax*, who has abilities which were never brought into view or use. JOHNSON.

7 *— Now shall we see to-morrow,*

An act that very chance doth throw upon him,

Ajax renown'd.] I once thought that we ought to read *renown*. But by considering the middle line as parenthetical, the passage is sufficiently clear. MALONE.

While some men leave to do!
 How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall*,
 Whiles others play the ideots in her eyes!
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is fasting in his wantonness†!
 To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
 And great Troy shrieking*.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
 As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
 Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back†,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-fix'd monster of ingratiitudes:
 Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,

* *How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,*] To creep is to keep out of sight from whatever motive. Some men keep out of notice in the hall of fortune, while others, though they but play the idiot, are always in her eye, in the way of distinction. JOHNSON.

I cannot think that *creep*, used without any explanatory word, can mean to keep out of sight. While some men, says Ulysses, remain tamely inactive in fortune's hall, without any effort to excite her attention, others, &c. Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

† *While pride is fasting in his wantonness!*] I have preferred *fasting*, the reading of the quarto, to *feasting*, which we find in the folio, not only because the quarto copies are in general preferable to the folio, but because the original reading furnishes that kind of antithesis of which our poet was so fond. One man eats, while another fasts. Achilles is he who fasts; who capriciously abstains from those active exertions which would furnish new food for his pride. Dr. Johnson thinks either word may bear a good sense. MALONE.

* *And great Troy shrieking.*] Thus the quarto. The folio has, less poetically,—*shrieking*. MALONE.

† *Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,*] This speech is printed in all the modern editions with such deviations from the old copy, as exceed the lawful power of an editor. JOHNSON.

Where

134 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue ; If you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost ;—
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear²,
 O'er-run and trampled on³ : Then what they do in pre-
 sent,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours :
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
 And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasp,—in the comer : Welcome ever smiles⁴,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty, wit⁵,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past ;

² — to the abject rear,] So Hammer. All the editors before him read—to the abject, rear. JOHNSON.

³ O'er-run, &c.] The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus :

And leave you hindmost, then what they do at present,—

The folio seems to have some omission, for the simile begins,

Or, like a gallant horse— JOHNSON.

The construction is, Or, like a gallant horse, &c. you lie there for pavement—, the personal pronoun of a preceding line being understood here. There are many other passages in these plays in which a similar ellipsis is found. So, in this play, p. 231 : “—but commends itself,” instead of “—but it commends itself.” MALONE.

⁴ Welcome ever smiles.] The compositor inadvertently repeated the word *is*, which has just occurred, and printed—the welcome, &c. This addition was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁵ — for beauty, wit, &c.] The modern editors read :
for beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service, &c.
 I do not deny but the changes produce a more easy lapse of numbers,
 but they do not exhibit the work of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

And

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted⁶.
The present eye praises the present object :
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee⁷,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent ;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions⁸ 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drove great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical :
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters⁹.^{*}

Achil. Ha ! known ?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder ?
The providence that's in a watchful state,

⁶ *And give to dust, that is a little gilt,*

More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.] That is, as Dr. Johnson has observed, than to gilt o'er-dusted. *Gilt* in the second line is a substantive. See Vol. VII. p. 162, n. 2. The quarto and folio read—And *goe* to dust, &c. The correction was made by Dr. Thirlby. MALONE.

⁷ — *went once on thee,*] So the quarto. The folio—*went out* on thee. MALONE.

⁸ *Made emulous missions* —] The meaning of *missions* seems to be, *dispatches* of the gods *from heaven* about mortal business, such as often happened at the siege of Troy. JOHNSON.

It means the descent of deities to combat on either side; an idea which Shakspeare very probably adopted from Chapman's translation of Homer. In the fifth book Diomed wounds Mars, who on his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This disobedience is the *faction* which I suppose Ulysses would describe. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *one of Priam's daughters.*] Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris. STEEVENS,

236 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold¹;
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
 Keeps place with thought², and almost, like the gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles³.
 There is a mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle⁴) in the soul of state;
 Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
 And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector, than Polixena:
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—

¹ *Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,*] For this elegant line the quarto has only,

Knows almost every thing. JOHNSON.

The old copy has—*Pluto's gold*. The correction which I have made of this obvious error of the press, needs no justification. The same error is found in *Julius Cæsar*, Act IV. sc. iii. where it has been properly corrected.

“ — within, a heart,

“ Dearer than *Pluto's* mine, richer than gold.”

So, in this play, Act IV. sc. i. we find in the quarto, to *Calebs*'s house, instead of—to *Calebas* house. The emendation now made was suggested by Mr. Stevens, though he did not admit it into his edition.

MALONE.

² *Keeps place with thought;*] i. e. there is in the providence of a State, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of ubiquity. The expression is exquisitely fine yet the Oxford editor alters it to *keeps pace*, and so destroys all its beauty. WARNER.

³ *Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.*] It is clear from the defect of the metre that some word of two syllables was omitted by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor. Shakspeare perhaps wrote:

Does thoughts *themselves* unveil in their dumb cradles,—
 or, Does *infant* thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

So, in *King Richard III.*:

“ And turns my *infant* morn to aged night.” MALONE.

⁴ — (*quoth upon relation*

Durst never meddle.)—] There is a secret administration of affairs, which no history was ever able to discover. JOHNSON.

Great

*Great Hector's sister did Achilles win ;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord : I as your lover speak ;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you :
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this ;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus :
Sweet, rouse yourself ; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air⁵.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector ?

Patr. Ay ; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake ;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd⁶.

Patr. O, then beware ;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves :
Omission to do what is necessary⁷
Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Therites hither, sweet Patroclus :
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd : I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace ;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd !

⁵ — to air.] So the quarto. The folio—to airy air. JOHNSON.

⁶ My fame is shrewdly gor'd.] So, in our author's 110th Sonnet:

" Alas, 'tis true ; I have gone here and there,—

" Gor'd mine own thoughts,—" MALONE.

⁷ Omission to do, &c.] By neglecting our duty we commission or enable that danger of dishonour, which could not reach us before, to lay hold upon us. JOHNSON.

Enter THYRSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock's, a stude, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetick but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politick regard^a, as who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. I know not me: I said, *Good-morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, I herfites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wouns his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

^a — with a politick regard,] With a fly foot. JOHNSON.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent;

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on⁹.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me hear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature¹.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain fill'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

⁹ —to make catlings on.] It has been already observed that a *catling* signifies a small lute string made of *catgut*. One of the musicians in *Romeo and Juliet* is called *Simon Catling*. STEVENS.

¹ —the more capable creature.] The more intelligent creature. So, in *King Richard III*:

"Bold, forward, quick, ingenious, capable"

See also Vol. VII. p. 122, n. 8. MALONE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, MEDUS, and Others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Des. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:^a
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,

^a *During all question of the gentle truce:* I once thought to read:

During all quiet of the gentle truce.

But I think *question* means intercourse, interchange of conversation.

JOHNSON

See Vol. III. p. 77, n. 2. *Question of the gentle truce*, is conversation while the gentle truce lasts. MALONE.

The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you¹; 'Twas to bring this
Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfranchis'd Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all.

[*Exit.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true;
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,

¹ *His purpose meets you;*] I bring you his meanings and his orders.

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(Not making any scruple of her foilure)
 With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
 And you as well to keep her, that defend her
 (Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
 With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
 He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
 The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece⁴;
 You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
 Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
 Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
 But he as he, the heavier for a whore⁵.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Di. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—
 For every false drop in her bawdy veins
 A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
 Of her contaminated carrion weight,
 A Trojan hath been slain; since she could speak,
 She hath not given so many good words breath,
 As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
 But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
 We'll not commend what we intend to sell⁶.
 Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*
 SCENE

⁴ —a flat tamed piece;] i.e. a piece of wine out of which the spirit is all flown. WARBURTON.

⁵ Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.] The merits of each, whatever they may be, being weigh'd one against the other, are exactly equal; in each of the scales, however, in which their merits are to be weighed, a harlot must be placed, since each of them has been equally attached to one.—This is the reading of the quarto. The folio reads —*weighs heavier for a whore.* MALONE.

⁶ *We'll not commend what we intend to sell.*] I believe the meaning is only this: though you practise the buyer's art, we will not practise the seller's. We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not commend her. JOHNSON.

*Dr. Warburton would read—*not sell STEVENS.

The sense, I think, requires we should read—*condemn.* TAYLOR.

When Dr. Johnson says, they meant to sell Helen dear, he evidently does not mean that they really intended to sell her at all, (as he has been

SCENE II.

The same. Court before the house of Pandarus.

Enter TROILUS, and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Crc. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill⁷ those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Crc. Good morrow then.

Tro. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Crc. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys⁸ no longer,
I would not from thee.

Crc. Night hath been too brief.

Pan. Behrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tediousl⁹ as hell; but flies the grasps of love,

been understood.) but that the Greeks should pay very dear for her, if they had her. We'll not commend what we intend to make you *pay* dear for, if you have her. So Ajax says in a former scene, "how-
ever, he shall pay for me, ere he has me."

Commend is, I think, the true reading, our authour having in-
troduced a similar sentiment in two other places. In *Love's Labour's*
Lost, we have—

"To things of sale a seller's praise belongs."

Again, in his 2nd Sonnet:

"I will not *praise*, that purpose *not* to *sell*."

This passage favours Dr. Warburton's emendation; but *intend not*
sell sounds very harsh. However, many very harsh combinations may
be found in these plays, where rhymes are introduced. MALONE.

7 — *Sleep kill*—] So the old copies. The moderns have—

Sleep fast— JOHNSON.

Sent was one of the numerous innovations introduced by Mr. Pope.

8 — *hide our joys*—] Thus the quarto. The folio has—*hide our*
eyes. MALONE.

9 *As tediousl*—] The folio has—*As hideously as hell*. JOHNSON.

244 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressida!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [*within.*] What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,—

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads?—
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do², and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:
what have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er
be good,

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poorwretch! a poor capocchia³!—
hast

¹ *Enter Pandarus.*] The hint for the following short conversation between Pandarus and Cressida is taken from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*, book 3. v. 1561.

“ Pandare, a morowe which that comen was

“ Unto his need, gan her faire to grete,

“ And tined all this night so ruined it alga¹

“ That all my drede is, that ye, need swete,

“ Have little leisir had to slepe and mete,

“ All night (quod he) hath rain so do me wake,

“ That some of us it throwe ther heddis ake.

“ Cresside answerde, nevyr the bet for you,

“ I oxe that ye ben, God yave your herte care,

“ God helpe me so, ye caused all this fare,” STANFORD.

² — to do,] *to do* is here used in a wanton sense. So, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Petruchio says: “I would fain be *doing*.” Again, in *A's well*, &c. Lafi declares that he is *fast doing*. COLLINS.

³ — a poor capocchia!—] Pandarus would say, I think, in English — Poor innocent! Poor fool! *hast not slept to-night?* These appellations are very well answered by the Italian word *capocchio*. for *capocchio* signifies the thick head of a club, and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a dot, dullard, heavy gulf. THOMAS.

The

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hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [Knocking.]

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o' the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber!

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing — [Knocking.]

How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[Exit TRO. and CRE.]

Pan. [going to the door.] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: What news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late:—What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware: You'll be so true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

The word in the old copy is *capocchio*, for which Mr. Theobald substituted *capocchio*, which he has rightly explained. *Capocchio* may perhaps be used with propriety in the same sense, when applied to a female; but the word has also an entirely different meaning, not reconcilable to the context here, for which I choose to refer the reader to Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598. *MAXON.*

As Pandarus is going out, enter Troilus.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash⁴: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us⁵; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!—
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here⁶.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of neighbour
Pandarus⁷

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, and ÆNEAS.*]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil

4 — *matter is so rash*:] My business is so *busy* and so abrupt.
JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

" — *aconitum, or rash gunpowder.*" STEEVENS.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" It is too *rash*, too unadvised, too sudden;

" Too like the lightning," &c. MALONE.

5 *Deliver'd to us, &c.*] So the folio. The quarto thus:

Delivered to him, and forthwith.— JOHNSON.

6 *We met by chance; you did not find me here.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" See where he is, who's with him, what he does:

" I did not find you." MALONE.

7 — *the secrets of neighbour Pandarus*—] Thus the quarto. The editor of the folio printed, instead of this,—*the secrets of nature*. I suppose he meant—the *secretest* of nature, and that *secrets* was an error of the press. So, in *Macbeth*:

" The *secret'st* man of blood." MALONE.

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take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cre. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? Gone? Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch * of consanguinity; No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood †, If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love ‡

Is

* — no touch —] No feeling, no sensation. See Vol. I. p. 36, n. 7. MALONE.

† — the very crown of falsehood,] 35, in *Cymbeline*:

" — my supreme crown of grief."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" — the crown and comfort of my life," MALONE.

‡ — the strong base and building of my love] 35, in our author's 119th Sonnet:

" And ruin'd love, when it is built anew, —"

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Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised
cheeks;

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The same. Before Pandarus' House.

*Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, AN-
TENOR, and DIOMEDES.*

Par. It is great morning¹; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit Tro.*]

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“Let not the picea of virtue, which is set

“Betwixt us as the cement of our love,

“To keep it builded, be the ram to batter

“The fortress of it.” MALONE,

² — great morning;] *Grand jour*; a Gallicism. STEEVENS.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.

Enter PANDARUS, and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth² in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

Cre. O Troilus! Troilus! [*embracing him.*]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—

——— o heart, o heavy heart*,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?
where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away no-

² — and violenteth—] So the quarto. The editor of the folio, as Dr. Johnson has noted, probably not understanding the word, substituted—

And no less in a sense as strong, &c. MALONE.

Violenteth is used by Ben Jonson in *The Devil is an Ass*:

"Nor nature violenteth in both these."

and Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with this verb as spelt in the play of Shakspeare: "His former adversaries violented any thing against him." *Feller's Worthies, in Anglesed.*

Dr. Farmer likewise adds the following instance from Latimer, p. 71: "Maister Pole violentes the text for the maintenance of the bishop of Rome." STREVEN.

* — o heavy heart,] O, which is not in the old copy, was added for the sake of the metre, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

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thing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd³ a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cre. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cre. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, jostles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other⁴, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them⁵,

³ — *strain'd* —] So the quarto. The folio and all the moderns have *strange*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *We two, that with so many thousand sighs*

Did buy each other,] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“A thousand kisses *buy* my heart from me,

“And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.” MALONE.

⁵ *With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,*] *Consign'd* means *sealed*; from *consigne*, Lat. So, in *King Henry V*: “It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *consign* to.” Our author has the same image in many other places. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“But my *kisses* bring again,

“*Seals* of love, but seal'd in vain.”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“Pure lip, sweet *seals* in my soft lips imprinted.” MALONE.

He fumbles up into a loose adieu ;
And scants us with a single fumiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears ⁶.

Æne. [*within.*] My lord ! is the lady ready ?

Tro. Hark ! you are call'd : Some ſay, the Genius ſo
Cries, *Come !* to him that inſtantly muſt die ⁷.—
Bid them have patience ; ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears ; rain, to lay this wind ⁸, or
my heart will be blown up by the root ⁹. [*Exit Pan.*

Cre. I muſt then to the Grecians ?

Tro. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful Creſſid 'mongſt the merry Greeks !—
When ſhall we ſee again ?

Tro. Hear me, my love : Be thou but true of heart,—

Cre. I true ! how now ? what wicked deem is this ?

⁶ *Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears.*] i. e. of tears to which we are not permitted to give full vent, being interrupted and ſuddenly torn from each other. The poet was probably thinking of *broken ſobs*, or *broken ſumbers*.—This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has—*diſtaſting*. MALONE.

⁷ *Hark ! you are call'd : Some ſay, the Genius ſo Cries, Come ! to him that inſtantly muſt die.*] An obſcure poet (Flatman) has borrowed this thought :

“ My ſoul juſt now about to take her flight
“ Into the regions of eternal night,
“ Methinks, I hear ſome gentle ſpirit ſay,
“ Be not fearful, come away !”

After whom, Pope :

“ Hark ! they whiſper ; angels ſay,
“ Siſter ſpirit, come away.” MALONE.

⁸ *Where are my tears ? rain, to lay this wind,*] So, in *the Rape of Locrine* :

“ This windy tempeſt, till it blow up rain,
“ Holds back his ſorrow's tide, to make it more ;
“ At laſt it rains, and buſy winds give o'er.”

See alſo Vol. VI. p. 165, n. 5. MALONE.

⁹ — *by the root.*] So the folio. Quarto—*by my throat*. MALONE.

¹ *A woeful Creſſid 'mongſt the merry Greeks !*] So, in *A mad World my Muſters*, 1640, a man gives the watchmen ſome money, and when they have received it he ſays : “ the merry Greeks underſtand me.”

STEVENS.

See alſo p. 154, n. 4. MALONE.

Tro.

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Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:—

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself²,
That there's no maculation in thy heart.

But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My frequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cie. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent¹ but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this
sleeve.

Cie. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cie. O heavens!—be true, again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving³, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person⁴,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

Cie. O heavens! you love me not.

² *For I will throw my glove to death—*] That is, I will challenge death himself in defence of thy fidelity. JOHNSON.

³ *They're loving, &c.*] This line is not in the quarto. The folio reads—*There's loving*. This slight correction I proposed some time ago, and I have lately perceived it was made by Mr. Pope. It also has gift of nature. That emendation is Sir Thomas Hanmer's. In the preceding line, "*full of quality*," means, I think, absolute, perfect, in their dispositions. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

"So buxom, blithe, and full of face,

"As heaven had lent her all his grace."

See also Vol. II. p. 248, n. 4. MALONE.

⁴ *—with person,*] Thus the folio. 'The quarto reads—with person. STEEVENS.

Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt⁵, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeeful potency.

Æne. [*within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*within.*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cre. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity⁶;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true⁷,—there's all the reach of it.

⁵ — the high lavolt,] The *lavolta* was a dance. STEEVENS.

⁶ — catch mere simplicity;] The meaning, I think, is, while others, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation. JOHNSON.

⁷ — the moral of my wit

Is—plain, and true,—] *Moral* in this instance has the same meaning as in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. sc. iv: “Benedict what why Benedictus? you have some *moral* in this Benedictus.” Again, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. sc. iv: “—he has left me here behind to expound the meaning or *moral* of his signs and tokens.”

TOLLET.

Enter

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*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and
DIOMIDES.*

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port¹, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is².
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilium.

Dro. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her³: I tell thee, lord of Greece;
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,

¹ *At the port,*] The port is the gate. STEVENS.

² — *possess thee what she is*] I will make thee fully understand.
This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our authors. JOHNSON.

³ *To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,*

In praising her:] The old copies read—the *jeal*. The emenda-
tion was made by Dr. Warburton. Troilus, I suppose, means to say,
that Diomedes does not use him courteously by addressing himself to
Cressida and assuring her that she shall be well treated for her own
sake, and on account of her singular beauty, instead of making a direct
answer to that warm request which Troilus had just made to him to
“entreat her fair.” The subsequent words fully support this interpre-
tation:

“I charge thee use her well, even for my charge.” MALONE.

I'll answer to my lust²: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—he't so,
I speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I tell thee*, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* 'TRO. CRES. and DIO. *Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with
him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight³.

Æne.

² *I'll answer to my lust:*] *Lust* was used formerly as synonymous to *pleasure*. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ — the eyes of men through loopholes thrust,

“ Gazing upon the Greeks with little *lust*.” MALONE.

* — *I tell thee,*] Old Copies—*I'll tell thee*. For this emendation I am answerable. The same words occur in the preceding speech of Troilus. In the folio *I'll* is printed in another place in this scene instead of *I*. MALONE.

³ *Let us make ready straight, &c.*] These five lines are not in the quarto, being probably added at the revision. JOHNSON.

To the first of these lines, “*Let us make ready straight,*” is prefixed in the folio, where alone the passage is found, *Dio.* “Mr. Malon has justly observed, that it cannot belong to Diomeas, who had the charge of Cressida, and would naturally attend her and Troilus, who has just said, that he would deliver her up to Diomed at the port, and inform him, “*by the way, what she is.*” Besides, as the same gentleman observes, it is absurd that Diomed should address Paris and Æneas, as if they were all going to fight on the same side.

I suspect these five lines were an injudicious addition by the actors for the sake of concluding the scene with a couplet; to which (if there be no corruption) they were more attentive than to the country of Diomed, or the particular commission he was entrusted with by the Greeks. The line in question, however, as has been suggested by an anonymous writer, may belong to *Deiphobus*. From Æneas's first speech in p. 246, and the stage-direction in the quarto and folio prefixed to the third scene of this act, Deiphobus appears to be now on the stage; and *Dio.* and *Dei.* might have been easily confounded.

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Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels :
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp. Lights set out.

Enter, AJAX arm'd; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and Others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment⁴ fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
'Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek⁵
Out-swell the cholick of puff'd Aquilon :
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood ;
Thou blow'it for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter ?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait ;
He rides on the toe : that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

As this slight change removes the absurdity, I have adopted it. It was undoubtedly intended by Shakespeare that Diomed should make his exit with Troilus and Cressida. MALONE.

⁴ — in appointment—] That is, in accoutrements, and other military preparations. So, a well appointed knight. On the other hand, in *Hamlet* :

"Unhansell'd, disappointed, unmanneal'd," MALONE.

⁵ — bias cheek] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl. JOHNSON.
So, in *Victoria Corambona*, or the *White Devil*, 1614 :

"Faith his cheek

"Has a most excellent bias." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;

'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—

So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;

And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!

For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your leave.

Cre. In kissing, do you render, or receive?

Patr. Both take and give⁶.

Cre. I'll make my match to live⁷,

The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You're an odd man: give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not: for, you know, 'tis true,

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

⁶ *Both take and give.*] This speech should rather be given to Menelaus. TYNWHITT.

⁷ *I'll make my match to live.*] I will make such bargains as I may live by, such as may bring me profit, therefore will not take a worse kiss than I give. JOHNSON.

I believe this only means—I'll lay my life. TYNWHITT.

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Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cre. Why, beg then⁸.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you⁹.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.

[Diomed leads out Cressida]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out

At every joint and motive¹ of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

'Tis give a coasting welcome² ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

⁸ *Why, beg then.*] For the sake of rhyme we should read:

Why beg two.

If you think kisses worth begging, beg more than one. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.*] I once gave both these lines to Cressida. She bids Ulysses beg a kiss, he asks that he may have it,

When Helen is a maid again—

She tells him that then he shall have it,—when Helen is a maid again.

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due;

Never's my day, and then a kiss for you.

But I rather think that Ulysses means to slight her, and that the present reading is right. JOHNSON.

¹ — *motive of her body*] *Motive for part that contributes to motion.*

JOHNSON.

² — *a coasting welcome* —] A conciliatory welcome; that makes silent advances before the tongue has uttered a word. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,

"And all in haste she *coasts* to the cry." MALONE.

To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity³,
And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.]

All. The Trojans' trumpet!

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR arm'd, ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other
Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
to him

That victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done⁴,

A little

³ — *sluttish spoils of opportunity*,] Corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity may make a prey. JOHNSON.

⁴ *'Tis done like Hector; but securely done*,] In the sense of the Latin, *securus*: — *securus admodum de bello, animi securi homo*. A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed. WARBURTON.

This speech in the old copies is given to Agamemnon, but Mr. Theobald justly observes that it must belong to Achilles, as Æneas in consequence of it immediately addresses that warrior, "If not Achilles, sir," &c. and in the subsequent speech but one desires him to take notice that Hector was as void of pride as he was full of valour. Dryden had made the same regulation. MALONE.

Dr. Warburton truly observes, that the word *securely* is here used in the Latin sense: and Mr. Warner, in his ingenious letter to Mr. Garrick, thinks this sense peculiar to Shakspeare, "for, says he, I have not been able to trace it elsewhere." This gentleman has treated me with so much civility, that I am bound in honour to remove his difficulty.

It is to be found in the last act of the *Spanish Tragedy*:

"O damned devil! how *secure* he is."

In my lord Bacon's *Essay on Tumults*, "—neither let any prince or

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A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
'The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir.

What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—

In the extremity of great and little,

Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector¹;

The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood²:

In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek

This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek³.

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,

state be *secure* concerning discontents." And besides these, in Drayton, Fletcher, and the vulgar translation of the Bible.

Mr. Warner had as little success in his researches for the word *religion* in its Latin acceptation. I meet with it however in Hibby's translation of *Castille*, 1561: "Some be so scrupulous, as it were, with a religion of this their Tuscane tongue."

Ben Jonson more than once uses both the *substantive* and the *adjective* in this sense.

As to the word *Cavaliero*, with the Spanish termination, it is to be found in Heywood, Withers, Davies, Taylor, and many other writers. FARMER.

[*Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector*;] Shakspeare's thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain: "Valour (says *Æneas*) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour."

JONSON.

¹ This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;] Ajax and Hector were
cousin-germans. MALONE.

² —half Trojan, and half Greek.] Hence Patroclus in a former
scene called Ajax a mongrel. See p. 184, n. 1. MALONE.

—

Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
 Concent upon the order of their fight,
 So be it; either to the uttermost,
 Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
 Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[Ajax and Hector enter the list.]

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
 Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
 Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd.
 His heart and hand both open, and both free;
 For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shews;
 Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
 Nor dignifies an impair thought⁸ with breath:
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
 For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
 To tender objects⁹; but he, in heat of action,
 Is more vindicative than jealous love:
 They call him Troilus; and on him erect
 A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
 Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
 Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
 Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me¹⁰.

[Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee!

8 — *an impair thought*—] A thought unsuitable to the dignity of his character. This word I should have changed to *impure*, were I not over-powered by the unanimity of the editors, and concurrence of the old copies. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's preface to his translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: "— nor is it more *impure* to an honest and absolute man," &c.

STEEVENS.

9 — *Hector — subscribes*

To tender objects;] That is, yields, gives way. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Lear*, "— subscrib'd his power," i. e. submitted. STEEV.

10 — *thus translate him to me*.] Thus explain his character. JOHNSON.

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Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more.

[*Trumpets cease.*]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

D.o. As Hector pleases.

Hec. Why then, will I no more:—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,

That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*

And this is Trojan; the joints of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my father's; by Jove multipotent,

'Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,

'That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus:

Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition * earned in thy death.

Hec. Not Neoptolemus so mirable

(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes

Cries, *This is he,*) could promise to himself †

A thought

* *A great addition*—] See p. 208, n. 8. MALONE.

† *Not Neoptolemus so mirable*

(*On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes*

Cries, 'This is he' could promise to himself, &c.) Dr. Warburton observes, that "the sense and spirit of Hector's speech requires that the most celebrated of his adversaries should be picked out to be defied, and this was Achilles himself, not his son Neoptolemus, who was yet but

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it³;

but an apprentice in warfare." In the rage of correction therefore he reads:

Not Neoptolemus's *fire irascible*.

Such a licentious conjecture deserves no attention.

I agree with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens in thinking that Shakspeare supposed Neoptolemus was the *nomen gentilitium*: an error into which he might have been led by some book of the time. That by *Neoptolemus* he meant Achilles, and not Pyrrhus, may be inferred from a former passage in p. 236, by which it appears that he knew Pyrrhus had not yet engaged in the siege of Troy:

"But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at home," &c.

MALONE.

My opinion is, that by Neoptolemus the authour meant Achilles himself; and remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have used Neoptolemus for Achilles. Wilfride Holme, the author of a poem called *The Fall and evil Successes of Rebellion*, &c. 1537, had made the same mistake before him, as the following stanza will shew:

- "Also the triumphant Troyans victorious,
- "By Anthenor and Æneas false confederacie,
- "Sending Polidamus to Neoptolemus,
- "Who was vanquished and subdued by their conspiracie.
- "O dolorous fortune, and fatal miserie!
- "For multitude of people was there mortificate
- "With condigne Priamus, and all his progenie,
- "And flagrant Polixene, that lady delicate."

In Lidgate, however, Achilles, Neoptolemus, and Pyrrhus, are distinct characters. Neoptolemus is enumerated among the Grecian princes who first embarked to revenge the rape of Helen:

- "The valiant Grecian called Neoptolemus,
- "That had his haire as blacke as any jet," &c. p. 102.

and Pyrrhus, very properly, is not heard of till after the death of his father:

- "Sith that Achilles in such traiterous wise
- "Is slaine, that we a messenger should send
- "To fetch his son young Pyrrhus, to the end
- "He may revenge his father's death," &c. p. 237.

STEEVENS.

3 We'll answer it:] That is, answer the expectance. JOHNSON.

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The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As feld I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Di. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights⁴.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms⁵! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon*.

⁴ —your knights.] The word *knight*, as often as it occurs, is sure to bring with it the idea of chivalry, and revive the memory of Amadis and his fantastick followers, rather than that of the mighty confederates who fought on either side in the Trojan war. I wish that *eques* and *armiger* could have been rendered by any other words than *knight* and *squire*. Mr. Pope, in his translation of the *Iliad*, is very liberal of the latter. SEEVENS.

These knights to the amount of about two hundred thousand (for there were not less in both armies) Shakspeare found with all the appendages of chivalry in *The Three Destructions of Troy*. MALONE.

⁵ Worthy of arms!—] FOLIO. Worthy all arms! QUARTO. The quarto has only the first, second, and the last line of this salutation; the intermediate verses seem added on a revision. JOHNSON.

* —most imperious Agamemnon.] Imperious and imperial had formerly the same signification. See VOL. X. p. 60, u. 7. MALONE.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 165

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.
[to Troilus.]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither,

Hea. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hea. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath⁶;

Your *quandam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:

She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hea. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny⁷, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements⁸,

* *Mock not, &c.*] The quarto has here a strange corruption:

Mock not thy affect, the untraded earth. JOHNSON.

—*the untraded oath*;] A singular oath, not in common use. So, in *King Richard II.*

"— some way of common trade."

Under the lady's oath perhaps more is meant than meets the ear; unless the poet caught his idea from Grange's *Golden Apbroditis*, 4to. 1577, Sign. M ij: "At this upper borde nexte unto Jupiter on the right hande sat Juno, that honourable and gracious goddess his wyfe: Nexte unto hyr satte Venus, the goddess of love, with a GLOVE made of floures, sicking in hyr bosome." MALONE.

⁷ *Labouring for destiny, &c.*] The vicegerent of Fate. So, in *Coriolanus*:

— His sword, death's stamp,

Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot

He was a thing of blood, whose every motion

Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd

The mortal gate of the city, which he painted

With shunlike destiny." MALONE.

⁸ *Despising many forfeits and subduements,*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

And seen thee scorning *forfeits and subduements.* JOHNSON.

When

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When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd¹;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandfire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Ene. 'Tis the old Nestor².

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy³.

Hect. I would, they could.

Nest. Ha! by this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,

¹ *When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;*] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

“And hangs resolv'd correction in the air,”

“That was uprear'd to execution.”

The declin'd is the fallen. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“Not one accompanying his declining foot.” MALONE.

² *‘Tis the old Nestor.*] So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“Old Cælius still.”

If the poet had the same idea in both passages, *Æneas* means, “Nestor is still the same talkative old man, we have long known him to be.” He may, however, only mean to inform *Hector* that Nestor is the person who has addressed him. MALONE.

³ *As they contend, &c.*] This line is not in the quarto. JOHNSON.
Since

Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds*,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hec. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—
Now,

* *Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,*] So, in our
author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"I threat'ning cloud kissing Ilion with annoy."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds."

Ilion, according to Shakspeare's authority, was the name of Priam's
palace, "that was one of the richest and the strongest that ever was in
all the world. And it was of height five hundred paces, besides the
height of the towers, whereof there was great plenty, and so high as
that it seemed to them that saw them from farre, they raught up unto
the beaven." *The Destruction of Troy*, B. II. p. 478.

So also Lydgate, Sign. F 8, verso:

"And whan he gan to his worke approche,

"He made it bulde hye upon a roche,

"It for to assure in his foundation,

"And called it the noble *Tioun*."

Shakspeare was thinking of this circumstance when he wrote in the
first act these lines. *Troilus* is the speaker:

"Between our Ilion, and where she resides, [i. e. Troy]

"Let it be call'd the wild and wand'ring flood." MALONE.

^s *I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!*—] Should we not read
—though? Notwithstanding you have invited Hector to your tent, I
shall draw him first into mine. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cu-
pid's Revenge*, v. 12. p. 462:

"—— O dis-

258 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee⁶;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint⁷.

Hec. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hec. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hec. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hec. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hec. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

" — O dissembling woman,

" Whom I must reverence though —." TYNWITT.

The repelition of *thou* was anciently used by one who meant to insult another. So, in *Twelfth Night*: " — if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss." Again, in the *Tempest*:

" Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, *thou*!"

Again, in the first scene of the fifth act of this play of *Troilus and Cressida*: " — thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, *thou*!" STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's remark is incontrovertibly true; but Ulysses had not said any thing to excite such contempt. MALONE.

⁶ Now, *Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee*;] The hint for this scene of altercation between Achilles and Hector, is taken from Lidgate. See page 172. STEEVENS.

⁷ And quoted joint by joint.] To quote is to observe. So, in *Hamlet*:

" I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment

" I had not quoted him." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 471, n. 6. MALONE.

Hec.

Hec. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithy'd^s Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him^o.

Hec. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars^e, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hec. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we^t: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall

^s — *that stithy'd*—] A *stithy* is the northern term for an anvil. The word is still used in Yorkshire. MALONE.

^o — *the general state, I fear,*

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.] Ajax means to insinuate that Achilles was afraid of fighting with Hector. "You may every day, says he, have enough of Hector if you choose it, but I believe the whole state of Greece can scarcely prevail on you to engage with him."

To have a *stomach* to any thing, is, to have an inclination to it. MASON.

^e — *pelting wars,*—] i. e. petty, inconsiderable wars. See Vol. II. p. 40, n. 3; and p. 463, n. 5. MALONE.

^t — *convive*—] To *convive* is to *feast*. This word is not peculiar to Shakspeare. I find it several times used in the *History of Helyas Knight of the Swan*, bl. l. no date. STEEVENS.

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Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines², let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TRO. and ULYSS.*]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was lov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth;
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—

² *Beat loud the tabourines,*] For this the quarto and the latter editions have—*To taste your bounties.*—The reading which I have given from the folio seems chosen at the revision, to avoid the repetition of the word *bounties*. JOHNSON.

Tabourines are small drums. The word occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra*. STANLEY.

Patroclus,

Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature³, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol
of ideot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box⁴, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk:
thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet⁵, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten
diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs,
loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies⁶, raw

³ *Thou crusty batch of nature.*] *Batch* signifies all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Cataline*:

"Except he were of the same meal and *batch*."

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil's in it*, 1612:
"The best is, there are but two *batches* of people moulded in this world." Thersites had already been called *cobloaf*. STEVENS.

⁴ *The surgeon's box.*] In this answer Thersites only quibbles upon the word *tent*. HAMMER.

⁵ *Male varlet.*—] Hammer reads—*male harlot*, plausibly enough, except that it seems too plain to require the explanation which Patroclus demands. JOHNSON.

This expression is met with in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. 1. "—'tis a *male varlet*, sure, my lord!" FARMER.

The person spoken of in Decker's play is Brillafronte, a harlot, who is introduced in boy's cloaths. I have no doubt that the text is right. MALONE.

⁶ — *cold palsies*,—] This catalogue of loathsome maladies ends in the tolio at *cold palsies*. This passage, as it stands, is in the quarto: the retrenchment was in my opinion judicious. It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by Milton in the second edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diseases, JOHNSON.

eyes,

eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns ; the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries !

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus ?

Ther. Do I curse thee ?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt⁷ ; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No ? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sieve silk², thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassell of a prodigal's purse, thou ? Ah, how the poor world is pepper'd with such water-flies ; diminutives of nature !

Patr. Out, gall³ !

Ther. Finch egg⁴ !

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite from my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba ;

A token from her daughter, my fair love⁵ ;

* — you ruinous, &c.] Patroclus reproaches Therites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another. JOHNSON.

That same idea occurs in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*

"Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form." STEVENS.

* — thou idle immaterial skein of sieve silk, —] All the terms used by Therites of Patroclus, are emblematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness. JOHNSON.

Sieve silk has been already explained. See Vol. IV. p. 329, n. 5.

MALONE.

* Out, gall !] Hammer reads — *out gall*, which answers well enough to *finch-egg* ; it has already appeared, that our authour thought the *out-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *out*, from the conglomeration of his form ; but both the copies read — *Out, gall !* JOHNSON.

* Finch egg !] Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I suppose he means to call him *singing bird*, as implying an useless favourite, and yet more, something more worthless, a singing bird in the egg ; or generally, a slight thing easily crushed. JOHNSON.

A finch's egg is remarkably gaudy ; but of such terms of reproach it is difficult to pronounce the true signification. STEVENS.

* A token from her daughter, &c.] This is a circumstance taken from the story book of The three destructions of Troy. HAMMER.

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—

Come, come, Therites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—

Away, Patroclus. [Exeunt ACHIL. and PATR.]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds³; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit laided with malice, and malice forced with wit⁴, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both

³ And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds;] He calls Menelaus the transformation of Jupiter, that is, as himself explains it, the bull, on account of his horns, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the primitive statue of cuckolds; i. e. his story had made him so famous, that he stood as the great archetype of his character. WARBURTON.

The memorial is called *oblique*, because it was only indirectly such, upon the common supposition that both bulls and cuckolds were furnished with horns. HEATH.

Perhaps Shallop are meant nothing more by this epithet than *horned*, the bull's horns being crooked or *oblique*. Dr. W. I think, mistakes. It is the bull, not Menelaus, that is the primitive statue, &c. MALONE.

⁴ — forced with wit, —] Stuffed with wit. A term of cookery. In this speech I do not well understand what is meant by *loving quail*. JOHNSON.

By *loving quail* the poet may mean loving the company of harlots. A *quail* is remarkably salacious. SKEEVENS.

In old French *caille* was synonymous to *fille de joie*. In the *Dict. Comique* par Le Roux, under the article *caille* are these words:

“Chaud comme une caille.—

“Caille coëctre,—Sobriquet qu'on donne aux femmes. Signifie
“femme cuiller, amoureux.”

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both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Therfites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits, and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and DIOMED, *with lights*.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

Hec. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hec. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hec. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught *: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those

That go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt* AGAM. and MEN.]

Achil. Old Nestor tattles; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Di. I cannot, lord; I have important business,

So, in Rabelais:—"Coilles coiffées mignonnement chantans;"—which *Motoux* has thus rendered (probably from the old translation): "coated quails and laced mutton, waggishly singing." MALONE, '—spirits, and fires!'] This Therfites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights. JOHNSON.

* Sweet draught; } *Draught* is the old word for *foriss*. It is used in the vulgar translation of the Bible, MALONE.

The

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The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hec. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent ;
I'll keep you company. *[aside to Troilus.]*

Tro. Sweet fir, you honour me.

Hec. And so, good night.

[Exit DIOMED ; ULYS. and TRO. following.]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[Exit ACHIL. HEC. AJAX, and NEST.]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave ; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses : he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound⁶ ; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it ; it is prodigious, there will come some change ; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him : they say, he keeps a Trojan drab⁷, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent : I'll after.—Nothing but lechery ! all incontinent valets ! *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

The same. Before Calchas' Tent.

Enter DIOMED.

Dio. What are you up here, ho ? speak.

Cal. *[within.]* Who calls ?

Dio. Diomed. — Calchas, I think. — Where's your daughter ?

Cal. *[within.]* She comes to you.

*Enter TROILUS, and ULYSSES, at a distance ; after them
THERSITES.*

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

⁶ — *he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound ;*] If a hound gives his mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *babler* or *brabler*. The proverb says, *Brabbling cur's never want fore ears*. ANONYMUS.

⁷ — *they say, he keeps a Trojan drab,* —] This character of Diomed is likewise taken from Lidgate. THERSITES.

*Enter CRESSIDA.**Tro.* Cressid comes forth to him!*Dio.* How now, my charge?*Cres.* Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark, a word with you. *[Whispers.]**Tro.* Yea, so familiar!*Ulyss.* She will sing any man at first sight⁸.*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if he can take her clift⁹; she's noted.*Dio.* Will you remember?*Cres.* Remember? yes.*Dio.* Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.*Tro.* What should she remember?*Ulyss.* List!*Cres.* Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.*Ther.* Roguery!*Dio.* Nay, then,—*Cres.* I'll tell you what.*Dio.* Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.—*Cres.* In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?*Ther.* A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.*Dio.* What did you swear you would bestow on me?*Cres.* I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.*Dio.* Good night.*Tro.* Hold, patience!*Ulyss.* How now, Trojan?

⁸ *She will sing any man at first sight.* We now say—sing at sight. The meaning is the same. MALONE.

⁹ — *her clift;* That is, her key. *Clef*, French. JOHNSON.

Clift, i. e. a mark in musick at the beginning of the lines of a song; and is the indication of the pitch, and bespeaks what kind of voice—as base, tenour, or treble, it is proper for. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, where Antonio, employing musical terms, says,

“—Will none but my *C*, *clift*, serve your turn?” STEEVENS.

Cres.

Cre. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great destruction¹; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?

Tro. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

¹ *You flow to great destruction:*] means, I think, your impetuosity is such as must necessarily expose you to imminent danger. MALONE.
The folio has:

You flow to great distraction.—

The quarto:

You flow to great destruction.— JOHNSON.

I would adhere to the old reading. *You flow to great destruction*, or *distraction*, means, the tide of your imagination will hurry you either to noble death from the hand of Diomed, or to the height of madness from the predominance of your own passions. STEEVENS.

Possibly we ought to read *destruction*, as Ulysses has told Troilus just before, that

“————— this place is dangerous;
“ This time right deadly.” MASON.

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Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go? You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word: There is between my will and all offences A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together²! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio.

² *How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together!*] *Luxuria* was the appropriate term used by the school divines, to express the sin of incontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury*, in all our English writers. In the *Summa Theologiae Compendium* of Tho. Aquinas, P. 2. II. Quæst. CLIV. is *de Luxuria Partibus*, which the author distributes under the heads of *Simplex Fornicatio, Adulterium, Incestus, Stuprum, Raptus, &c.* and Chaucer, in his *Parson's Tale*, descanting on the seven deadly sins, treats of this under the title, *De Luxuria*. Hence in *K. Lear*, our author uses the word in this peculiar sense:

“ ‘Tis *Luxury* pell-mell, for I want soldiers.”

But why is *luxury*, or lasciviousness, said to have a *potatoe finger*? This root, which was in our author's time but newly imported from America, was considered as a rare exotic, and esteemed a very strong provocative. As the plant is so common now, it may entertain the reader to see how it is described by Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 780.

“ This plant, which is called of some Skyrrits of Peru, is generally of us called *Potatus*, or *Potatoes*—There is not any that hath written of this plant,—therefore, I refer the description thereof unto those that shall hereafter have further knowledge of the same. Yet I have had in my garden divers roots (that I bought at the Exchange in London) where they flourished until winter, at which time they perished and rotted. They are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes. Some, when they be so roasted, intuse them and sop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes. Howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the body, procure *bodily lust*, and that with greediness.”

Shakespeare alludes to this quality of *potatoes*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: “—Let the sky rain *potatoes*, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let a tempest of provocation come.”

Again, in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611: “—a banquet of oysters, skerret-roots, *potatoes*, eringoes, and divers other whetstones of venery.” Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

“ *Potatoes*

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

[*Exit.*

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cre. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve!

Tro.

"Potatoes eke, if you shall lack,

To corroborate the back."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:

"You shall find me a kind of sparrow, widow;

"A barley-corn goes as far as a potato."

Again, in the *Elder Brother*, by B. and Fletcher:

"A banquet,—well, potatoes and eringors,

"And as I take it, cantharides:—Excellent!"

Again, in Holinshed's *Chronicle, Description of England*, p. 167:

"Of the potato and such venerous roots, &c. I speake not."

Lastly, in Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596: "Perhaps you have been used to your dainties of potatoes, of caveare, eringus, plums of Genowa, all which may well encrease your appetite to severall evacuations."

It appears from Dr. Campbell's *Political Survey of Great Britain*, that potatoes were brought into Ireland about the year 1610, and that they came first from Ireland into Lancashire. It was however forty years before they were much cultivated about London. At this time they were distinguished from the Spanish by the name of *Virginian potatoes*,—or *battatas*, which is the Indian denomination of the Spanish sort. The Indians in Virginia called them *openank*. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first who planted them in Ireland. Authors differ as to the nature of this vegetable, as well as in respect of the country from whence it originally came. Switzer calls it *Sisaronum Peruvianum*, i.e. the *Sisaron* of Peru. Dr. Hill says it is a *solanum*, and another very respectable naturalist conceives it to be a *native of Mexico*. COLLINS.

[—*keep this sleeve.*] The custom of wearing a lady's sleeve for a favour, is mentioned in *Hall's Chronicle*, fol. 12: "One ware on his head-piece his lady's *sleeve*, and another bare on his helme the glove of his deareling."

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Tro. O beauty !
 Where is thy faith ?
Ulyss. My lord, —
Tro. I will be patient ; outwardly I will.
Gre. You look upon that sleeve ; Behold it well. —
 He lov'd me — O false wench ! — Give 't me again.
Dio. Whose was't ?
Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.
 I will not meet with you to-morrow night :
 I pry'thee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens ; — Well said, whetstone.
Dio. I shall have it.
Cre. What, this ?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cre. O, all you gods ! — O pretty pretty pledge !

Again, in the second canto of the *Barons' Wars* by Dr. yton :

" A lady's *sleeve* high spirited Hastings wore."

Again, in the *MORRE ARTS*, p. 3. ch. 119 :

" When queen Gencever wist that Sir Launcelot beare the red *sleeve* of the faire maide of Astolat, she was nigh out of her minde for anger." Holinshed, p. 844, says K. Henry VIII. " had on his head a ladie's *sleeve* full of diamonds." The circumstance, however, was adopted by Shakspeare from Chaucer. T. and C. l. 5. 1040: " She made him were a pencell of her *sleeve*." A *pencill* is a small *pennon* or streamer. STEEVENS.

In an old play (in six acts) called *Histrionastix*, 1610, this incident seems to be burlesqued. *Troilus* and *Cressida* are introduced by way of interlude, and *Cressida* breaks out :

" O knight, with valour in thy face,
 " Here take my skreens, wear it for grace ;
 " Within thy helmet put the same,
 " Therewith to make thine enemies lame."

A little old book, *The Hundred Hyssories of Trecye*, tells us, " *Bryseyde*, whom master *Chaucer* called *Cressyde*, was a damosell of great beauty; and yet was more quayne, mutable, and full of vagaunt condicions." FARMER.

What Mr. Steevens has observed on the subject of *ladies' sleeves* is certainly true ; but the sleeve given in the present instance by *Cressida* to *Diomed*, was the sleeve of *Troilus*, which he had presented to her on their separation. It may be supposed to be an ornamented cuff, such perhaps as was worn by some of our young nobility at a *flit*, in Shakspeare's age. MALONE.

Thy

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me ; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee*.—Nay, do not snatch it from me ;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, Diomed ; 'faith you shall
not ;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this ; Whose was it ?

Cre. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will,
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it ?

Cre. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder³,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm ;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past ;—And yet it is
not ;
I will not keep my word.

* *As I kiss thee.*—] In old editions,
As I kiss thee.

Dio. Nay, do not snatch it from me.

Cre. He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dr. Thirlby thinks this should be all placed to Cressida. She had the
sleeve, and was kissing it rapturously : and Diomed snatches it back
from her. THEOBALD.

³ *By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,*] i. e. the stars which she
points to. WARBURTON.

So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucretia* :

“ The silver-shining queen he would distain ;

“ Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,

“ Through night's black bosom should not peep again.”

MALONE.

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Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cre. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,
Pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come:—O Jove!—

Do, come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel till then.

Cre. Good night. I pr'ythee, come. [Exit *Dio*,
Troilus, farewell⁶! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see⁷.—

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads, must err; O then conclude,

Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [Exit.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more⁸,
Unless she say'd, My mind is now turn'd whore.

⁶ *Troilus, farewell!*] The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lydgate; for though the latter mentions them both characteristically, he does not sufficiently dwell on either to have furnished Shakspeare with many circumstances to be found in this tragedy. *Lydgate*, speaking of Cressida, says only:

“ She gave her heart and love to Diomed,

“ To shew what trust there is in woman kind;

“ For she of her new love no sooner sped,

“ But Troilus was clean out of her mind,

“ As if she never had him known or seen,

“ Wherein I cannot guess what she did mean.”

STEEYNS.

⁷ *But with my heart the other eye doth see*—] I think it should be read thus:

But my heart with the other eye doth see. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, rather:

But with the other eye my heart doth see. TYRWHITT.

There is surely no need of change. One eye, says Cressida, looks on Troilus; but the other follows Diomed, where my heart is fixed.

MALONE.

⁸ *A proof of strength she could not publish more*,] She could not publish a stronger proof. JOHNSON.

Ulyss.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears⁹;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan¹.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure, she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Not mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn criticks—apt, without a theme,
For depravation²,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our
mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ulyss. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

⁹ *That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;*] That turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against themselves. THEOBALD.

¹ *I cannot conjure, Trojan.*] That is, I cannot raise spirits in the form of Cressida. JOHN ON.

² — do not give advantage

To stubborn criticks—apt, without a theme,

For depravation, —] Critick has here, I think, the signification of Cynick. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"And crinick Timon laugh at idle toys." MALONE.

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If there be rule in unity itself³,
 This was not she. O madness of discourse,
 That cause sets up with and against itself⁴!
 Bi-fold authority⁵! where reason can revolt
 Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
 Without revolt⁶; this is, and is not, Cressid!
 Within my soul there doth commence a fight⁷
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate⁸
 Divides more wider^{*} than the sky and earth;
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division
 Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
 As Arachne's broken woof, to enter⁹.

Instance,

³ *If there be rule in unity itself,*] May mean, If there be *certainty in unity*, if it be a *rule that one is one*. JOHNSON.

The rule alluded to is a very simple one, that *one* cannot be *two*. This woman therefore, says Troilus, this *false* one, cannot be that Cressida that formerly plighted her faith to me. MALONE.

⁴ — *against itself!*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*against itself*. In the preceding line also I have followed the quarto. The folio reads—*This is not she*. MALONE.

⁵ *Bi-fold authority!*] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio gives us *By foul authority!*—

There is *madness* in that *disquisition* in which a man reasons at once *for* and *against* himself upon authority which he knows *not to be valid*. The quarto is right. JOHNSON.

This is one of many passages in which the editor of the folio changed words that he found in the quartos, merely because he did not understand them. MALONE.

⁶ — *where reason can revolt*

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt;] The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common sense, but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of *reason*. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Within my soul there doth commence a fight—*] So, in *Hamlet*:

“Sir, in my heart there was a kind of *fighting*.” MALONE.

⁸ *a thing inseparable—*] i. e. the plighted troth of lovers. Troilus considers it *inseparable*, or at least that it ought never to be broken, though he has unfortunately found that it sometimes is. MALONE.

^{*} — *more wider—*] Thus the old copies. The modern editions, following Mr. Pope, read—*far wider*; though we have a similar phraseology with the present in almost every one of these plays. See Vol. VIII. p. 276, n. 7. MALONE.

⁹ *As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.*] My quarto, which is printed for R. BORTH, 1600, reads—*Arachne's broken woof*; the other, which is said to be undated, reads, as Mr. Steevens says, *Arachne's*.
 The

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
 Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
 And with another knot, five-finger-tied¹,
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
 Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed².

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus³ be half attach'd
 With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
 In characters as red as Mars his heart
 Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy

The folio *Ariachne's*. Mr. Steevens hopes the mistake was not originally the authour's, but I think it extremely probable that he pronounced the word as a word of four syllables. MALONE.

¹ — knot, five finger-tied,] A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, by Massinger, 1632;

"Your fingers tie my heart-strings with this touch,

"In true knots, which nought but death shall loose."

MALONE.

² The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.] The image is not of the most delicate kind. "Her o'er-eaten faith" mean, I think, her troth plighted to Troilus, of which she was surfeited, and, like one who has over-eaten himself, had thrown off. All the preceding words, the fragments, scraps &c. show that this was Shakspere's meaning. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"Give me excess of it [music]; that surfeiting

"The appetite may sicken, and so die."

Again, more appositely, in *King II my II*. P. 11.

"The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;

"Their own greedy loves have surfeited.—

"O thou fond man! with what loud applause

"Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolunbroke,

"Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!

"And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,

"Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,

"That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up." MALONE.

³ May worthy Troilus, &c.] Can Troilus really feel on this occasion half of what he utters? A question suitable to the calm Ulysses.

JOHNSON.

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With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek ;—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed :
'That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm ;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it : not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid ! O false Cressid ! false, false, false !
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself ;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord :
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy ;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince :— My courteous lord,
adieu :—

Farewel, revolted fair !—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head * !

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*]

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed ! I

* —and wear a castle on thy head !] i. e. defend thy head with armour of more than common security. So, in *The most ancient and famous history of the renowned Prince Arthur*, edit. 1634, ch. 158 : "Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine, therefore hie thee fast that thou wert gone, and wit thou well we shall soone come after, and break the strongest castle that thou hast upon thy head." *Wear a castle*, therefore, seems to be a figurative expression, signifying, *keep a castle over your head* ; i. e. live within the walls of your castle. In *Urry's* Chaucer Sir Thopas is represented with a castle by way of crest to his helmet. S. 1224 b. 1.

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would croak like a raven ; I would bode, I would bode.
 Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of
 this whore : the parrot will not do more for an almond,
 than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery ; still,
 wars and lechery ; nothing else holds fashion : A burn-
 ing devil take them ! [Exit.

SCENE III.

Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter HECTOR, and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
 To stop his ears against admonishment?
 Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

HeC. You train me to offend you ; get you in :
 By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dream will, sure, prove ominous to the day¹.

HeC. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector ?

And. Here, sister ; arm'd, and bloody in intent :
 Confort with me in loud and dear petition,
 Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dreamt
 Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
 Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

HeC. Ho ! bid my trumpet sound !

Cas. No notes of folly, for the heavens, sweet brother.

HeC. Begone, I say : the gods have heard me swear.

¹ *My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.*] The hint for this dream of Andromache, might be taken either from Lydgate, or the following passage in Chaucer's *News of the First Tale*, late edit. v. 15147.

“ Lo here Andromache, Hector's wit,

“ That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,

“ She dreamt on the same night beforen,

“ How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne,

“ If thilke day he went into bataille :

“ She warn'd him, but it might not availle ;

“ He went forth for to fighten with heles,

“ And was yslain anon of Achilles.” STANFORD.

Cas.

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Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded : Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just : it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity⁶.

Cas. It is the purpose⁷, that makes strong the vow ;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold :
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hec. Hold you still, I say ;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :
Life every man holds dear ; but the dear man⁸
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

⁶ — *Do not count it holy*

To hurt by being just : it is as lawful,

For we would give much, to use violent thefts,

And rob in the behalf of charity.] L. c. says Mr. Tyrwhitt, to use violent thefts, *because* we would give much. The folio has—

For we would *count* give much to as violent thefts ;
which affording no sense, I have adopted an emendation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. He supposes, with some probability, that the word *count* crept into the text from 'the line last but one.' Mr. Rowe cut the knot, instead of untying it, by reading—

For us to count we give *what's* gain'd by theft,
and all the subsequent editors have copied him. The last three lines are not in the quarto, the compositor's eye having probably passed over them ; in consequence of which the next speech of Cassandra is in the copy given to Andromache, and joined with the first line of this.

In the first part of Andromache's speech she alludes to a doctrine which Shakspeare has often enforced. "Do not think you are acting virtuously by adhering to an oath, if you have *sworn to do amiss*." So, in *King John* :

"—where doing tends to ill,

"The truth is then most done, not doing it." MALONE.

⁷ *It is the purpose*—] The mad prophetess speaks here with all the coolness and judgment of a skilful casuist. "The essence of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpose, and the vow of which the end is wrong must not be regarded as cogent." JOHNSON.

⁸ — *dear man*] *Valuable* man. The modern editions read—*brave* man. The repetition of the word is in our author's manner.

Brave was substituted for *dear* by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Enter

Enter TROIILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[Exit CASSANDRA.]

Hec. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth,

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion⁹, than a man.

Hec. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hec. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hec. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armour buckled on,
'The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hec. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hec. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with airy truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

⁹ Which better fits a lion,—] The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man. JOHNSON.

Hence Spenser's Una attended by a lion. *Fairy Queen*, l. lii. 7. See also Sir Percival's lion in *Morte Arthur*, B. XIV. c. 6. T. WARTON.

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Their eyes o'er galled with recourse of tears⁹;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Caſ. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hec. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.

Hec. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Caſ. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hec. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Ca. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou dy'st! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!

⁹ — *u*, *h*, *recourse* (*of tears*)]. I. e. tears that continue to course one another down the face. WARBURTON.

¹ *O farewell, dear Hector*]. The interposition and clamorous sorrow of Cassandra were copied by our author from Lydgate. STEVENS.

Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth²!
Behold, destruction, frenzy³, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!—

Caj. Farewel. Yea, soft:—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewel: The gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR. Alarums.*]

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve⁴.

As

² — shrills her dolours, &c.] So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"Through all th' abyss I have shrill'd thy daughter's loss,

"With my concave trump." STEEVENS.

³ *Bold destruction, frenzy, &c.*] So the quarto. The editor of the folio, for *destruction* substituted *distractio*. The original reading appears to me far preferable. MALONE.

⁴ According to the quartos 1609, this scene is continued by the following dialogue between Pandarus and Troilus, which the poet certainly meant to have been inserted at the end of the play, where the three concluding lines of it are repeated in the copies already mentioned. There can be no doubt but that the players shuffled the parts backward and forward, *ad libitum*, for the poet would hardly have given us an unnecessary repetition of the same words, nor have dismissed Pandarus twice in the same manner. The conclusion of the piece will fully justify the liberty which any future commentator may take in omitting the scene here and placing it at the end, where at present only the few lines already mentioned are to be found. STEEVENS.

I do not conceive that any editor has a right to make the transposition proposed, though it has been done by Mr. Capell. The three lines alluded to by Mr. Steevens, which are found in the *folio* at the end of this scene, as well as near the conclusion of the play, (with a very slight variation) are these:

Pand. Why but hear you—

Tro. Hence, broker lacquey! Ignomy and shame

Pursue thy hse, and live aye with thy name!

But in the original copy in quarto there is no repetition (except of the words—*But hear you*); no absurdity or impropriety. In that copy the following dialogue between Troilus and Pandarus is found in its proper place, precisely as it is here given; but the three lines above

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As. TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side
PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptifick, a whoreson rascally ptifick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ach in my bones, that, unless a man were curst, I cannot tell what to think on't — What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;

[*Tearing the letter.*]

The effect doth operate another way. —

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together. —

My love with words and errors still she feeds;

But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THELSIUS.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy, there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals³, — that stale old

quoted do not constitute any part of the scene. For the repetition of those three lines, the players, or the editor of the folio, alone are answerable. It never could have been intended by the poet. I have therefore followed the original copy. MALONE.

³ O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, &c.] But in what sense are Nestor and Ulysses accused of being swearing rascals? What, or to whom, did they swear? I am positive that swearing is the true reading. They had colloquied with Ajax, and trimmed him

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old moufe-eaten dry cheefe, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulyſſes,—is not prov'd worth a black-berry:—They ſet me up, in policy, that mungrel cur, Ajax, againſt that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbariſm⁶, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come ſleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMED, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, ſhouldeſt thou take the river Styx, I would ſwim after.

Dio. Thou doſt miſ-call retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore,
Trojan!—now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve!

[Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMED, fighting.]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's
match?
Art thou of blood, and honour??

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a ſcurvy railing knave;
a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. *[Exit.]*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a
plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's be-
come of the wenching rogues? I think, they have ſwal-

him up with inſincere praiſes, only in order to have ſtirred Achilles's emulation. In this, they were the true ſneakers; betraying the fiſt, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice. THEOBALD.

⁶ — to proclaim barbariſm,] To ſet up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer. JOHNSON.

⁷ Art thou of blood and honour? This is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantiſk chivalry, as is the following one in the ſpeech of Diomed:

And am her knight by proof. SEYFERTS.

It appears from *Sager an Honour, Military and Civil*, folio 1602, p. 123, that a perſon of ſuperior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or if challenged, might reſuſe the combat. REED.

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low'd one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet,
in a fort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [Exit.

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter DIOMED, *and a* Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse⁸;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chafis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [Exit Servant,

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon⁹
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wife, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corpes of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedijs: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruise'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers¹; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter

⁸ — take thou Troilus' horse;] So, in Lydgate:

“ That Troilus by maine and mighty force

“ At unawares, he cast down from his horse.

“ And gave it to his squire for to beare

“ To Cressida,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ — bastard Margarelon] The introduction of a bastard son of Priam, under the name of Margarelon, is one of the circumstances taken from the story book of *The Three Disturbances of Troy*. THEOBALD.
The circumstance was taken from *Lydgate*, page 194:

“ Which when the valiant knight, Margarelon,

“ One of king Priam's bastard children,” &c. STEEVENS.

¹ — the dreadful Sagittary

Appals our numbers —] “ Beyond the royallme of Amasonne
“ came an auntyent kynge, wyfe and dyscreete, named Epystrophus,
“ and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouse beste that was call-
“ ed SAGITTAYRE, that behynde the mydder was an horse, and to-
“ fore, a man: this beste was betry like an horse, and had his eyen
“ red

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles ;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field :
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse²,
And there lacks work ; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls³

"red as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe : *this beste made the Grekes
"fore aserde, and fiewe many of them with his bowe."* *The Three
Destructions of Troy*, printed by Caxton. THEOBALD.

A very circumstantial account of this Sagittary is likewise to be found in *Lydgate*, page 174. STEEVENS.

² — *on Galathe his horse,*] From *The Three Destructions of Troy* is taken this name given to Hector's horse. THEOBALD.

"And fought, by all the means he could, to take

"*Galathe*, Hector's horse," &c. *Lydgate*, p. 175.

John Stevens, the author of *Cintia's Revenge*, 1613, (a play commended by Ben Jonson in some lines prefixed to it) has mounted *Hector* on an elephant. STEEVENS.

³ — *scaled sculls, &c.*] *Sculls* are great numbers of fishes swimming together. The modern editors not being acquainted with the term, changed it into *shoals*. My knowledge of this word is derived from a little book called *The English Expofitor*, London, printed by John Legatt, 1616. Again, in the 26th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

"My silver-scaled *sculls* about my streams do sweep." STEEV.

Scaled means here, dispersed, put to flight. See Vol. II. p. 72, n. 4, and Vol. VII. p. 148, n. 6. This is proved decisively by the original reading of the quarto, *scaling*, which was either changed by the poet himself to *scaled* (with the same sense) or by the editor of the folio. If the latter was the case, it is probable that not being sufficiently acquainted with our authour's manner, who frequently uses the active for the passive participle, he supposed that the epithet was merely descriptive of some quality in the thing described.

The passage quoted above from Drayton does not militate against this interpretation. There the added epithet *silver* shews that the word *scaled* is used in its common sense ; as the context here (to say nothing of the evidence arising from the reading of the oldest copy) ascertains it to have been employed with the less usual signification already stated.

"The cod from the banks of Newfoundland (says a late writer) pursues the whiting, which flies before it even to the southern shores of Spain. The cachalot, a species of whale, is said, in the same manner, to pursue a shoal of herrings, and to swallow hundreds in a mouthful." Knox's *History of Fish*, 8vo. 1787. The throat of the cachalot (the species of whale alluded to by Shakspeare) is so large, that, according to Goldsmith, he could with ease swallow an ox. MALONE.

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Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks⁴, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handleless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! *[Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.

Another part of the field.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head!

⁴ — the strawy Greeks,] In the folio it is — the straying Greeks, —
JOHNSON.
Enter

Enter DIOMED.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office,
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou
traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone; stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon⁵.

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks⁶; have at you
both. [Exeunt, fighting.]

Enter HECTOR.

Hec. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hec. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence besfriend thee now,

⁵ *I will not look upon.*] That is, (as we should now speak,) I will not be a *looker-on*. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III.

“Why stand we here—

“Waiting our losses,—

“And look upon, as if the tragedy

“Were play'd in jest by counterfeited actors?”

These lines were written by Shakspeare. MAJONE.

⁶ — *you cogging Greeks*,] This epithet has no particular propriety in this place, but the authour had heard of *Græcia mendax*. JOHNSON.

Surely the epithet had propriety in respect of Diomed at least, who had defrauded him of his mistress. Troilus bestows it on both, *unius in culpam*. A fraudulent man, as I am told, is still called in the North—a *gainful Greek*. Cæsar bears witness to this character of the ancient Greeks. “*Testimoniorum religionem et fidem nunquam ista natio coluit.*” Again: “*Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum parata sunt.*”

STEEVENS.

But

But thou anon shalt hear of me again ;
Till when, go seek thy fortune.) [Exit.

Hesi. Fare thee well :—

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother ?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas ; Shall it be ?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him ; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off :—Fate, hear me what I say !
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hesi. Stand, stand, thou Greek ; thou art a goodly
mark :—
No ? wilt thou not ?—I like thy armour well ;

7 — *I like thy armour well ;*] This circumstance, as Mr. Stevens has observed, is taken from Lydgate's poem, B. III. Sign. 5 ii. 1 quote from the original, 1555 :

“ — in this while a Grekisch king he mette,
“ Were it of hap or of adventure,
“ The which in sothe on his cote armours
“ Embrouded had full many ryche stone,
“ That gave a lyght, when the sunne shone,
“ Full bryght and cleare, that joye was to sene,
“ For pyles white and emerauwdes grene
“ Full many one were therein sette.—
“ Of whote array when Hector taketh hede,
“ Towardes him fast gan him drawe,
“ And fyrst I synde how he hath him slawe,
“ And after that by force of his manheade
“ He hent him up afore him on his siede,
“ And fast gan wyth him for to ryde
“ From the wasdes a lytell out of syde,
“ At good leyser playnly, if he maye,
“ To spoyle him of his rich arraye.—
“ On horie-backe out whan he him ladde,
“ Recklesly the storye maketh mynde
“ He caste his shelde at his backe behynde,
“ To weld him se to at more libertye,—
“ So that his brest disarmed was and bare.” MAIONE.

This furnished Shakspere with the hint for the following line :
I am unarm'd, forgo this vantage, Greek. STEVENS.

I'll crush it*, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The same.

Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms⁹.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

* *I'll crush it,*] The word *crush* I never found elsewhere, nor understand it. Hammer explains it, to *break or bruise*. JOHNSON.

The meaning of the word is ascertained by the following passage in *The Destruction of Troy*, a book which Shakspeare certainly had before him, when he wrote this play:

“Saying these wordes, Hercules caught by the head poore Lychas, —and threw him against a rocke so fiercely that hee to-*crushed* and all to-burst his bone, and so slew him.”

Again, in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Swan*, bl. l. no date: “—smote him so courageously with his sward, that he *crushed* all his helme, wherewith the crie fell backward,” &c.

The latter quotation was produced by Mr. Stevens. MALONE.

Hammer's explanation appears to be right, and the word *crush*, in this sense, to be derived from the French verb *crusher*, to bruise, or break to pieces. MALONE.

⁹ — *execute your arms.*] Thus all the copies; but surely we should read—*aim*. STEEVENS.

I cannot approve of the amendment proposed by Mr. Stevens. The Myrmidons had no *aim* to execute. To *set their arms* is to employ them; to put them to use. A similar expression occurs in *Othello*, where Iago says,

“Witness that here Iago doth give up
“The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
“To wrong'd Othello's service.”

And in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Rosaline says to Biron,

“Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
“Which you on all estates will *execute*.” MALONE.

S C E N E VII.

*The same.**Enter MENELAUS, and PARIS, fighting; then THER-
SIEES.*

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it :
Now, bull ! now, dog ! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo ! now my
double-hen'd sparrow ! 'loo, Paris, 'loo ! The bull has
the game :—'ware horns, ho !

*[Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.]**Enter MARGARELON.**Mar.* Turn, slave, and fight.*Ther.* What art thou ?*Mar.* A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bailard too ; I love bastards ; I am a
bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bas-
tard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear
will not bite another, and wherefore should one bailard ?
Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us : if the son
of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment : fare-
wel, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward ! *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E IX.

*Another part of the Field.**Enter HECTOR.*

H. Moil petrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done ; I'll take good breath :
Rest, sword ; thou hast thy fill of blood and death !
[put off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him.]

Enter ACHILLES, and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set ;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :

Even

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Even with the vail¹ and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek².

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike³; this is the man I seek.

[Hector falls.]

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—

On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,

Achilles bath the mighty Hector slain⁴. [A retreat sounded.]

¹ *Even with the vail—*] The *vail* is, I think, the *sinking* of the sun, not *veil* or *cover*. JOHNSON.

² *I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.*] Hector, in Lydgate's poem, falls by the hand of Achilles, but it is Troilus, who, having been inclosed round by the Myrmidons, is killed after his armour had been hewn from his body, which was afterwards drawn through the field at the horse's tail. The *Oxford Editor*, I believe, was misinformed, for in the old story-book of *The Iliad Descriptions of Troy*, I find likewise the same account given of the death of Troilus. Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638, seems to have been indebted to some such work as Hammer mentions.

"Had puissant Hector by Achilles' hand

"Dy'd in a single monomachie, Achilles

"Had been the worthy; but being slain by odds,

"The poorest Myrmidon had as much honour

"As saint Achilles, in the Trojan's death."

It is not unpleasant to observe with what vehemence Lydgate, who in the grossest manner has violated all the characters drawn by Homer, takes upon him to reprehend the Grecian poet as the original offender. Thus in his fourth book—

"Oh thou, *Homer*, for shame be now red,

"And thee amase that holdest thy selfe so wyse,

"On Achilles to set such great a pryse

"In thy booke for his chivalrye,

"Above echone that dost hym magnifye,

"That was so sleightly and so full of fraude,

"Why gevest thou hym so hye a prayse and laude?"

STEVENS.

³ *Strike, fellows. Strike;*] This particula^r of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old story-book. HAMMER.

⁴ *On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,*

Achilles bath the mighty Hector slain.]

ἡδὲ μάθ' αὖθις, ἐπὶ φρουρῇ ἑταίρων διόν,

ὦ, Τρώες καὶ ἀνδρῶν, ἴδ' ἄρ' ἐχέτωσιν. IL. X. MALONE.

Hark!

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night⁵ o'er spreads the earth,

And, stickler-like⁶, the armies seperates.

My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheath his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

The same.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MINFLAUS, NISIOP, DIOMEDUS, and Others, marching. Shouts with n.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Within. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragsless let it be;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be sent,
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

⁵ *The dragon wing of night*—] See Vol. VI. p. 200, n. 9.

⁶ *And, stickler-like,*] A *stickler* was one who stood by to part the combatants, when victory could be determined without bloodshed. They are often mentioned by Sidney. "Anthony (says Sir Tho. North in his translation of Plutarch) was himself in person a *stickler* to part the young men when they had fought enough." They were called *sticklers*, from carrying sticks or staves in their hands with which they interposed between the duellists. We now call these *sticklers*—*referees*. So again, in a comedy called, *Fortune by Land and Sea*, by Heywood and Rowley: "—'tis not fit that every apprentice should with his shop-club play between us the *stickler* 'twixt my heart and him."

STEVENS.

Minshew gives the same etymology, in his Dict. 1617: "A *stickler* between two, so called as putting a *stick* or *stake* between two fighting or tending together." MALONE.

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE XI.

Another part of the field.

Enter ÆNEAS, and 'Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.
Never go home⁷; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—the gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods, and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

7 *Never go home, &c.*] This line is in the quarto given to Troilus.

8 — *smile at Troy!*] Thus the ancient copies; but it would better agree with the rest of Troilus's wish, were we to read:

— *smile at Troy,*

I say, at once! STEELE.

Smite was introduced into the text by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and adopted by Dr. Warburton. I believe the old reading is the true one.

Mr. Upton thinks that Shakspeare had the Psalmist in view. "He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision." Ps. ii. 4. "The Lord shall laugh him to scorn; for he hath seen that his day is coming." Ps. xxxvii. 23. In the passage before us, (he adds) "the heavens are the ministers of the Gods to execute their vengeance, and they are bid to *frown on*; but the Gods themselves *smile at Troy*; they hold Troy in derision, for they see its day is coming." MALONE.

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Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead;
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-siz'd
coward!

No space of earth shall funder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go;
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS, and Trojans.*]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lacquey⁹! ignomy and shame!
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exit Tro.*]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd!
O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work,
and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so
loved², and the performance so loath'd? what verfe for
it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

⁹ Hence, broker lacquey! Thus the quarto and folio. For broker the editor of the second folio substituted *brother*, which in the third was changed to *brother*.

Broker in our authour's time signified a bawd of either sex. So, in *King John*:

"This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word," &c.

See Vol. IV. p. 489, n. 5. MALONE.

² — ignomy and shame] *Ignomy* was used in our authour's time for ignominy. See Vol. V. p. 258, n. 1. MALONE.

² *loved*,—] Quarto; *desir'd*, folio. JOHNSON.

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
 Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting :
 And being once subdu'd in armed tail,
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
 Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall :
 Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
 Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made :
 It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
 Some galled goose of Winchester³ would hiss :

Till

³ *Some galled goose of Winchester*—] The publick stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester. POPE.

Mr. Pope's explanation may be supported by the following passage in one of the old plays of which my negligence has lost the title :

“ Collier ! how came the *goose* to be put upon you ?

“ I'll tell thee : The term lying at *Winchester* in *Henry the Third's* days, and many *French* women coming out of the *Isle of Wight* thither, &c. there were many punks in the town,” &c.

A particular symptom in the *lues venerea* was called a *Winchester goose*. So, in Chapman's comedy of *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606 : “ — the famous school of England call'd Winchester, famous, I mean, for the *goose*,” &c.

Again, Ben Jonson, in his poem called, *An Execration on Vulcan* :

“ — this a sparkle of that fire let loose,

“ That was lock'd up in the *Winchestrian goose*,

“ Bred on the *Bank* in time of popery,

“ When Venus there maintain'd her mystery.”

In an ancient satire called *Cocke Lorelles Bete*, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde, no date, is the following list of the different residences of harlots :

“ There came such a wynde fro *Winchester*,

“ That blew these women over the ryver,

“ In wherye, as I wyll you tell :

“ Some at saynt *Katerynes* stroke agrounde,

“ And many in *Holborne* were founde,

“ Some at saynt *Gyles* I trowe :

“ Also in *Aus Maria Aly*, and at *Westmønster* ;

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Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases⁴. [*Exit*.

" And some in *Shoredyche* drewe theder,
" With grete lamentacyon ;
" And by cause they have lost that fayre place,
" They wyll bylde at *Colman bedge* in space," &c.

Hence the old proverbial simile, " As common as *Coleman Hedge* :"
now *Coleman-street*. STEEVENS.

Some galled *Winchester goose* may mean, either a strumpet that had the venereal disease, or one that felt herself hurt by what Pandarus had said. It is probable that the word was purposely used to express both these senses. MASON.

⁴ This play is more correctly written than most of Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention ; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters sometimes disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comick characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer ; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature ; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed. Shakspeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular ; but the character of Therites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of *Homer*. JOHNSON.

The first seven books of Chapman's *Homer* were published in the year 1596, and again in 1598. They were dedicated as follows : *To the most honoured now living instances of the Achilleian virtues eternized by divine Homere, the Earle of Essex, Earl Marshall, &c.* and an anonymous Interlude, called *Therites his Humours and Conceits*, had been published in 1598. STEEVENS.

The interlude of *Therites* was, I believe, published long before 1598. That date was one of the numerous forgeries of Chetwood the Prompter, as well as the addition to the title of the piece,—" *Therites his humours and conceits* ;" for no such words are found in the catalogue published in 1671, by Kirkman, who appears to have seen it. MALONE.

There are more hard, bombastical phrases in the serious part of this play, than, I believe, can be picked out of any other six Plays of Shakspeare. Take the following specimens :—*Tortious*,—*persifflive*,—*protractiue*,—*importlesse*,—*insiffure*,—*deracinate*, *diuidable*. And in the next Act,—*past-proportion*,—*unrespectiue*,—*propugnation*,—*self-assumption*,—*self-admission*,—*assubjugate*,—*kingdom'd*, &c. TYRWHITT.

C Y M B E L I N E.

Persons Represented.

Cymbeline, *king of Britain.*

Cloten, *son to the queen by a former husband.*

Leonatus Posthumus, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*

Belarius, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

Guiderius, } *disguised under the names of Polydore and*
Arviragus, } *Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.*

Philario, friend to Posthumus, } *Italians.*

Iachimo, friend to Philario, } *Italians.*

A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.

Caius Lucius, *General of the Roman forces.*

A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.

Pisanio, *servant to Posthumus.*

Cornelius, *a Physician.*

Two Gentlemen.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*

Helen, *woman to Imogen.*

*Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions,
a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman,
Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and
other Attendants.*

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain ; sometimes in Italy.*

C Y M B E L I N E.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;

1 Mr. Pope supposed the story of this play to have been borrowed from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled, *Westward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelists, as from Shakspeare, though they concur in the more considerable parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kitt of Kingston*.

STEEVENS.

The tale in *Westward for Smelts* which I published some years ago, I shall subjoin to this play. The only part of the fable, however, which can be pronounced with certainty to be drawn from thence, is, Imogen's wandering about after Pisanio has left her in the forest; her being almost famished; and being taken, at a subsequent period, into the service of the Roman General as a page. The general scheme of *Cymbeline* is, in my opinion, formed on Boccace's novel (Day 2, Nov. 9.) and Shakspeare has taken a circumstance from it, that is not mentioned in the other tale. See p. 364, n. 6. It appears from the preface to the old translation of the *Decamerone*, printed in 1620, that many of the novels had before received an English dress, and had been printed separately: "I know, most worthy lord, (says the printer in his Epistle Dedicatory) that many of them [the novels of Boccace] have long since been published before, as stolen from the original authour, and yet not beautified with his sweete style and elocution of phrase, neither favouring of his singular morall applications."

Cymbeline, I imagine, was written in the year 1605. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. The king from whom the play takes its title began his reign, according to Hollinshed, in the 19th year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the sixteenth of the Christian æra: notwithstanding which Shakspeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians; *Philario*, *Iachimo*, &c. *Cymbeline* is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. MALONE.

Still seem, as does the king's².

2. *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1. *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow, That late he married,) hath referr'd herself Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman: She's wedded; Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king

² *You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods*

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;

Still seem, as does the king's.] *We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods*—our countenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—*no more obey the laws of heaven*,—which direct us to appear what we really are,—*than our courtiers*;—that is, than the bloods of our courtiers; but our bloods, like theirs,—*still seem, as doth the king's*. JOHNSON.

In the *Yorkshire Tragedy* 1602, which has been attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* appears to be used for *inclination*:

"For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden."

Again, in *K. Lear*, Act IV. sc. ii.

"—Were it my fitness

"To let these hands obey my *blood*."

In *K. Henry VIII.* Act III. sc. iv. is the same thought:

"—subject to your countenance, glad, or fery,

"As I saw it inclin'd." STEEVENS.

Blood is so frequently used by Shakspeare for *natural disposition*, that there can be no doubt concerning the meaning here. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"Now his important *blood* will nought deny

"That she'll demand."

See also *Timon of Athens*, p. 81, n. 4.

I have followed the regulation of the old copy in separating the word *courtiers* from what follows, by placing a semicolon after it. "*Still seem*"—for "*they still seem*," or "*our bloods still seem*," is common in Shakspeare. The mark of the genitive case, which has been affixed in the late editions to the word *courtiers*, does not appear to me necessary, as the poet might intend to say—"than our courtiers' obey the heavens;" though, it must be owned, the modern regulation derives some support from what follows:

— but not a *courtier*,

Although they wear their faces to the bent

Of the king's look;—

We have again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, a sentiment similar to that before us:

"—for he would shine on those

"That made their looks by his." MALONE.

Be touch'd at very heart.

2. *Gent.* None but the king?

1. *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too : so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match : But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2. *Gent.* And why so?

1. *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her,
(I mean, that marry'd her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2. *Gent.* You speak him far³.

1. *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself⁴;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2. *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1. *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root : His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,

³ *You speak him far.*] When I was more a friend to conjecture than I am at present, I supposed Shakspeare might have written—you speak him *far* : but the old reading is probably right. You are lavish in your encomiums on him : your elogium has a wide compass.

MALONE.

⁴ *I do extend him, sir, within himself;*] I extend him within himself : my praise, however *extensive*, is *within* his merit. JOHNSON.

My elogium, however extended it may seem, is short of his real excellence : it is rather abbreviated than expanded.—We have again the same expression in a subsequent scene : “The approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, are wonderfully to *extend* him.” Again, in *the Winter's Tale* : “The report of her is *extended* more than can be thought.” MALONE.

Perhaps this passage may be somewhat illustrated by the following lines in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act III :

“—no man is the lord of any thing,

“Till he communicate his parts to other :

“Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,

“Till he behold them form'd in the applause.

“Where they are *extended*,” &c. STEEVENS.

Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
 But had his titles by Tenantius*, whom
 He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
 So gain'd the fur-addition, Leonatus:
 And had, besides this gentleman in question,
 Two other sons; who, in the wars o' the time,
 Dy'd with their swords in hand; for which, their father
 (Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
 That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
 Dig of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
 As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
 To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
 In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,
 (Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd⁵:
 A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
 A glass that feated them⁶; and to the graver,

A child

* —*Tenantius*,—] was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain; on whose death Cassibelan was admitted king. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first attack, but being vanquished by Julius Cæsar on his second invasion of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death Tenantius, Lud's younger son, (his elder brother Androgeus having fled to Rome) was established on the throne, of which they had been unjustly deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly payed the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakspeare supposes the latter to be the truth. Holinshed, who furnished our poet with these facts, furnished him also with the name of *Sicilius*, who was admitted king of Britain, A.M. 3659. The name of *Leonatus* he found in Sydney's *Arcadia*. Leonatus is there the legitimate son of the blind king of Paphlagonia, on whose story the episode of Gloster, Edgar, and Edmund, is formed in *King Lear*. See *Arcadia*, p. 69, edit. 1593. MALONE.

⁵ — *liv'd in court*,

(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:] This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree loved and praised, is truly rare. JOHNSON.

⁶ *A glass that feated them;*] A glass that formed them; a model, by the contemplation and inspection of which they formed their manners. JOHNSON.

This

A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2. *Gent.* I honour him

Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she the sole child to the king?

1. *Gent.* His only child.

He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2. *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1. *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2. *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!

This passage may be well explained by another in the first part of
King Henry IV:

"—He was indeed the glass

"Wherein the noble youths did dress themselves."

Again, Ophelia describes Hamlet, as

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form."

To dress themselves therefore may be to form themselves. *Dresser*,
in French, is to form. To dress a Spaniel is to break him in.

Feat is nice, exact. So, in the *Tempest*:

"—look, how well my garments sit upon me,

"Much feater than before."

To *feat* therefore may be a verb, meaning—to render nice, exact: by
the dress of Posthumus, even the more mature courtiers condescended
to regulate their external appearance. STEEVENS.

Feat Minshew interprets, fine, neat, brave. See also Barret's *Al-*
varil, 1580: "*Feat* and pleasant, *continna et venusta sententia*."

The poet does not, I think, mean to say merely, that the more
mature regulated their dress by that of Posthumus. A glass that fea-
ted them, is a model, by viewing which their form became more cle-
gant, and their manners more polished.

We have nearly the same image in the *Winter's Tale*:

"——— I should blush

"To see you so attir'd; sworn, I think,

"To shew my self a glass."

Again, more appositely in *Hamlet*:

"He was the mark and glass, copy and book,

"That fashion'd others." MALONE.

So slackly guarded ! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them !

1. *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2. *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1. *Gent.* We must forbear : Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you : you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him ; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril :—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections ; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [Exit.

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy ! How fine^o this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds !—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath : but nothing,
(Always reserv'd my holy duty⁷;) what

⁸ — *Imogen*.—] Holinshed's Chronicle furnished Shakspeare with this name, which in the old black letter is scarcely distinguishable from *Imogen*, the wife of *Brute*, king of Britain. There too he found the name of *Cloten*, who, when the line of *Brute* was at an end, was one of the five kings that governed Britain. *Cloten*, or *Cloton*, was king of Cornwall. MALONE.

⁷ (Always reserv'd my holy duty,)—] I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty. JOHNSON.

His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall^a.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—

^a *Though ink be made of gall.* Shakespeare, even in this poor conceit, has confounded the vegetable galls used in ink, with the animal gall, supposed to be bitter. JOHNSON.

The poet might mean either the vegetable or the animal galls with equal propriety, as the vegetable gall is bitter; and I have seen an ancient receipt for making ink, beginning, "Take of the black juice of the gall of oxen two ounces," &c. STEVENS.

You gentle gods, give me ~~but~~ this I have,
And fear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death⁹!—Remain, remain thou here

[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it on¹! And sweetest, fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

Imo. O, the gods!—
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

Poss. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court

⁹ *And fear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!*] Shakspeare may poetically call the *cere-*
cloths in which the dead are wrapped, *the bonds of death*. If so, we
should read *cere* instead of *fear*.

“Why thy canoniz’d bones, hearst in death,

“Have burst their *cerements*?”

To *fear up*, is properly to *close up by burning*; but in this passage
the poet may have dropp’d that idea, and used the word simply for to
close up. STEEVENS.

I believe nothing more than *close up* was intended. In the spelling
of the last age, however, no distinction was made between *cere cloth*
and *fear-cloth*. Cole in his Latin dictionary, 1679, explains the word
cero by *fear-cloth*. Shakspeare therefore certainly might have had
that practice in his thoughts. MALONE.

¹ *While sense can keep it on!*] The poet ought to have written—can
keep *thee* on, as Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read. But
Shakspeare has many similar inaccuracies: So, in *Julius Caesar*:

“Castra, you are the first that rears *your* hands.”

instead of—*his* hand. Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

“*Time’s* office is to calm contending kings,

“To unmask falshood, and bring truth to light,—

“To ruinate proud buildings with *thy* hours,—”

instead of—*his* hours. Again, in the third act of the play before us:

“—— Euriphile,

“Thou was their nurse; they took *thee* for their mother,

“And every day do honour to *her* grave.” MALONE.

With

With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st : Away !
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you !
And bless the good remainders of the court !
I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is ².

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth ³ ; thou heapest
A year's age on me !

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation ; I
Am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears ⁴.

Cym. Past grace ? obedience ?

Imo.

² *There cannot be a pinch in death*

More sharp than this is.] So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“ — it is a sufferance, panging

“ As soul and body's parting.” MALONE.

³ *That should'st repair my youth* ;] i. e. renovate my youth ; make me young again. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609 : “ — as for him, he brought his disease hither : here he doth but *repair* it.” Again, in *All's well that ends well* :

“ — it much *repairs* me,

“ To talk of your good father.” MALONE.

⁴ — a touch more rare

Subdues all pangs, all fears.] *A touch more rare* is a more uncommon, a finer feeling ; a more exquisite sensation. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ — He loves us not ;

“ He wants the natural *touch*.”

Rare has here the same signification as in a subsequent scene :

“ If she be furnish'd with a mind so *rare*,

“ She is alone the Arabian bird.”

A passage in *K. Lear* will fully illustrate Imogen's meaning :

“ — where the greater malady is fix'd,

“ The lesser is scarce felt.” MALONE.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. sc. ii.

“ The death of Fulvia, with more urgent *touches*,

“ Do strongly speak to us.”

Again, in the *Tempest* :

“ Hast thou, which art but air, a *touch*, a feeling

“ Of their afflictions ? ” &c.

A touch is not unfrequently used, by other ancient writers, in this sense. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594 :

“ So

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock⁵.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays⁶.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—

They were again together: you have done [*to the Queen.*]
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

"So deep we feel impressed in our blood

"That touch which nature with our breath did give."

A touch more rare is undoubtedly a more exquisite feeling, a superior sensation. STREVEN.

⁵ — a puttock.] A kite. JOHNSON.

⁶ — over-buys me

Almost the sum he pays.] So small is my value, and so great is his, that in the purchase he has made (for which he paid himself), for much the greater part, and nearly the whole, of what he has given, he has nothing in return. The most minute portion of his worth would be too high a price for the wife he has acquired. MALONE.

Cym.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

[*Exit.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
Pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A publick Place.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

1. *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the
violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice:
Where

Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad
so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—Have I
hurt him?

2. *Lord.* No, faith; not so much as his patience.

[*Aside.*

1. *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if
he be not hurt: it is a thorough-fare for steel, if it be
not hurt.

2. *Lord.* His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside
the town.

[*Aside.*

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2. *Lord.* No; but he fled forward still, toward your
face.

[*Aside.*

1. *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your
own: but he added to your having; gave you some
ground.

2. *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies!

[*Aside.*

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2. *Lord.* So would I, till you had measured how long a
fool you were upon the ground.

[*Aside.*

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse
me!

2. *Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she is
damn'd.

[*Aside.*

1. *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her
brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen
small reflection of her wit⁷.

2. *Lord.*

⁷ *She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.]*
She has a fair outside, a specious appearance, but no wit. *O quanta
pecies, cerebrum non habet!* *Plædrus.* EDWARDS.

In a subsequent scene, Iachimo speaking of Imogen, says,

"All of her, that is out of door, most rich!

"If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,

"She is alone the Arabian bird." *MALONE.*

I believe the poet meant nothing by *sign*, but *fair outward shew*.

JOHNSON.

The

2. *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*]

Glo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2. *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*]

Glo. You'll go with us?

1. *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

Glo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2. *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter IMOGEN, and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is*. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

The same allusion is common to other writers. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

"—— a common trull,

"A tempting sign, and curiously set forth

"To draw in riotous guests."

Again, in the *Elder Brother*, by the same authors:

"Stand still, thou sign of man——."

To understand the whole force of Shakspeare's idea, it should be remembered that anciently almost every sign had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism, underneath it. STEEVENS.

*—— 'twere a paper lost

[*As offer'd mercy is.*] I believe the poet's meaning is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemn'd criminal. A thought resembling this occurs in *All's well that ends well*:

"Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried." STEEVENS.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear⁹
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and starts of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle¹:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage².

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear

⁹ — *with this eye or ear*—] The old copy, probably from the transcriber's ear deceiving him, has—*with his eye*, &c. The correction was made by Dr. Warburton. "How," he asks, "could Posthumus make himself distinguished by his *ear* to Pisanio? By his tongue he might to the other's ear, and this is certainly Shakspeare's meaning." MALONE.

¹ — *till the diminution*
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:] The diminution of space, is the diminution of which space is the cause. Trees are killed by a blast of lightning; that is, by *blasting*; not *blasted* lightning.

JOHNSON.

² — *next vantage*.] Next opportunity. JOHNSON.

The shes of Italy should not betray
 Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
 At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
 To encounter me with orisons, for then
 I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
 Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words³, comes in my father,
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
 Shakes all our buds from growing⁴.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
 Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.—
 I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

3 ——— or ere I could

*Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words,—*] Dr. Warburton pronounces as
 absolutely as if he had been present at their parting, that these two
 charming words were, *adieu Posthumus*; but as Mr. Edwards has ob-
 served, "she must have understood the language of love very little, if
 she could find no tenderer expression of it, than the name by which
 every one called her husband." STEEVENS.

⁴ *Shakes all our buds from growing.*] i. e. our buds of love, as our
 authour has elsewhere expressed it. Dr. Warburton, because the buds
 of flowers are here alluded to, very idly reads—Shakes all our buds
 from blowing. The buds of flowers undoubtedly are meant, and Shak-
 speare himself has told us in *Romeo and Juliet* that they grow:

"This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath

"May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet."

MALONE.

A bud, without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a
 natural representation of any thing incipient or immature; and the
 buds of flowers, if flowers are meant, grow to flowers, as the buds of
 fruits grow to fruits. JOHNSON.

Shakes all our buds, &c.] So, in the 18th Sonnet of our author:

"Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May."

Again, in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

"Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds."

STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, fir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him⁴ both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter⁵.

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours⁶, are wonderfully to extend him⁷; be it but to fortify her judgment, which

* — *Iachimo*, —] The name of *Giacomo* occurs in *The two Gentlemen of Venice*, a novel which immediately follows that of *Romeo and Julietta* in the second tome of Palster's *PALACE OF PLEASURE*.

MALONE.

4 — *makes him*—] In the sense in which we say, This will *make* or *marry* you. JOHNSON.

5 — *words him*—*a great deal from the matter*.] Makes the description of him very distant from the truth. JOHNSON.

6 — *under her colours*,] Under her banner; by her influence.

JOHNSON.

7 — *and the approbation of those*—*are wonderfully to extend him*;] This grammatical inaccuracy is common in Shakespeare's plays. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“The posture of your blows are yet unknown.”

The modern editors, however, read—*approbations*.

Extend has here the same meaning as in a former scene. See p. 311, n. 4. MALONE.

else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality*. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still⁹.

French.

* — *without less quality.*] Whenever *less* or *more* is to be joined with a verb denoting want, or a preposition of a similar import, Shakspeare never fails to be entangled in a grammatical inaccuracy, or rather, to use words that express the very contrary of what he means. In a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, I have proved this incontestably, by comparing a passage similar to that in the text with the words of Plutarch on which it was formed. The passage is:

“ — I—condemn myself to *lack*

“ The courage of a woman, *less* noble mind

“ Than she—.”

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“ — I ne'er heard yet

“ That any of these bolder vices *wanted*

“ *Less* impudence, to gainsay what they did,

“ Than to perform it first.”

Again, in *K. Lear*:

“ — I have hope

“ You *less* know how to value her deserts

“ Than she to *scant* her duty.”

See Vol. VII. p. 564, n. 6. Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—without *more* quality, and so undoubtedly Shakspeare ought to have written. On the stage, an actor may rectify such petty errors; but it is the duty of an editor to exhibit what his author wrote.

MALONE.

⁹ — *which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.*] So, in *All's well that ends well*:

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was glad I did atone my countryman and you¹, it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature².

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences³: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likely-

"Which I will ever pay, and pay again,

"When I have found it."

Again, in our author's 30th Sonnet:

"Which I new pay, as if not pay'd before." MALONE.

¹ — *I did atone, &c.*] To *atone* signifies in this place to reconcile. So Ben. Jonson, in *The silent Woman*:

"There had been some hope to atone you." STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 272, n. 8. MALONE.

² — upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.] Importance is here as elsewhere in Shakspeare, importunity, instigation. See Vol. IV. p. 112, n. 6. MALONE.

³ — rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences:] Shunn'd to go even means the same as chose not to go even. I avoided, says Posthumus, squaring my actions by such rules as I heard laid down: I rather chose to act according to my own discretion, in opposition to such rules, than to be guided by the experience of others.

Dr. Johnson says, the meaning is, "I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others, more than such intelligence as I had gathered myself." But this interpretation is at once repugnant to the words themselves, and to the context. Posthumus is here apologizing for the impetuosity of his youth, when at his first outset in the world he thought himself wiser than those who had run the race of life before him. For this conduct, he blames himself, and owns his judgment was then faulty and immature. However, (he adds) even now, when I have attained more discretion, and my judgment (if I may be permitted to say so) is mended, I cannot acknowledge that the subject of our quarrel was of a trivial nature.

Since the above note was written, I have observed that Mr. Mason has made a similar observation. MALONE.

hood,

hood, have confounded one the other³, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction⁴, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer⁵, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excell'd many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady⁶.

Post.

3.—confounded one the other,] To confound in our authour's time signified—to destroy. See Vol. V. p. 506, n. 4. MALONE.

4.—which may, without contradiction, &c.] Which, undoubtedly, may be publickly told. JOHNSON.

5.—though I profess, &c.] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his mistress, and regard her not with the fondness of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer. JOHNSON.

6.—If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excell'd many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.] The old copy reads—I could not believe she excell'd many. Dr. Warburton very properly asks, “What, if she did really excell others, could he not believe that she did excell them?” To restore therefore the passage to sense, he omits the word *not*, and reads—“I could believe she excell'd many,”—which undoubtedly affords a clear sense.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post.

"The old reading," says Mr. Steevens, "may very well stand. If, says Iachimo, your mistress went before *some* others I have seen, *only in the same degree* your diamond out-lustres many I have likewise seen, I should not admit on that account that she excelled many: *but* I ought not to make myself the judge of who is the fairest lady, or which is the brightest diamond, till I have beheld the finest of either kind which nature has hitherto produced."

To this paraphrase I make the same objection that I have done to many others in revising these plays; namely, that a meaning is extracted from the words that they in no sort warrant. In the first place Mr. S. understands the word *as* to mean *only as*, or *as little as*; and assumes that Iachimo means, not merely to deny the super-eminent and unparallel'd value of the diamond of Posthumus, but greatly to depreciate it; though both the context, and the words—*went before*, *most* precious, and *out-lustres*, must present to every reader a meaning directly opposite. *adly*. According to this interpretation, the adversative particle *but* is used without any propriety; as will appear at once by shortening Mr. Steevens's paraphrase, and adding a few words that are requisite to make the deduction consequential:

"If your mistress went before others I have seen, only in the same degree your diamond out-lustres *many* I have likewise seen, I should not admit on that account that she excelled many, [*for your diamond is an ordinary stone, and does not excel many*:] *But* I have not seen the most precious diamond in the world, nor you the most beautiful lady: *and therefore I can not admit she excels all*."

Here, after asserting that "he could not admit she excelled *many*," he is made to add, by way of qualification, and in *opposition* to what he has already said, that "inasmuch as he has not seen *all* the fine women and fine diamonds in the world, he cannot admit that she excels *all*." If he *had* admitted that she excelled *many*, this conclusion would be consistent and intelligible; but *not* admitting that position, as he is thus made to do, it is inconsequential, if not absurd.

I agree therefore entirely with Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson in thinking that the passage as it stands in the old copy, is nonsense, and that some emendation is necessary.

Dr. Warburton, as I have already observed, amended the passage by omitting the word *not*; but of all the modes of emendation this is the most exceptionable. I have often had occasion to observe that one of the most frequent errors of the press is omission, and consequently the least exceptionable of all emendations is the insertion of a word that appears from the context, or from the metre, to have been omitted. In the first folio edition of *Love's Labour's Lost* we find—

"O, that your face were full of oes"

instead

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-prized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken : the one may be sold, or given ;

instead of the true reading, which is furnished by the quarto, 1598 :

" O ; that your face were *not* so full of oes—"

Again, in *Timon of Athens*, Act V. edit. 1623 :

" — Nothing can you steal

" But thieves do lose it. *Steal less* for this,—"

All the modern editions here rightly read—" Steal *not* less for this."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, folio 1632 : " — they stand so much on the new form, that they *can* sit at ease on the old bench : " instead of " — they can *not* sit," &c. Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, folio, 1623, p. 55 : " — good gentlemen, let *him* strike the old woman ; " instead of " — let him *not* strike the old woman." See also Vol. IV. p. 516, n. 2. I could easily add twenty other instances of the same kind.

In the passage before us, I am persuaded that either the word *but* was omitted after *not*, by the carelessness of the compositor or transcriber, or, that *not* was printed instead of *but* : a mistake that has often happened in these plays. See Vol. III. p. 142, n. 1.

Of the latter opinion is Mr. Heath, who proposes to read, " I could *but* believe," and this affords nearly the same meaning as the reading now adopted. I rather incline to the emendation which I proposed some years ago, and which is now placed in the text, because the adverbative particle in the next clause of the sentence is thus more fully opposed to what precedes ; and thus the reasoning is clear, exact, and consequential. " If, says Iachimo, she surpassed other women that I have seen in the same proportion that your diamond out-lustres *many* diamonds that I have beheld, I could not *but* acknowledge that she excelled *many* women ; but I have not seen the *most* valuable diamond in the world, nor you the most beautiful woman : *and therefore I cannot admit she excels ALL.*

It is urged, that " it was the business of Iachimo on this occasion to appear an infidel to beauty, in order to spirit Posthumus to lay the wager." He is so far an infidel as not to allow Imogen transcendent beauty, surpassing the beauty of *all womankind*. It was by no means necessary, in order to excite the *adoring* Posthumus to a wager, to deny that she possessed *any* beauty whatsoever.

For the length of this note I shall make no apology. Whenever much has been already said by ingenious men on a controverted passage, in which emendation is absolutely necessary, every objection that can be made to the reading adopted should, if possible, be obviated. No one can be more an enemy to long notes, or *unnecessary* emendations, than the present editor. MALONE.

if there were * wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress⁷; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused⁸ in too bold a per-

* —if there were—] Old Copy—or if—for the purchases, &c. the compositor having inadvertently repeated the word or which has just occurred. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

7 —to convince the honour of my mistress;] Convince, for overcome. WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“—their malady convinces

“The great assay of art.” JOHNSON.

8 —abused—] Deceived. JOHNSON.

suasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Pbi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's on the approbation⁹ of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser¹. If you buy

⁹ — approbation—] Proof. JOHNSON.

¹ You are a friend, and therein the wiser.] I correct it:

You are afraid, and therein the wiser.

What Iachimo says, in the close of his speech, determines this to have been our poet's reading:—"But, I see you have some religion in you, that you fear." WARBURTON.

You are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard; and that you fear, is a proof of your religious fidelity. JOHNSON.

Though Dr. Warburton affixed his name to the preceding note, it is *verbatim* taken from one written by Mr. Theobald on this passage.

A friend in our authour's time often signified a lover. Iachimo therefore might mean that Posthumus was wise in being only the lover of Imogen, and not having bound himself to her by the indissoluble ties of marriage. But unluckily Posthumus has already said he is *not* her friend, but her adorer: this therefore could hardly have been Iachimo's meaning.

I cannot say that I am entirely satisfied with Dr. Johnson's interpretation; yet I have nothing better to propose. "You are a friend to the lady, and therefore will not expose her to hazard." This surely is not warranted by what Posthumus has just said. He is ready enough to

buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Pbi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too². If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

to expose her to hazard. He has actually exposed her to hazard by accepting the wager. He will not indeed risk his *diamond*, but has offered to lay a sum of money, that Iachimo, "with all appliances and means to boot," will not be able to corrupt her. I do not therefore see the force of Iachimo's observation. It would have been more "germaine to the matter" to have said, in allusion to the former words of Posthumus—You are *not* a friend, i. e. a lover, and therein the wiser: for all women are corruptible. MALONE.

² *If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest & dily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours, so is your diamond too:* Of the two conditions of this wager, Iachimo only mentions that which is favourable to Posthumus. Dr. Warburton thought it probable he should mention both, and therefore supposed that Shakespeare wrote—if I bring you sufficient testimony, &c. my ten thousand ducats are mine: so, &c. MALONE.

I once thought this emendation right, but am now of opinion, that Shakespeare intended that Iachimo, having gained his purpose, should deliberately drop 'the invidious and offensive part of the wager, and, to flatter Posthumus, dwell long upon the more pleasing part of the representation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both. JOHNSON.

Post.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [Exeunt *POST.* and *IACH.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phr. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1. *Lady.* I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch,— [Exeunt *Ladies.*

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [presenting a small box.]

But I beseech your grace, (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question; Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes? distill? preserve? yea, so,
 That our great king himself doth woo me oft
 For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
 (Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet
 That I did amplify my judgment in
 Other conclusions³? I will try the forces
 Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
 We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)
 To try the vigour of them, and apply
 Allayments to their act; and by them gather
 Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
 Shall from this practice but make hard your heart⁴:
 Besides, the seeing these effects will be
 Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*
 Will I first work⁵: he's for his master,
 And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
 Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
 Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
 But you shall do no harm

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—

[*Aside.*
 to Pisanio.]

³ *Other conclusions?—*] *Other experiments.* I commend, says Walton, *an angler that tries conclusions*, and improves his art. JOHNSON.
 See Vol. VII. p. 600, n. 7. MALONE.

⁴ *Your highness*

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:] There is in this passage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to push it forward into observation. The thought would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times, by a race of men that have practised tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.

Cape laxa manu, cape reboia, pastor. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Will I first work:*] She means, I believe, that on him first she will try the efficacy of her poison. MALONE.

Cor.

Cor. [*Afide.*] I do not like her°. She doth think, she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while:
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs;
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time*,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time

She will not quench; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being?,
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay

° *I do not like her.*—] This soliloquy is very inartificial. The speaker is under no strong pressure of thought; he is neither resolving, repenting, suspecting, nor deliberating, and yet makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows. JOHNSON.

This soliloquy, however inartificial in respect of the speaker, is yet necessary to prevent that uneasiness which would naturally arise in the mind of an audience on recollection that the queen had mischievous ingredients in her possession, unless they were undeceiv'd as to the quality of them; and it is no less useful to prepare us for the return of Imogen to life. STANFORD.

* — *a time,*] So the old copy. All the modern editions—for a time. MAYNARD.

? — *to shift his being,*] To change his abode. JOHNSON.

A day's

A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans *?
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops a box: Pisanio takes it up.*]

So much as but to prop him?—Thou take'st it up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more cordial:—May, I pry'thee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on^o, but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisa.*—A sly and constant
knave;

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of leigers for her sweet^a, and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

* — *that leans?* That inclines towards its fall. JOHNSON.

^o *Think what a chance thou changest on;*—] Such is the reading of the old copy, which by succeeding editors has been altered into,

Think what a chance thou *cha*ngest on;—

and Think what a *change* thou *cha*ngest on;—
but unnecessarily. The meaning is "Think with what a fair prospect
of mending your fortunes you now change your present service,"

STANLEY.

A line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* adds some support to the
reading—*thou cha*ngest on, which is much in Shakspeare's manner:

"I let thee *hesitate* him pitiful *mi*l *cha*nces." MALONE.

^a *Of leigers for her sweet;*—] A *leiger* ambassador, is one that
resides at a foreign court to promote his master's interest, JOHNSON.

See Vol II. p. 64, m. 3. MALONE.

Re-enters

Re enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done;
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.*]

Ps. And I will do:

But when to my good lord I have intru'd,
I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Another Room, in the Palace.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief¹! and those repeated
Variations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean so'er, that have their honest wills,
Which shalons comfort².—Who may this be? *Pie!*

Enter

² — O, that husband!

My supreme crown of grief¹ [*Imogen means to say, that her separation from her husband is the completion of her distress. So, in King Lear.*]

"This would have seem'd a period.

"To such as love not sorrow, but another,

"To amplify too much, would make much more.

"And so extremely."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"—the swire and top of praise."

Again, more appositely, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Make Cressid's name the very wreck of falsehood."

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"The crown and comfort of my life, your favour."

"And so, and so."

³ — *My supreme crown of grief.*

Is the completion of her distress.

How mean so'er, that have their honest wills,

Which shalons comfort. [*Imogen means to say, that her separation from her husband is the completion of her distress. So, in King Lear.*]

Enter PISANIO, and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*presents a letter.*]

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich! [*Aside.*]
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo.

of opinion that the former part of this passage means—"To be able to refine on calamity is the miserable privilege of those who are born with aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires." But, in my apprehension, Imogen's sentiment, is simply this:—*Had I been stolen by thieves in my infancy, (or, as she says in another place, born a neat-herd's daughter,) I had been happy. But instead of that, I am in a high, and, what is called, a glorious station; and most miserable is such a situation! Pregnant with calamity are those desires, which aspire to glory; to splendid titles, or elevation of rank! Happier far are those, how low soever their rank in life, who have it in their power to gratify their virtuous inclinations: a circumstance that gives an additional zest to comfort itself, and renders it something more; or, (to borrow our authour's words in another place) which keeps comfort always fresh and lasting.*

A line in *Timon of Athens*, may perhaps prove the best comment on the former part of this passage:

"O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings!"

In *King Henry VIII.* also, Anna Bullen utters a sentiment that bears a strong resemblance to that before us:

"— I swear 'tis better

"To dwell with humble livers in content,

"Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,

"And wear a golden sorrow."

Of the verb to *season*, (of which the true explanation was originally given by Mr. Steevens) so many instances occur as fully to justify this interpretation. It is used in the same metaphorical sense in *Daniel's Cleopatra*, a tragedy, 1594:

"This that did *season* all my sour of life,—"

Again,

Imo. [reads.]—*He is one of the noblest nate, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.*

LEONATUS⁴.

So far I read aloud :
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—

What ! are men mad ? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land⁵, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach⁶ ? and can we not

Partition

Again, in our authour's *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ How much salt water thrown away in haste,

“ To season love, that of it doth not taste !”

Again, in *Twelfth Night* :

“ — All this, to season

“ A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh

“ And lasting in her sad remembrance.” MALONE.

4 — as you value your trust. LEONATUS.] Mr. Mason thinks this an unsuitable conclusion of a letter to a princess and a beloved wife, and would therefore read—as you value your trust Leonatus. His conjecture would have more weight, if it were certain that these were intended as the concluding words of the letter. It is more probable that what warmed the very middle of the heart of Imogen, formed the conclusion of Posthumus's letter ; and the words—so far, and by the rest, support that supposition. Though Imogen reads the name of her husband, she might suppress somewhat that intervened. Nor, indeed, is the adjuration of light import, or unsuitable to a fond husband, supposing it to be the conclusion of the letter. Respect my friend, says Leonatus, as you value the confidence reposed in you by him to whom you have plighted your troth. MALONE.

5 — and the rich crop

Of sea and land, —] The crop of sea and land means only the productions of either element. STEEVENS.

6 — and the twinn'd stones

Upon the number'd beach ?] I have no idea in what sense the beach, or shore, should be called number'd. I have ventured, against all the copies, to substitute :

Upon th' unnumber'd beach ?—

i. e. the infinite extensive beach, if we are to understand the epithet as

Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fall and soul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such lies, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with snows the other: Nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttish, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed?

Imo.
coupled to that word. But, I rather think, the poet intended an *hyperal-*
lage, like that in the beginning of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*:

"(In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas

"Corpora.)"—

and then we are to understand the passage thus: *and the infinite number*
of twinn'd stones upon the beach THEOBALD.

Mr. THEOBALD's conjecture may derive some support from a passage
in *King Lear*:

"—— the murmur ring surge

"That in it's unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes——"

Th' *unnumber'd*, and *the number'd*, it hastily pronounced, might
easily have been confounded by the ear. It *number'd* be right, it surely
means, a Dr. Johnson has explained it, *abounding in numbers* of
stones, *numerous*. MALONE.

I know not well how to regulate this passage. *Number'd* is perhaps
numerous. *Twinn'd stones* I do not understand. *Twinn'd shells*, or
pairs of shells is very common. JOHNSON.

The pebbles on the sea-shore are so much of the same size and shape,
that *twinn'd* may mean as like as twins. So, in the *Maid of the Mill*,
by R. and J. Leitch:

"But 'tis possible that two faces

"Should be so *twinn'd* in form, complexion," &c.

Again, in our author's *Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. iv:

"Are still together, who *twinn'd* as twere, in love." STEEVENSON.

7 *Should make desire vomit emptiness,*

Not so allur'd to feed I *Iachimo*, in this counterfeited rapture,
has shewn how the *eye* and the *judgment* would determine in favour of
Imogen, comparing her with the present mistress of Posthumus, and
proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. *Desire*,
says he, when it approach'd *flattery*, and considered it in comparison with
fact (not *excess*), would not only be *not so allur'd to feed*, but seized
with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptiness*, would feel the convul-
sions of disgust, though, being ur'd, it had nothing to reject.

Vomit emptiness is, in the language of poetry, to feel the convul-
sions of aversion without plenitude. JOHNSON.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfy'd desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you, sir,
[To Pisanio.]

Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He's strange and peevish².

No one who has been ever sick at sea, can be at a loss to understand what is meant by *vomiting emptiness*. Dr. Johnson's interpretation would perhaps be more exact, if after the word *Desire* he had added, *however hungry, or sharp-set*.

A late editor, Mr. Capell, was so little acquainted with his authour, as not to know that Shakspeare here, and in some other places, uses *desire* as a trisyllable; in consequence of which, he reads—*vomit to emptiness*. MALONE.

² He's strange, and peevish.] *Strange*, I believe, signifies *by* or *backward*. So Holinshed, p. 735: "—brake to him his mind in this mischievous matter, in which he found him nothing *strange*."

Peevish anciently meant weak, silly. So, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591: "Never was any so *peevish* to imagine the moon either capable of affection, or shape of a mistress." Again, in Gossion's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "We have infinite poets and pipers, and such *peevish* cattle among us in Englande." Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"How now! a madman! why thou *peevish* theep,

"No ship of Epidamnus stays for me." STEEVENS.

Minshew in his Dictionary 1617, explains *peevish*, by *foolish*. So again, in our authour's *King Richard III*.

"When Richmond was a little *peevish* boy."

See also Vol. II. p. 187, n. 7, and Vol. VII. p. 585, n. *.

Strange is again used by our authour in his *Venus and Adonis*, in the sense in which Mr. Steevens supposes it to be used here:

"Measure my *strangeness* by my unripe years."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—I'll prove more true

"Than those that have more cunning to be *strange*."

But I doubt whether the word was intended to bear that sense here.
MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *strange* [he is a foreigner] is certainly right. Iachimo uses it again in the latter end of this scene:

"And I am something curious, being *strange*,

"To have them in safe stowage."

Here also *strange* evidently means, being a *stranger*. MALONE.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome.

[*Exit PISANIO.*]

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamefome: he is call'd
'The Briton reveller'.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home. he turnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from his free lungs, cries, O!
*Can my side hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish
For assur'd bondage?*

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

* — he is call'd

'The Briton reveller.] So, in Chaucer's *Coke's Tale*, late edit.
v. 4369:

"That he was cleped Perkin revellour." STEEVENS.

† — he turnaces

'The thick sighs from him;] So, in Chapman's preface to his translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: "—furnaceth the universall sighs and complaints of this transposed world." STEEVENS.

So, in *As you like it*:

"— And then the lover,

"Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad." MALONE.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him
might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much¹;
In you,—which I account his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing²,
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop³.

Iach. Had I this cheek

¹ — *In himself, 'tis much*;] If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable. MALONE.

² — *timely knowing*,] Rather, *timely known*. JOHNSON.
I believe Shakspeare wrote—*known*, and that the transcriber's ears deceived him here as in many other places. MALONE.

³ *What both you spur and stop*.] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it. JOHNSON.

This kind of ellipsis is common in these plays. What both you spur and stop at, the poet means. See p. 359, n. 9. MALONE.

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
 Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
 To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 Fixing it only here⁴: should I (damn'd then)
 Slave with lips as common as the stairs
 That mount the Capitol⁵, join gripes with hands
 Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
 With labour), then lie peeping in an eye⁶,
 Base and unlustrous⁷ as the smoky light
 That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
 Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
 The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
 That, from my muteest conscience, to my tongue,
 Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
 With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery⁸,
 Would make the greatest king double! to be partner'd

⁴ Fixing it only here:] The old copy has—*Fiering*. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

⁵ — as common as the stairs

That mount the Capitol;—] Shakspeare has bestowed some ornament on the proverbial phrase “as common as the high-way.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ — join gripes with hands, &c.] The old edition reads:

—join gripes with hands

Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood) as

With labour) then by peeping in an eye, &c.

I read—then *lye* peeping, &c. *Hard with falsehood* is, hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands. JOHNSON.

⁷ Base and unlustrous—] Old Copy—*illustrious*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸ — to an empery.] *Empery* is a word signifying sovereign command; now obsolete. Shakspeare uses it in *K. Richard III.*

“Your right of birth, your empery, your own.” STEEVENS.

With

With tomboys⁹, hir'd with that self-exhibition¹
 Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
 That play with all infirmities for gold
 Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff²,
 As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
 Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,

⁹ *With tomboys,*] We still call a masculine, a forward girl, a *tomboy*. So, in Middleton's *Game at Chesse*, 1625:

"Made threescore year a *tomboy*, a mere wanton."

Again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "If thou should'st rig up and down in our jackets, thou wouldst be thought a very *tomboy*."

It appears, from several of the old plays and ballads, that the ladies of pleasure, in the time of Shakspeare, often wore the habits of young men. So, in an ancient bl. let. ballad, entitled *The stout Cripple of Cornwall*:

"And therefore kept them secretlie

"To feede his fowle desire,

"Apparell'd all like gallant youthes,

"In pages' trim attyre.

"He gave them for their cognizance

"A purple bleeding heart,

"In which two silver arrowes seem'd

"The same in twaine to part.

"Thus secret were his wanton sports

"Thus private was his pleasure;

"Thus barlots in the shape of men

"Did wast away his treasure."

Verstegan, however, gives the following etymology of the word *tomboy*. "*Tumbe*. To dance. *Tumb'd*, danced; heereof wee yet call a wench that skippeth or leapeth lyke a boy, a *tomboy*: our name also of tumbling cometh from hence." STEEVENS.

¹ — *hir'd with that self exhibition*] *Gross strumpets*, hired with the *very pension* which you allow your husband. JOHNSON.

² — *such boil'd stuff,*] So, in the *Old Law* by Massinger:

"— look *parboil'd*,

"As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house." STEEVENS.

The words may mean,—*such corrupted stuff*; from the substantive *boil*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"— *boils* and plagues

"Plaster you o'er!"

But, I believe, Mr. Steevens's interpretation is the true one.

MALONE.

(As

(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets³;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips⁴.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew⁵, and to expound

His

³ *Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets*;] Sir Thomas Hanmer, supposing this to be an inaccurate expression, reads—*Live like Diana's priestess, 'twixt cold sheets*; but the text is as the authour wrote it. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, DIANA says,

"My temple stands at Ephesus; hie thee thither;—

"There, when my maiden *priests* are met together," &c.

MALONE.

⁴ *Let me my service tender on your lips.*] Perhaps this is an allusion to the ancient custom of swearing servants into noble families. So, in *Galiba Poetarum*, &c. 1599:

"——he swears him to his good abearing,

"Whilst her faire sweet lips were the books of swearing."

STEEVENS.

⁵ *As in a Romish stew.*] *Romish* was in the time of Shakspeare used instead of *Roman*. There were stews at Rome in the time of Augustus. The same phrase occurs in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"—— my

His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom⁶
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him⁷:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god⁸:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,

“ ——— my mother deem'd me chang'd,
“ Poor woman! in the loathsome *Romish* stewes.”
and the author of this piece appears to have been a scholar. Again,
in *Wit in a Constable*, by Glapthorne, 1640:

“ A *Romish* cirque, or Grecian hippodrome.”
Again, in Thomas Drant's translation of the first epistle of the second book of Horace, 1567:

“ The *Romish* people wife in this, in this point only just.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ — and a daughter whom—] Old copy—*who*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

⁷ — such a holy witch,

That he enchants societies unto him:] So, in our authour's *Lower's Complaint*:

“ — he did in the general bosom reign

“ Of young and old, and sexes both *enchanted*—

“ Consents *bewitch'd*, ere he desire, have granted.” MALONE.

⁸ — like a descended god.] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ — a station like the herald Mercury,

“ *New lighted* on a heaven-kissing hill.”

The old copy has *descended*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. *Defend* is again printed for *descend*, in the last scene of *Timon of Athens*. MALONE.

More

More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty princeſs, that I have adventur'd
 To try your taking of a falſe report; which hath
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
 In the election of a fir ſo rare,
 Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
 Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaſtleſs. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, fir: Take my power i' the court for
 yours.

* *Iach.* My humble thanks. I had almoſt forgot
 To entreat your grace but in a ſmall requeſt,
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns
 Your lord; myſelf, and other noble friends,
 Are partners in the buſineſs.

Imo. Pray, what iſ't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
 (The beſt feather of our wing,) have mingled ſums,
 To buy a preſent for the emperor;
 Which I, the factor for the reſt, have done
 In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
 Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
 And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange^a,
 To have them in ſafe ſtorage; May it pleaſe you
 To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their ſafety: ſince
 My lord hath intereſt in them, I will keep them
 In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
 Attended by my men: I will make bold
 To ſend them to you, only for this night;
 I muſt aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beſeech; or I ſhall ſhort my word,
 By length'ning my return. From Gallia
 I croſs'd the ſeas on purpoſe, and on promiſe

^a — being ſtrange,] i. e. being a ſtranger. STERVENs.

To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ;
But not away to-morrow ?

Iach. O, I must, madam :
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night :
I have outstood my time ; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you : You are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Court before CYMBELINE's Palace.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kiss'd
the jack upon an up-cast⁹, to be hit away ! I had a hun-
dred pound on't : And then a whoreson jackanapes must
take me up for swearing ; as if I borrow'd mine oaths of
him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. *Lord.* What got he by that ? You have broke his
pate with your bowl.

2. *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it
would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not
for any standers-by to curtail his oaths : Ha ?

2. *Lord.* No, my lord¹ ; nor [*aside.*] crop the ears of
them.

Clo.

⁹ — *kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast,*—] He is describing his fate at
bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He
who is nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is a state of great advan-
tage. JOHNSON.

This expression frequently occurs in the old comedies. So, in *A
Woman never vex'd*, by Rowley, 1632 :

“ This city bowler has kiss'd the mistress at the first cast.”

STEVENS.

¹ *No, my lord ; &c.*] This, I believe, should stand thus :

1. *Lord.*

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction²? 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2. *Lord.* To have smelt * like a fool. [*Aside.*

Clo. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth,—
A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2. *Lord.* You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on³. [*Aside.*

Clo. Sayest thou?

1. *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion⁴ that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2. *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1. *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2. *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

1. *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1. *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

1. *Lord.* No, my lord.

2. *Lord.* Nor crop the ears of them. [*Aside.* JOHNSON.

² *I give him satisfaction?* Old Copy—*gave*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

* *To have smelt—*] A poor quibble on the word *rank* in the preceding speech. MALONE.

³ *—with your comb on.*] The allusion is to a fool's cap, which hath a comb like a cock's. JOHNSON.

⁴ *—every companion—*] The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VII. p. 260, n. 3, and p. 392, n. 3. MALONE.

Clo.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1. *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2. *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2. *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her bed; a lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I pr'ythee,

I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies⁵, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. IACHIMO from the trunk.]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin⁶ thus
Did softly press the rushes⁷, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets⁸! That I might touch!
But kifs; one kifs!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus⁹ The flame o' the taper
Bows

⁵ From fairies, &c.] In *Macbeth* is a prayer like this:

“Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

“Gives way to in repose!” STEEVENS.

⁶ —our Tarquin—] The speaker is an Italian. JOHNSON.

⁷ Did softly press the rushes,—] It was the custom in the time of our
author to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with car-
pets. The practice is mentioned in *Cuius de Ephemera Britannica*.

JOHNSON.

So, in Thomas Newton's *Herbal to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587 —“Sedge
and rushes,—with the which many in this country do use in summer
time to strawe their parlours and churches, as well for coolness, as for
pleasant smell.”

Shakspeare has the same circumstance in his *Rape of Lucretia*:

“—by the light he spies

“Lucretia's glove wherein her needle sticks;

“He takes it from the rushes where it lies,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ —Cytherea,

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!

And whiter than the sheets!] So, in our author's *Venus and*

Adonis:

“Who seeks his true love in her naked bed,

“Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,—”

Again, in the *Rape of Lucretia*:

“Who o'er the white sheets peers her whiter chin.” MALONE.

⁹ —'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus:] The same hyperbole is found in the
Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image, by J. Marston, 1598:

Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd¹
 Under these windows²: White and azure, lac'd;
 With blue of heaven's own tinct³.—But my design?
 To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
 Such, and such, pictures;—I here the window:—Such
 The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,
 Why, such, and such⁴:—And the contents o' the story,—

“ ——— no lips did seem so fair

“ In his conceit; *through which he thinks doth lie*

“ *So sweet a breath that doth perfume the air.*” MALONE.

¹ — *now canopy'd*] Shakespeare has the same expression in *The Rape of Lucrece*.

“ Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,

“ And, canopy'd in darkness, sweetly lay,

“ Till they might open to adorn the day.” MALONE.

² *Under these windows*:] i. e. her *eyelids*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*.

“ — Thy eyes' windows fall,

“ Like death, when he shut up the day of life.”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*

“ The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day;

“ Her two blue windows faintly she up heaveth—” MALONE.

³ — *white and azure, lac'd*,

With blue of heaven's own tinct.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*.

“ What envious streaks do *lie* the severing clouds.”

These words, I apprehend, refer to Imogen's eye *lids*, (of which the poet would scarcely have given so particular a description,) but to the *inclosed lights*, i. e. her eyes: which though now shut, Iachimo had seen before, and which are here said in poetical language to be *blue*, and that blue celestial.

Dr. Warburton was of opinion that the eye lid was meant, and according to his notion, the poet intended to praise its white skin, and blue veins MALONE.

⁴ — *The arras, figures,*

Why, such, and such:—] We should print, says Mr. Mason, thus: “ — the arras figures; that is, the figures of the arras.” But he is, I think, mistaken. It appears from what Iachimo says afterwards, that he had noted, not only the figures of the arras, but the stuff of which the arras was composed.

“ ——— It was hang'd

“ With tapestry of silk and silver; the story

“ Proud Cleopatra,” &c.

Again, in Act V.

“ ——— averring noses

“ Of chamber-hanging, pictures,” &c. MALONE.

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify, to enrich mine inventory :
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying⁵ !—Come off, come off ;—
[taking off her breast]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard !—
 'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted⁶, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip⁷ : Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make : this secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en

⁵ ——— but at a monument,

Thus in a chapel lying !—] Shakspeare was here thinking of the recumbent whole-length figures, which in his time were usually placed on the tombs of considerable persons. The head was always reposed upon a pillow. He has again the same allusion in his *Rape of Lucrece*. See Vol. X. p. 109, n. 4. See also Vol. III. p. 436, n. 9. MALONE.

⁶ ——— On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted :] Our authour certainly took this circumstance from some translation of Boccaccio's novel ; for it it does not occur in the imitation printed in *Westward for Smelts*, which the reader will find at the end of this play. In the *DECAMERON*, *Ambrogino*, (the Iachimo of our authour,) who is concealed in a chest in the chamber of Madonna Gineura, (whereas in *Westward for Smelts* the contemner of female chastity hides himself under the lady's bed,) wishing to discover some particular mark about her person, which might help him to deceive her husband, " at last espied a large mole under her left breast, with several hairs round it, of the colour of gold,"

Though this mole is said in the present passage to be on Imogen's breast, in the account that Iachimo afterwards gives to Posthumus, our authour has adhered closely to his original :

" ——— under her breast

" (Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud

" Of that most delicate lodging." MALONE.

⁷ ——— like the crimson drops

I' the bottom of a cowslip :] This simile contains the smallest out of a thousand proofs that Shakspeare was a most accurate observer of nature. STEVENS.

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus³; here the leaf's turn'd down,
 Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night⁴! that dawning
 May bare the raven's eye⁵: I lodge in fear;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
 One, two, three²,—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*]

³ — *She hath been reading late,*

The tale of Tereus;] See Vol. X. p. 149, n. 1. *Tereus and Progne* is the second tale in *A Petite Palace of Petite bis pleasure*, printed in quarto, in 1576. The same tale is related in Gower's *Poem de Confessione Amantis*, B. V. fol. 113. b. and in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Lib. VI. MALONE.

⁴ — *you dragons of the night*! —] The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. Milton mentions *the dragon yoke of night* in *Il Penseroso*; and in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*: “the dragon womb of Stygian darkness.” It may be remarked that the whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 100, n. 9. MALONE.

⁵ — *that dawning*

May bare the raven's eye:] The old copy has—*bare*. The correction was proposed by Mr. Theobald; and I think properly adopted by Hanmer, and Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

The poet means no more than that the light might wake the raven, or, as it is poetically expressed, *bare his eye*. STEEVENS.

It is well known that the raven is a very early bird, perhaps earlier than the lark. Our poet says of the crow, (a bird whose properties resemble very much those of the raven) in his *Troilus and Cressida*:

“O Cressida, but that the busy day

“Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribbald crows—.”

HAIH.

² *One, two, three*] Our authour is hardly ever exact in his computation of time. Just before Imogen went to sleep, she asked her attendant what hour it was, and was informed by her, it was *almost midnight*. Iachimo, immediately after she has fallen asleep, comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have consumed more than a few minutes:—yet we are now told that it is *three o'clock*. MALONE.

S C E N E III.

An Ante-chamber, adjoining Imogen's Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN, and Lords.

1. *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1. *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning. is't not?

1. *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this musick would come: I am advis'd to give her musick o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too; if none will do, let her remain, but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings³,
And Phœbus' gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies⁴;*

And

³ *Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,]* The same hyperbole occurs in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, book v:

“ — ye birds

“ That singing up to heaven's gate ascend.”

Again,

*And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.*

So,

Again, in Shakspeare's 29th Sonnet:

"Like to the lark at break of day I sing
"From sullen earth, sings hymns at Heaven's gate"

SIRFFENS.

Perhaps Shakspeare had Lily's *Alexander and Compass*, 1554, in his thoughts, when he wrote this sonnet,

"None but the lark so shrill and clear,
"Now at Heaven's gate he claps his wings,
"The morn not waking till he sing." REED.

4 *His floods to water at those springs*

On chalic'd flowers that his,] i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. WARBURTON.

It may be noted that the cup of a flower is called *calix*, whence *calice*. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare frequently offends in this manner against the rules of grammar. So, in *Venus and Adonis*

"She lits the coffee-lids that close his eyes,
"Where lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lie"

SIRFFENS.

See also Vol. I. p. 46, n. 8; Vol. III. p. 76, n. 9, and Vol. X. p. 66, n. 9. There is scarcely a page of our author's works in which similar false concords may not be found: nor is this inaccuracy peculiar to his works, being found in many other books of his time and of the preceding age. Following the example of the former editors, I have silently corrected the error, in all places except where either the metre, or rhyme, rendered correction impossible. Whether it is to be attributed to the poet or his printer, it is such a gross offence against grammar, as no modern eye or ear could have endured, if from a wish to exhibit our author's writings with strict fidelity it had been preserved. The reformation therefore, it is hoped, will be pardoned, and considered in the same light as the substitution of modern for ancient orthography. MATONE.

5 — *pretty bin,] is very properly restored by Hammer, for pretty is: but he too grammatically reads:*

With all the things that pretty bin. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book I. c. 1.

"That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been."

Again, in *The Arrangement of Paris*, 1554:

"See, you may boast your flockes and herdes, that bin both fresh and tall."

So, get you gone : If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better⁶ : if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cat's-guts⁷, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter CYMBELINE, and Queen.

2. *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late ; for that's the reason I was up so early : He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ? Will she not forth ?

Clo. I have assail'd her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ; She hath not yet forgot him : some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king ; Who lets go by no vantages, that may Prefer you to his daughter : Frame yourself To orderly sollicit⁸ ; and be friended With aptness of the season : make denials

Again—"As fresh as *bin* the flowers in May."

Kirkman ascribes this piece to Shakspeare. The authour was George Peele. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *I will consider your musick the better :*] i. e. I will pay you more amply for it. So, in the *Winter's Tale*; ACT IV :

"—being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you," &c.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *cat's-guts,*—] The old copy reads—*calves guts.* STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. In the preceding line *voice*, which was printed instead of *vice*, was corrected by the same editor. MALONE.

⁸ *To orderly sollicit ;*] i. e. regular courtship, courtship after the established fashion. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*solicity.* The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. Mr. Mason would read—*befriended*, supposing the authour intended a participle. MALONE.

Increase

Increase your services: so seem, as if
 You were inspir'd to do those duties which
 You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
 Save when command to your dismissal tends,
 And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
 The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
 Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
 But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
 According to the honour of his sender;
 And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
 We must extend our notice^o.—Our dear son,
 When you have given good morning to your mistress,
 Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
 To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.*]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
 Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

[*knocks.*]

I know her women are about her; What
 If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
 Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves¹, yield up
 Their deer to the stand o' the stealer: and 'tis gold

^o *And towards himself his goodness forespent on us*
We must extend our notice.] That is, we must extend towards him-
 self our notice of his goodness heretofore shewn to us. Our authour
 has many similar ellipses. So, in *Julius Caesar*:

“Thine honourable metal may be wrought

“From what it is dispos'd [to].”

See Vol. VI. p. 549, n. ², and Vol. VII. p. 128, n. 8, MALONE.
 — *his goodness forespent on us,*] i. e. The good offices done by him
 to us heretofore. WARBURTON.

¹ — *false themselves,*] 'Perhaps, in this instance, *false* is not an
 adjective, but a verb; and as such, I think, is used in another of our
 author's plays. Spenser often has it:

“Thou *falsest* hast thy faith with perjury.” STEEVENS.

Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
 Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man : What
 Can it not do, and undo ? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me ; for
 I yet not understand the ease myself.
 By your leave.

[knocks.]

*Enter a Lady.**Lady.* Who's there, that knocks ?*Clo.* A gentleman.*Lady.* No more ?*Clo.* Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.*Lady.* That's more

Than some, whole tailors are as dear as yours,
 Can justly boast of : What's your lordship's pleasure ?

Clo. Your lady's person : Is she ready ?*Lady.* Ay, to keep her chamber.*Clo.* There's gold for you ; tell me your good report.

Lady. How ! my good name ? or to report of you
 What I shall think is good :—The princeis—

*Enter IMOGEN.**Clo.* Good-morrow, fairest sifter : Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir : You lay out too much pains
 For purchasing but trouble : the thanks I give,
 Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
 And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me :
 If you swear still, your recompence is still
 That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
 I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : faith,
 I shall unfold equal discourtesy
 To your best kindness : one of your great knowing
 Should learn, being taught, forbearance².

² — one of your great knowing
 Should learn, being taught, forbearance.] i. e. A man who is
 taught forbearance should learn it. JOHNSON.

Clo.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks³.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal⁴: and learn now, for all,
'That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
(Obedience, which you owe your father. For
'The contract⁵ you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot⁶;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not foil

³ *Fools are not mad folks.*] This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be: *Fools are not mad folks.* STEEVENS.

⁴ — *so verbal*: — I, so verbose, so full of talk. JOHNSON.

⁵ *The contract, &c.*] Here Shakspeare has not preserved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of character. The speech of Cloten is rough and harsh, but certainly not the talk of one,

Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. —

His argument is just and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations: as for rudeness, he seems not to be much undermatched. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *in self-figur'd knot*;] A *self-figur'd knot* is a knot formed by yourself. JOHNSON.

The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery⁷, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Pis. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues⁸, to be stil'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio⁹?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool¹;

Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman

⁷ *A hilding for a livery,*] A low fellow, only fit to wear a livery, and serve as a lacquey. See Vol. III. p. 270, n. 6; and Vol. V. 282, n. 8, p. 552, n. 1. MALONE.

⁸ — *if 'twere made*

Comparative for your virtues,] If it were considered as a compensation adequate to your virtues, to be styled, &c. MALONE.

⁹ *Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?*] Sir T. Hanmer regulates this line thus:

— all made such men.

Clo. How now?

Imo. *Pisano!* JOHNSON.

¹ *I am torighted with a fool;*] i. e. I am haunted by a fool, as by a spirit. *Over-sprighted* is a word that occurs in *Law-tricks*, &c. 1608. Again, in our author's *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ————— Julius Cæsar,

“ Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted.” STEVENS.

Search for a jewel, that too casually
 Hath left mine arm²; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
 I saw't this morning: confident I am,
 Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kifs'd it³:
 I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
 That I kifs aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [Exit PISANIO.

Clo. You have abus'd me:—

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, fir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady⁴; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, fir,

To the worst of discontent.

[Exit.

Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—

His meanest garment?—Well.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, fir: I would, I were so sure
 To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
 Will remain hers.

² ——— that too casually

Hath left mine arm;] That hath accidentally fallen from my arm by my too great negligence. MALONE.

³ *Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kifs'd it;*] *Arm* is here used by Shakspeare as a dissyllable. MALONE.

⁴ *She's my good lady;*] This is said ironically. *My good lady* is equivalent to—my good friend. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: “—and when you come to court, stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.” MALONE.

Pbi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Pbi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute*, send the arrearages,
Or look⁵ upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist⁶ though I am none, nor like to be.)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions⁷, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingl'd with their courages⁸) will make known

To

* *He'll grant the tribute,*] See p. 312, n. *. MALONE.

⁵ *Or look* —] This the modern editors had changed into *E'er look*.
Or is used for *e'er*. So Douglass, in his translation of *Virgil*:

“ — suffer it he also,

“ *Or he his goddess brocht in Latio.*” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Statist* —] i. e. Statesman. See a note on *Hamlet*. ACT V. sc. ii.
STEEVENS.

⁷ *The legions,* —] Old Copy — *legion*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.
So afterwards:

“ And that the *legions* now in Gallia are

“ Full weak to undertake our war,” &c. MALONE.

⁸ — *mingled with their courages* —] The old folio has this odd
reading:

— Their discipline,

(Now *mingl'd* with their courages) will make known.

JOHNSON.

Their

To their approvers^o, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kils'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts¹,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius² in the Britain court,

Their discipline now wing-led with their courage may mean, their discipline borrowing wings from their courage; i. e. their military knowledge being animated by their natural bravery. STEEVENS.

The same error that has happened here being often found in these plays, I have not hesitated to adopt the emendation which was made by Mr. Rowe, and received by all the subsequent editors. Thus we have in the last act of *King John*, *wind*, instead of *mind*; in *Antony and Cleopatra*, *winds*, instead of *minds*; in *Measure for Measure*, *flawes*, instead of *flames*, &c. See Vol. V. p. 565, n. 6, and Vol. VII. p. 434, n. 7. MALONE.

^o *To their approvers,*] i. e. To those who try them. WARBURTON.

¹ ——— or let her beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts,] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ ——— let not those milk paps,

“ That through the window bars bore at mens' eyes,

“ Make soft thy trenchant sword.” MALONE.

² *Phi.* *Was Caius Lucius,* &c.] This speech in the old copy is given to Posthumus. I have transferred it to Philario, to whom it certainly belongs, on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens, who justly observes that “Posthumus was employed in reading his letters.” MALONE.

When

When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Poff. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Poff. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Poff. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour.
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Poff. If you can make it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Poff. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,

(Where,

(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
 Had that was well worth watching *,) It was hang'd
 With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
 Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
 And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
 The press of boats, or pride³: A piece of work
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
 Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
 Since the true life on't was—

Post. This is true;
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,
 Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
 Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
 Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
 Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
 Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
 So likely to report themselves⁴: the cutter
 Was as another nature, dumb⁵; out-went her,
 Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
 Which you might from relation likewise reap;
 Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber

* *Had that was well worth watching,*)] i. e. that which was well worth watching, or lying awake, *for.* See p. 359, n. 9. MALONE.

¹ *And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for*

The press of boats, or pride:] Iachimo's language is such as a skillful villain would naturally use, a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shews his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art. JOHNSON.

⁴ *So likely to report themselves;*] So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture*.

⁵ *Was as another nature, dumb;*] The meaning is this: The sculptor, was as nature, but as nature dumb; he gave every thing that nature gives, but breath and motion. In breath is included speech. JOHNSON.

With

With golden cherubins is fretted⁶: Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands⁷.

Post. This is her honour!—

Let it be granted, you have seen all this⁸, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, [pulling out the bracelet.

⁶ *The roof of the chamber*

With gold cherubins is fretted.] So, &c. in *Hamil.* “—this majestic roof, fretted with golden lace—”. So Spenser’s *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. x.

“In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold

“Was fretted all about, she was array’d.” *MALONE*.

⁷ ——— nicely

Depending on their brands.] I am not sure that I understand this passage. Perhaps, Shakspeare meant that the figures of the Cupids were nicely poised on their navel torques, one of the legs of each being taken off the ground, which might render such a support necessary.

I have equal difficulty with Mr. Steevens in explaining this passage. Here seems to be a kind of tautology. I take brands to be a part of the andirons on which the wood for the fire was supported, as the upper part, in which was a kind of rack to carry a log; it is more properly termed the andiron. These irons, on which the wood lies across, generally called dogs, are here termed brands. *WHALES*.

It should seem from a passage in *The Black Boy*, a pamphlet published in 1604, that andirons in our author’s time were sometimes formed in the shape of human figures: “—ever and anon turning about to the chimney, where she saw a pair of corpulent, gigantic andirons, that stood like two turgomastis at both corners.” Instead of these corpulent turgomastis Imogen had Cupids.

The intention of the pamphlet in print, however, was only meant that the andironish deficiencies were uncommonly large. *MALONE*.

⁸ *This is her honour!*—

Let it be granted, you have seen all this, &c.] The expression is ironical. Iachimo relates many particulars, to which Posthumus answers with impatience,

‘This is her honour!’

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour. *JOHNSON*.

Be pale⁹; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—

Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[gives the ring.]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: The vows of women¹
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women², being
Corrupted, hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

⁹ — if you can,
Be pale;—] If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage.

¹ — [The vows of women, &c.] The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue. JOHNSON.

² — [if one of her women—] Of was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
 'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,
 She would not lose it: her attendants are
 All sworn, and honourable²:—They induc'd to steal it!
 And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:
 The cognizance³ of her incontinency
 Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dear-
 ly.—

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
 Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
 This is not strong enough to be believ'd
 Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't:
 She hath been colted by him.

Im. If you seek
 For further satisfying, under her breast
 (Worthy the pressing⁴;) lies a mole, right proud
 Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,

² — *her attendants are*

All sworn and honourable:] It was anciently the custom for the attendants on our nobility and other great personages (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity, on their entrance into office. In the household book of the 5th earl of Northumberland (compiled A. D. 1512.) it is expressly ordered [page 49] that "what person soever he be that commyth to my Lordes service, that incontinent after he be intred in the chequyrroul [check-roll] that he be sworn in the countyng-hous by a gentillman-usher or yeman-usher in the presence of the hede officers, and on their absence before the clerke of the kechyng-either by such a oath as is in the *Booke of Othes*, yf any such [oath] be, or els by such a oth as they shall seyme beste by their discrecion."

Even now every *servant* of the king's, at his first appointment, is sworn in, before a gentleman-usher, at the lord chamberlain's office.

PRACE.

³ *The cognizance*—] The badge; the token; the visible proof.

JOHNSON.

⁴ (*Worthy the pressing*).—] Thus the modern editions. The old folio reads,

(*Worthy her pressing*).— JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The compositor was probably thinking of the word *her* in the preceding line, which he had just composed. MARSH.

I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing:—

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something— [Exit.

Phi. Quite besides

The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath^s
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers^o? We are all bastards;

And

^s — pervert the present wrath —] i. e. turn his wrath to another
course. MALONE.

^o *Is there no way, &c.*] Milton was very probably indebted to this
speech for one of the sentiments which he has given to Adam, *Para-*
dise Lost, book x.

“ ——— O, why did God,

“ Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven

“ With spirits masculine, create at last

“ This novelty on earth, this fair defect

And that most venerable man, which I
 Did call my father, was I know not where
 When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
 Made me a counterfeit⁷: Yet my mother seem'd
 The Dian o' that time: so doth my wife
 The non-parcil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn⁸; that I thought her
 As chaste as unsmn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—

“ Of nature, and not fill the world at once
 “ With men, as angels, without feminine,
 “ Or find some other way to generate
 “ Mankind?”

See also Rhodomont's invective against women in the *Orlando Furioso*; and above all, a speech which Euripides has put into the mouth of Hippolitus in the tragedy that bears his name. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *was I know not where*

*When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
 Made me a counterfeit:]* We have again the same image in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ——— It were as good
 “ To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
 “ A man already made, as to remit
 “ Their saucy sweetnefs, that do coin heaven's image
 “ In stamps that are forbid.” MALONE.

⁸ *Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn:]* It certainly carries with it a very elegant sense, to suppose the lady's denial was so modest and delicate as even to inflame his desires: But may we not read it thus?

And pray'd me oft forbearance: *Did it, &c.*
 i. e. complied with his desires in the sweetest reserve; taking *did* in the acceptation in which it is used by Jonson and Shakspeare in many other places. WHALLEY.

See Vol. II. p. 11, n. 4.—The more obvious interpretation is in my opinion the true one.

Admitting Mr. Whalley's notion to be just, the latter part of this passage may be compared with one in Juvenal, Sat. VI. though the pudency will be found wanting:

————— omnia fient
 Ad verum, quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo
 Laomedontiades, et Nestoris hernia possit. MALONE.

This

This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
 Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one⁹,
 Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard¹. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part: Be't lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that name, nay, that hell knows, why, hers,
 In part, or all; but, rather, all: for ev'n to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
 The very devils cannot plague them better².

[Exit.

A C T

⁹ — *a German one,*] Here, as in many other places, we have *on* in the old copy, instead of *one*. See Vol. IV. p. 512, n. 7.

In *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Falstaff assures Mrs. Quickly, that—"the German *hunting* in water-work is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings." In other places, where our author has spoken of the *hunting* of the boar, a *German one* must have been in his thoughts, for the boar was never, I apprehend, hunted in England.

Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton read—*a churning on*; and, what is still more extraordinary, this strange sophistication has found its way into Dr. Johnson's most valuable Dictionary. MALONE.

¹ — *found no opposition*

But *what he look'd for should oppose, and she*

Should from encounter guard.] Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read—

—— *found no opposition*

From what he look'd for should oppose, &c.

This alteration probably escaped the observation of the late Mr. Edwards, or would have afforded occasion for some pleasant commentary. T. C.

² — *to pray they have their will*

The very devils cannot plague them better.] So, in Sir Thomas

B b 3

More's

ACT III. SCENE I.

Britain. *A Room of state in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us³?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle⁴,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in

More's Comfort against Tribulation: "God could not lightly do a man a more vengeance, than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes." STEEVENS.

³ Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us? So, in *King John*:

"Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?"

STEEVENS.

⁴ —thine uncle,] Cassibelan was great uncle to Cymbeline, who was son to Tenantius, the nephew of Cassibelan. See p. 312, n. *.

MALONE.

With

With rocks unscaleable⁵, and roaring waters;
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
 Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
 Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
 (Poor ignorant baubles⁶!) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O, giglot fortune⁷!) to master Cæsar's sword⁸,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Lis. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our
 Kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I
 said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may
 have crook'd noses; but, to owe such strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard

⁵ *With rocks unscaleable,*—] This reading is Hammer's. The old editions have—*With oaks unscalable*.— JOHNSON.

⁶ The strength of our land consists of our seamen in their wooden
 forts and castles; our *rocks*, shelves, and *fires*, that lye along our
 coasts; and our trayned bands." From chapter 109 of Bariffe's *Mili-*
tary Discipline, 1639, seemingly from Tooke's *Legend of Britomart*.
 TOLLET.

⁶ (*Poor ignorant baubles!*)] *Unacquainted* with the nature of our
 boisterous seas. JOHNSON.

⁷ *O, giglot fortune!*] O false and inconstant fortune! A *giglot* was
 a strumpet. See Vol. II. p. 122, n. 9, and Vol. VI. p. 58, n. 4. So,
 in *Hamlet*:

"Out, out, thou strumpet fortune!" MALONE.

⁸ *The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point*
— to master Cæsar's sword,] Shakspeare has here transferred
 to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius.
 "The same historie (says Holinshed) also maketh mention of *Nennius*,
 brother to Cassibellane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword
 fastened in his shield by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him.—But Nen-
 nius died within 15 dayes after the battel, of the hurt received at
 Cæsar's hand, although after he was hurt he slew Labienus one of the
 Roman tribunes." B. III. ch. 13. Nennius, we are told by Geoffrey
 of Monmouth, was buried with great funeral pomp, and Cæsar's sword
 placed in his tomb. MALONE.

as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,

Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
(Which swell'd to much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world,) against all colour², here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our
laws,

Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king³.

Luc.

² — *against all colour,*] Without any pretence of right. JOHNSON.

¹ — *Mulmutius made our laws,*

Who was the first of Britain, which did put

His brows within a golden crown, and call'd

Himself a king.] The title of the first chapter of Holinshed's third book of the History of England is—"Of Mulmucius, the first king of Britaine who was crowned with a golden crown, his lawes, his foundations, &c.

"Mulmucius,—the sonne of Cloten, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers; and after his father's decease began his reigne over the whole monarchie of Britaine in the yeare of the world 3529.—He made manie good lawes, which were long after used, called *Malmucius lawes*, turned out of the British speech into Latin by Gildas Priscus, and long time after translated out of Latin into English by Alfred king of England, and mingled in his statutes. After he had established his land,—he ordeined him, by the advice of his lords, a crowne of gold, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned;—and because he was the first that bare a crowne here in Britaine, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britaine, and all the other before-rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governours.

Among

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestick officers,) thine enemy :
Receive it from me then :—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee : look
For fury not to be resisted :—Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent
Much under him² ; of him I gather'd honour ;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance³. I am perfect⁴,

That

Among other of his ordinances, he appointed weights and measures, with the which men should buy and sell. And further he caused fore and streight orders for the punishment of theft." *Holinshed, ubi supra.* *MAISON.*

² *Thou art welcome, Caius.*

*Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent
Much under him :*] Some few hints for this part of the play are taken from Holinshed :

" Kymbeline, says he, (as some write) was brought up at Rome, and there was made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him, that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not."

" — Yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britains refused to pay that tribute."

" — But whether the controversy, which appeared to fall forth betwixt the Britains and Augustus, was occasioned by Kymbeline, I have not a vouch."

" — Kymbeline reigned thirty-five years, leaving behind him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus." *STEEVENS.*

³ — *keep at utterance.* —] means, to keep at the extremity of defiance. *Combat à outrance* is a desperate fight, that must conclude with the life of one of the combatants. So, in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date : " — Here is my gage to sustaine it to the utterance, and besight it to the death." *STEEVENS.*

So, in *Macbeth* :

" Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,

" And champion me to the utterance,"

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" — will

That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms⁵: a precedent
 Which, not to read, would shew the Britons cold:
 So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
 with us a day, or two, or longer: If you seek us after-
 wards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water
 girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall
 in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you;
 and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
 All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
 What monster's her accuser⁶?—Leonatus!
 O, master! what a strange infection

“ — will you, the knights

“ Shall to the edge of all extremity

“ Pursue each other,” &c.

Again, *ibidem*:

“ So be it, either to the uttermost,

“ Or else a breath.”

See Vol. IV. p. 356, n. 5. MALONE.

* — *I am perfect,*] I am well informed. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — in your state of honour *I am perfect.*” JOHNSON.

5 — *the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for*

Their liberties, are now in arms:—] The insurrection of the Pan-
 nonians and Dalmatians for the purpose of throwing off the Roman
 yoke, happened not in the reign of Cymbeline, but in that of his fa-
 ther Tenantius. MALONE.

6 *What monster's her accuser?*] The old copy has—*What monsters*
her accuse? The correction was suggested by Mr. Stevens. The order
 of the words, as well as the single person named by Pisanio, fully sup-
 port the emendation. *What monsters her accuse,* for *What monsters ac-*
cuse her, could never have been written by Shakspeare in a soliloquy
 like the present. Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read—
What monsters have accus'd her? MALONE.

I, fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
 (As poisonous tongu'd, as larded⁷;) hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
 She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue⁸.—O, my master!
 Thy mind to her is now as low⁹, as were
 Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter* [reading.
That I have sent her, by her own command.
Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!

⁷ — *What false Italian,*

(*As poisonous tongu'd, as larded,*)—] About Shakspeare's time the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *take in some virtue.*—] To take in a town, is to conquer it. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — cut the Ionian seas,

“ And take in Toryne.” STEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 160, n. 8. MALONE.

⁹ *Thy mind to her is now as low,*—] That is, thy mind compared to her is now as low, as thy condition was, compared to hers. Our author should rather have written—thy mind to *hers*; but the text, I believe, is as he gave it. MALONE.

¹ — *Do't,—the letter*

That I have sent her, by her own command,

Shall give thee opportunity;] Here we have another proof of what I have observed in *The Dissertation* at the end of *King Henry VI.* that our poet from negligence sometimes makes words change their form under the eye of the speaker; who in different parts of the same play recites them differently, though he has a paper or letter in his hand, and actually reads from it. A former instance of this kind has occurred in *All's well that ends well.* See Vol. III. p. 55, n. 6.

The words here read by Pisanio from his master's letter, (which is afterwards given at length, and in *prose*;) are not found there, though the substance of them is contained in it. This is one of many proofs that Shakspeare had no view to the publication of his pieces. There was little danger that such an inaccuracy should be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader. MALONE.

Black

Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act², and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded³.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him⁴,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,

² *Art thou a feodary for this act,*] Art thou too combined, art thou a confederate, in this act?—A *feodary* did not signify a feudal vassal, as Sir Thomas Hanmer and the subsequent editors have supposed, (though if the word had borne that signification, it certainly could not bear it here,) but was an officer appointed by the Court of Wards, by virtue of the Statute 32 Henry VIII. c. 46, to be *present with*, and *assistant* to the Escheators in every county at the finding of offices, and to give in evidence for the king. His duty was to survey the lands of the ward after office found, [i. e. after an inquisition had been made to the king's use,] and to return the true value thereof to the court, &c. “In cognoscendis rimandisque feudis (says Spelman) ad regem pertinentibus, et ad tenuras pro rege manifestandas tuendisque, operam navat; Escheatori ideo *adjunctus*, omnibusque nervis regiam promovens utilitatem.” He was therefore, we see, the Escheator's *associate*, and hence Shakspeare, with his usual licence, uses the word for a confederate or associate in general. The feudal vassal was not called a *feodary*, but a *feodatary* or *feudatary*. In Latin, however, *feudatarius* signified both. MALONE.

³ *I am ignorant in what I am commanded.*] i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder. STEEVENS.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

“O, I am ignorance itself in this.” MALONE.

⁴ *—let that grieve him,*—] I should wish to read:

Of my lord's health, of his content;—yet no;

That we two are asunder, let that grieve him! TYRWHITT.

The text is surely right. Let what is here contained relish of my husband's content, in every thing except our being separate from each other. Let that one circumstance afflict him! MALONE.

For

For it doth physick love⁵;)—of his content,
 All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave.—Blest he,
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Loves,
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
 'T'houg' forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables⁶.—Good news, gods!

[reads.

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his
 dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest
 of creatures, would not in reward me with your eyes? Take
 notice, that I am in Combrion, at Milford-Haven:
 What you or you love will, out of this, add if you, follow.
 So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his
 you, and you, increase in love⁸,*

Leontus Posthumus.

⁵ For it doth physick love — | Th' it is, but for absence keeps love
 in health & vigour. JOHN ON.

⁶ So, in *Milford*.

"The labour & delight in, physicks pain" STEEVENS.

In the passage in *Milford*, however, *physicks* is used in a very dif-
 ferent sense, it there means, cures. MALONE.

⁶ ———— Blest he

You bees, that make these locks of counsel! I wets,

And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike,

'T'houg' forfeiters you cast in prison, yet

You clasp young Cupid's tables] The meaning of this, which had
 been obscured by printing *forfeitures* for *forfeits*, is no more than
 that the bees are not blest, the man who is it, a bird is sent to
 prison, as they are by the liver for whom they perform the most plea-
 sing office of feeding it. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion,
 could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not
 even reward me with your eyes.*] I know not what idea this passage pre-
 sented to the late editor, who have puffed it in silence. As it stands
 in the old copy, it appears to me unintelligible. The word *not* was,
 I think, omitted in the press, since *could*. By its insertion a clear
 sense is given. Justice and the anger of your father, should I be dis-
 covered here, could not be so cruel to me, as that you, O thou dear-
 est of creatures, would be able to reward my spirits by giving me the
 happiness of seeing you. Mr Pope obtained the same sense by a less
 judicious method, by substituting *but* instead of *as*, and the three sub-
 sequent editors adopted that reading. MALONE.

⁸ ———— *ant your mere sing, &c.*] We should, I think, read thus: —
as I you, increasing in love, Leontus Posthumus — To make it plain,
 that your is to be joined in construction with *Leontus*, and not with
increasing, and that the latter is a participle present, and not a noun.

TYRWHITT

O, for

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio, (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,— O, let me 'hate,—but not like me:—yet long'st,— But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me; For mine's beyond, beyond,) say, and speak thick, (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing, To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way, Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as To inherit such a haven; But, first of all, How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence-going, And our return*, to excuse:—but first, how get hence? Why should excuse be born or e'er begot? We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak, How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun, Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man, Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers†, Where horses have been nimbler than the sands That run i' the clock's behalf‡:—But this is foolery:— Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently, A riding suit; no costlier than would fit

* — *from our hence-going,* †

And *our return*,] i. e. in consequence of our going hence and returning back. All the modern editors, adopting an alteration made by Mr. Pope, read—*Till our return.* MALONE.

† *Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?*] Why should I contrive an excuse, before the act is done, for which excuse will be necessary? MALONE.

‡ — *of riding wagers,*] Of wagers to be determined by the speed of horses. MALONE.

§ *That run i' the clock's behalf:*—] This fantastical expression means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure time. WARBURT.

A franklin's housewife³.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider*.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through⁴. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys⁵: This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through

3 *A franklin's housewife.*] A franklin is literally a freeholder, with a small estate, neither villain nor vassal. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 149, n. 2. MALONE.

* — you're best consider.] See p. 404, n. 2. MALONE.

4 *I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,*

That I cannot look through] The lady says: "I can see neither one way nor other, before me nor behind me, but all the ways are covered with an impenetrable fog." There are objections insuperable to all that I can propose, and since reason can give one no counsel, I will resolve at once to follow my inclination. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's paraphrase is not, I think, perfectly correct. I believe Imogen means to say, "I see neither on this side, nor on that, nor behind me; but find a fog in each of those quarters that my eye cannot pierce. The way to Milford alone is clear and open: Let us therefore instantly set forward:

"Accessible is none but Milford way."

By "*what ensues*," which Dr. Johnson explains perhaps rightly, by the words *behind me*, Imogen means, what will be the consequence of the step I am going to take. MALONE.

5 — *Stoop, boys:*] The old copy reads—*sleep*, boys:—from whence Hamner conjectured that the poet wrote—*stoop*, boys—as that word affords a good introduction to what follows. Mr. Rowe reads—*Sir, boys—*," which (as usual) had been silently copied. STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*sweet boys*; which is more likely to have been confounded by the ear with "*sleep boys*," than what Sir T. Hamner has substituted. MALONE.

And

And keep their impious turbands on⁶, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arr. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd⁷: 'To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle⁸ in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check⁹;

⁶ — *their impious turbands on*, —] The idea of a giant was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen. JOHNSON.

⁷ *This service, &c.*] In war it is not sufficient to do duty well; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act. JOHNS.

This service means, any particular service. The observation relates surely to the court, as well as to war. MALONE.

⁸ *The sharded beetle* —] i. e. the beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry *husks* or *shards*. So, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 102. b.

“That with his sword, and with his spere,

“He might not the serpent dere:

“He was so *sharded* all aboute,

“It held all edge.woole withoute.”

Gower is here speaking of the dragon subdued by Jason. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 362, n. 4. Cole in his Latin Dict. 1679, has—

“A *shard* or crust—*Crusta*,” which in the Latin part he interprets—

“A crust or shell, a rough casing; shards.” “The cases (says Goldsmith) which beetles have to their wings, are the more necessary, as they often live under the surface of the earth, in holes, which they dig out by their own industry.” These are undoubtedly the *safe holds* to which Shakspeare alludes. MALONE.

⁹ — *attending for a check*;] *Check* may mean in this place a *re-proof*; but I rather think it signifies *command*, *control*. Thus in *Troilus and Crissida*, the restrictions of Aristotle are called Aristotle's *checks*. STEEVENS.

Prouder,

Richer, than doing nothing for a babe¹;
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
 Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Gai. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
 What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known; well corresponding
 With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is
 A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit².

Arv. What should we speak of³,
 When we are as old as you? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse

¹ — *than doing nothing for a babe*;] I have always suspected that the right reading of this passage is what I had not in a former edition the confidence to propose:

Richer, than doing nothing for a *brabe*.

Brabium is a badge of honour, or the enign of an honour, or any thing worn as a mark of diguity. The word was strange to the editors, as it will be to the reader; they therefore changed it to *babe*; and I am forced to propose it without the support of any authority. *Brabium* is a word found in Holyoak's Dictionary, who terms it a *reward*. Cooper, in his *Thesaurus*, defines it to be a *prize*, or *reward for any game*. JOHNSON.

A *babe* and *baby* are synonymous. A *baby* being a puppet or *plaything* for children, perhaps, if there be no corruption, a *babe* here means a puppet:—but I think with Dr. Johnson that the text is corrupt. For *babe* Mr. Rowe substituted *bauble*, which in old spelling was *bable*. Sir T. Hanmer reads—for a *bribe*.

Doing nothing in this passage means, I think, being *busy* in petty and unimportant employments: in the same sense as when we say, *melius est otiosum esse quam nihil agere*. MALONE.

² *To stride a limit*.] To overpass his bound. JOHNSON.

In the preceding line the old copy reads—A prison, or a debtor, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

³ *What should we speak of*, &c.] This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind.

JOHNSON.

The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
 We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
 Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak⁴!

Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
 The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger
 I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the search:
 And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
 Must court'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
 The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
 With Roman swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
 And when a foldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather⁵.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
 But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
 I was confederate with the Romans: so,

How you speak!] Otway seems to have taken many hints for the
 variation that passes between Acasto and his sons, from the scene
 between STEEVENS,

And left me bare to weather.] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"That numberlets upon me stuck, as leaves

"Down on the oak, have with one winter's brush

"Fallen from their boughs, and left me, open, bare,

"For every storm that blows." STEEVENS.

Follow'd

Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
 This rock, and these demefnes, have been my world:
 Where I have liv'd at honeft freedom; pay'd
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all
 The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
 This is not hunters' language: He, that strikes
 The venifon firft, fhall be the lord o' the feaft;
 To him the other two fhall minifter;
 And we will fear no poifon, which attends
 In place of greater ftate. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt Gui. and Arv.*]

How hard it is, to hide the fparks of nature!
 Thefe boys know little, they are fons to the king;
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up
 thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow⁶, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
 In fimple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore⁷,—
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom

⁶ — wherein they bow,—] The old copy has—*whereon*; and the inftead of *they*. The latter error is found in many paffages in thefe plays; and in all the contemporary dramatick writers. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. Belarius, as he obferves, had before fpoken of the *lownefs* of the cave. See p. 383. MALONE.

⁷ — *This Polydore*,—] The old copy of the play (except here, where it may be only a blunder of the printer,) calls the eldeft fon of Cymbeline Polydore, as often as the name occurs; and yet there are fome who may afk whether it is not more likely that the printer fhould have blundered in the other places, than that he fhould have hit upon fuch an uncommon name as *Paladour* in this fift inftance.

Paladour was the ancient name for *Shaftfbury*. So, in *A Meeting Dialogue-wife between Nature, the Phoenix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R. Chetler, 1601:

“ This noble king builded faire Caerguent,

“ Now cleped Winchefter of worthie fame;

“ And at mount *Paladour* he built his tent,

“ That after-ages *Shaftfburie* hath to name.” STEEVENS.

I believe, however, *Polydore* is the true reading. In the pages of Holinshed which contain an account of Cymbeline, *Polydore* [i. e. Polydore Virgil] is often quoted in the margin; and this probably fuggelted the name to Shakfpeare. MALONE.

The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats.
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal⁷,
 (Once, Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
 O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes⁸;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave*:
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO, and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place

⁷ *The younger brother, Cadwal,]* This name is found in an ancient poem, entitled *King Arthur*, which is printed in the same collection with the *Meeting Dialogue-wife*, &c. quoted in the preceding note:

“—Aegifell, king of stout Albania,

“And Caduall, king of Vinedocia—”.

In this collection one of our author's own poems was originally printed. See Vol. X. p. 341, n. 9. MALONE.

⁸ *—I stole these babes;]* Shakspeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob them father of heirs. The latter part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to himself what he could not know better by telling it. JOHNSON.

* *—to her grave:]* i. e. to the grave of Euriphile; or, to the grave of their mother, as they suppose it to be. The poet ought rather to have written—to thy grave. MALONE.

Was near at hand :—Ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now :—Pisano! Man!
 Where is Posthūmus? What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
 From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
 Into a haviour of less fear¹, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staidier senses. What's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? If it be summer news,
 Smile to't before²: if winterly, thou need'st

9 *Where is Posthūmus?*—] Shakspeare's apparent ignorance of quantity is not the least among many proofs of his want of learning. Throughout this play he calls *Postūmus*, *Posthūmus*, and *Arvirāgus*. It may be said that quantity in the age of our author did not appear to have been much regarded. In the tragedy of *Darius*, by William Alexander of Menstrie, (lord Sterline) 1603, *Darius* is always called *Darius*, and *Euphrātes*, *Euphrātes*:

“The dialen that *Darius* erst had borne—

“The famous *Euphrātes* to be your border—”

Again, in the 21st Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“That gliding go in state like swelling *Euphrātes*.”

Throughout Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, *Euphrātes* is likewise given instead of *Euphrates*. STEEVENS.

In *A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature, The Phoenix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R. Chester, 1601, *Arviragus* is introduced, with the same neglect of quantity as in this play:

“Windsor, a castle of exceeding strength,

“First built by *Arvirāgus*, Britaine's king.”

Again, by Heywood in his *Britaynes Trey*:

“Now *Arvirāgus* reigns, and takes to wife

“The emperor Claudius's daughter.”

It seems to have been the general rule, adopted by scholars as well as others, to pronounce Latin names like English words: Shakspeare's neglect of quantity therefore proves nothing. MALONE.

1 — *haviour* —] This word, as often as it occurs in Shakspeare, should not be printed as an abbreviation of *behaviour*. *Haviour* was a word commonly used in his time. See Spenser, *Æglogue* 9:

“Their ill *haviour* garres men mislay.” STEEVENS.

2 — *if it be summer news,*

Smile to't before:] So, in our authour's 98th Sonnet:

“Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell

“Of different flowers in odour and in hue,”

“Could make me any *summer's story* tell.” MALONE.

But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd³ Italy hath out-crafty'd him⁴,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandur to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile⁵; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds⁶, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states⁷,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

³ —*drug-damn'd*—] This is another allusion to Italian poisons.

JOHNSON.

⁴ —*out-crafty'd him*,] Thus the old copy, and so Shakspere certainly wrote. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ — chaste as the icicle,

“ That's curdy'd by the frost from purest snow.”

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—*out-crafted*, here, and curdled in *Coriolanus*. MALONE.

⁵ — *worms of Nile*;] Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called worms. STEEVENS.

See Vol VI. p. 190, n. 9, and Vol. VII. p. 594, n. 3. MALONE.

⁶ Rides on the posting winds,—] So, in *K. Henry V.*

“ — making the wind my post-horse.” MALONE.

⁷ — *states*,] Persons of highest rank. JOHNSON.

See p. 202, n. 8. MALONE.

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pif. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy⁸,
Whose mother was her painting⁹, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion¹;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ript:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pif. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthumus,

⁸ — *Some jay of Italy,*] There is a prettiness in this expression; *putta*, in Italian, signifying both a *jay* and a *wbore*: I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Merry Wives*, &c. “—teach him to know turtles from jays.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Whose mother was her painting,*—] *Some jay of Italy*, made by art; the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may be not improperly termed her *mother*. JOHNSON.

I met with a similar expression in one of the old comedies, but forgot to note the date or name of the piece: “—parcel of conceited feather-caps. *whose fathers were their garments.*” STEEVENS.

In *All's Well that ends Well*, we have:

“—whose judgments are

“*Mere fathers of their garments.*” MALONE.

¹ *Poor I am stale*, a garment out of fashion;] This image occurs in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620, immediately at the conclusion of the tale on which our play is founded: “But (said the Brainford fish-wife) I like her as a garment out of fashion.” STEEVENS.

Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men²;
 Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
 From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
 Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,
 A little witness my obedience: Look!
 I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
 Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
 Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
 The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
 Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine,
 That cravens my weak hand*. Come, here's my heart;—
 Something's afore't³:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
 Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
 The scriptures⁴ of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools

² *Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;*] i. e. says Mr. Upton, "wilt infect and corrupt their good name, (like sour dough that leaveneth the whole mass) and wilt render them suspected." In the line below he would read—*fall*, instead of *fail*. So, in *K. Henry V.*

"And thus thy *fail* hath left a kind of blot

"To mark the full-fraught man, and best-indued,

"With some suspicion."

I think the text is right. MALONE.

* *That cravens my weak hand.*] 'That makes me afraid to put an end to my own life. See Vol. III. p. 237, n. 2. MALONE.

³ *Something's afore't:—*] The old copy reads—*Something's a-foot.* JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁴ *The scriptures.*—] So Ben Jonson, in *The sad Shepherd*:

"The lover's scriptures, Heliodore's, or Tattius'."

Shakspeare, however, means in this place, an opposition between *scripture*, in its common signification, and *heresy*. STEVENS.

Believe false teachers : Though those that are betray'd
 Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthumus,
 That did'st set up my disobedience 'gainst
 The king my father, and make me put into contempt
 The suits of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself,
 To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
 That now thou tir'st on⁵, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch :
 The lamb entreats the butcher : Where's thy knife ?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady !

Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first⁶.

Imo. Wherefore then

Did'st undertake it ? Why hast thou abus'd
 So many miles, with a pretence ? this place ?
 Mine action, and thine own ? our horses' labour ?
 The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court,

⁵ *That now thou tir'st on,—*] A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which he pecks ; from *tirer*, French. JOHNSON.

⁶ *I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.*] The word *blind* was supplied by Dr. Johnson. Sir T. Hanmer had made the same emendation. It is alike necessary to the sense and the metre. Dr. Johnson likewise proposed—

I'll wake mine eye-balls out first. MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture may be supported by the following passage in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611 : “ — I'll ride to Oxford, and *wake out* mine eyes, but I'll hear the brazen head speak.” Again, in *the Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608 :

“ — A piteous tragedy ! able to *wake*

“ An old man's eyes blood-shot.” STEEVENS.

Again, as Mr. Steevens has observed in a note on the *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Here she exclaims against *repose* and *rest* ;

“ And bids her eyes hereafter still be *blind*.” MALONE.

For my being absent ; whereunto I never
 Purpose return ? Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent ⁷, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee ⁸ ?

Pis. But to win time
 To lose so bad employment : in the which
 I have consider'd of a course ; Good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary ; speak :
 I have heard, I am a strumpet ; and mine ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
 I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like ;
 Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither :
 But if I were as wise as honest, then
 My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
 But that my matter is abus'd :
 Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
 Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
 I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
 Some bloody sign of it ; for 'tis commanded
 I should do so ; You shall be mis'd at court,
 And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
 What shall I do the while ? Where bide ? How live ?
 Or in my life what comfort, when I am
 Dead to my husband ?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father ; nor no more ado

⁷ *To be unbent,—*] To have thy bow unbent, alluding to a hunter.
 JOHNSON.

⁸ — *when thou hast ta'en thy stand,*

The elected deer before thee] So, in one of our authour's poems,
Passionate Pilgrim, 1599:

“ *Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,*

“ *And shall'd the deer that thou should'st strike.*” MALONE.

With

With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing⁹;
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then¹?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
'To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is²; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view³: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty⁴, not death on't,

⁹ *With that harsh, noble, &c.*] Some epithet of two syllables has here been omitted by the compositor; for which, having but one copy, it is now vain to seek MALONE.

¹ *Where then?*] Hanmer has added these two words to Pisanio's speech. Mr. Maſon would read—*What then?*—Perhaps Imogen silently answers her own question: "*anywhere*, Hath Britain," &c. MALONE.

² — *Now, if you could wear a mind Dark as your fortune is; &c.*] To wear a dark mind, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the mind, is *secrecy*; applied to the fortune, is *obscurity*. The next lines are obscure. *You must*, says Pisanio, *disguise that greatness, which, to appear hereafter in its proper form, cannot yet appear without great danger to itself.* JOHNSON.

³ — *full of view:—*] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Though peril to my modesty,—*] I read:—*Through* peril.—*I would for such means adventure through peril of modesty; I would risk every thing but real dishonour.* JOHNSON.

I would

I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) into a waggish courage;
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy³!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your labourfome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him know⁴,
If that his head have ear in musick,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad *

³ *Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!*

Alack, no remedy!)] I think it very natural to reflect in this distress on the cruelty of Posthumus. Dr. Warburton proposes to read—the harder *bag*! JOHNSON.

⁴ — *which you'll make him know,*] This is Hamner's reading. The common books have it:—which *will* make him know. Mr. Theobald, in one of his long notes, endeavours to prove, that it should be:—which *will* make him *so*. He is followed by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

The words were probably written at length in the manuscript, *you will, and you omitted* at the press: or *will* was printed for *we'll*.

MALONE.

* — *your means abroad, &c.*] As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me. So, in Sc. v. "—thou should'st neither want my *means* for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment." MALONE.

You

You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away :
There's more to be consider'd ; but we'll even
All that good time will give us⁵ : This attempt
I am soldier to⁶, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell ;
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box ; I had it from the queen ;
What's in't is precious : if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood : —May the gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOREN, LUCIUS, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence ;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—

⁵ ——— we'll even

All that good time will give us :—] We'll make our work *even*
with our time ; we'll do what time will allow. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *This attempt*

I am soldier to] i. e. I have enlisted and bound myself to it.

WARBURTON.

Rather, I think, I am equal to this attempt ; I have enough of
ardour to undertake it. MALONE.

Madam,

Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you*!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:—

So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

* — all joy befall your grace and you!] I think we should read—
In grace and you. MALONE.

Re-enter

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, fir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Att. Please you, fir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
'That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! *[Exit.]*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.— *[Exit CLOTEN.]*
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night fore-stall him of the coming day*! *[Exit Queen.]*
Clo.

* ————— May

This night fore-stall him of the coming day!] i. e. may his grief
this

Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
 And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 Than lady, ladies, woman⁷; from every one
 The best she hath⁸, and she, of all compounded,
 Outfills them all: I love her therefore; But,
 Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
 The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
 That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,
 I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
 To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah;
 Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
 Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
 Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
 I will not ask again. Close villain,
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
 Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
 From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
 A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
 How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
 He is in Rome.

this might prevent him from ever seeing another day, by an anticipated and premature destruction! So, in Milton's *Masque*:

"Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them." MALONE.

⁷ *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 Than lady, ladies, woman;*] *She has all courtly parts,* says he,
more exquisite than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.

JOHNSON.

There is a similar passage in *All's well that ends well*, ACT II. sc. iii.
 "To any count; to all counts; to what is man." TOLLET.

⁸ — from every one

The best she hath,] So, in *The Tempest*:

"—but you, O you,

"So perfect, and so peerless, are created

"Of every creature's best." MALONE.

Clo.

Clot. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!

Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her slight. *[presenting a letter.]*

Clot. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish⁹.

She's far enough; and what he learns by this, *} Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

⁹ *Or this, or perish.*] These words, I think, belong to Cloten, who, requiring the paper, says:

Let's see't: I will pursue her

Even to Augustus' throne. Or this, or perish.

Then Pisanio giving the paper, says to himself:

She's far enough, &c. JOHNSON.

I own I am of a different opinion. *Or this, or perish*, properly belongs to Pisanio, who says to himself, as he gives the paper into the hands of Cloten, *I must either give it him freely, or perish in my attempt to keep it: or else the words may be considered as a reply to Cloten's boast of following her to the throne of Augustus, and are added slyly: Thou wilt either do what you say, or perish, which is the more probable of the two.* STEEVENS.

Cloten knew not, till it was tendered, that Pisanio had such a letter as he now presents; there could therefore be no question concerning his giving it *freely* or *with-holding* it.

These words, in my opinion, relate to Pisanio's present conduct, and they mean, I think, "I must either *practise this deceit* upon Cloten, or perish by his fury." In the fifth act (as Mr. Henley has observed) Pisanio gives the following account of the transaction now before us:

"——— Lord Cloten,

"Upon my lady's missing, came to me

"With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,

"If I discover'd not which way she was gone,

"It was my instant death: By accident,

"I had a feigned letter of my master's

"Then in my pocket, which directed him

"To seek her on the mountains near to Milford." MALONE.

Clo. Humh!

Pis. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside.*]

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy foe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again.

again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments ?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven ?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber ; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee : the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford ; 'Would I had wings to follow it !—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss : for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true *.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her ! This fool's speed Be crost with slowness ; labour be his meed ! [*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one : I have tir'd myself ; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee, Thou wast within a ken : O Jove ! I think, Foundations fly the wretched : such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me, I could not miss my way : Will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them ; knowing 'tis A punishment, or trial ? Yes : no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true : To lapse in fullness

* *To him that is most true.*—] Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter, commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as true, supposing, as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain, equally an enemy to them both. MATONZ.

Is forer¹, than to lie for need ; and falshood
 Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord !
 Thou art one o' the false ones : Now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food.—But what is this ?
 Here is a path to it : 'Tis some savage hold :
 I were best not call² ; I dare not call : yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards ; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho ! who's here ?
 If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,
 Take, or lend³.—Ho !—No answer ? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens ! [She goes into the cave.

Enter

¹ *Is forer*,—] Is a greater, or heavier crime. JOHNSON.

² *I were best not call* ;—] Mr. Pope was so little acquainted with the language of Shakspeare's age, that instead of this the original reading, he substituted—'Twere best not call. MALONE.

³ *If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage, Take, or lend*.—] I question whether, after the words, *if savage*, a line be not lost. I can offer nothing better than to read :

—— Ho ! who's here ?

If any thing that's civil, take or lend,

If savage, speak.

If you are civilised and peaceable, take a price for what I want, or lend it for a future recompence ; if you are rough inhospitable inhabitants of the mountain, speak, that I may know my state. JOHNSON.

It is by no means necessary to suppose that *savage bold* signifies the habitation of a beast. It may as well be used for the cave of a *savage*, or *wild man*, who, in the romances of the time, were represented as residing in the woods, like the famous *Orson*, *Breno* in the play of *Mucedorus*, or the savage in the seventh canto of the fourth book of Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and the 6th B. C. 4. STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think is, If any one resides here that is accustomed to the modes of civil life, answer me ; but if this be the habitation of a wild and uncultivated man, or of one banished from society, that will enter into no converse, let him at least silently furnish we with enough to support me, accepting a price for it, or giving it to me without a price, in consideration of future recompence. Dr. Johnson's interpretation of the words *Take, or lend*, is supported by what Imogen says afterwards—

“ Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought

“ To have *begg'd*, or *bought*, what I have took.”

but

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman⁴, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth*
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll brouze on
that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy. [*looking in.*

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found

but such licentious alterations as transferring words from one line to another, and transposing the words thus transferred, ought, in my apprehension, never to be admitted. MALONE.

In the next act Imogen says,

"Our courtiers say, all's *savage* but at court."

and in *As you like it*, Orlando says,

"I thought that all things had been *savage* here." MASON.

* — *best woodman*,] i. e. the best archer. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"He is no woodman that doth bend his bow

"Against a poor unseasonable doe." MALONE.

* — *while resty sloth*—] *Resty* signified, mouldy, rank. See *Minshew*, in v. The word is yet used in the north. Perhaps, however, it is here used in the same sense in which it is applied to a horse. MALONE.

Gold strew'd o' the floor^s. Here's money for my meat;
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arr. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty
I bid for you, as I'd buy^o.

5 — o' the floor.] Old Copy—i' the floor. Corrected by Hanmer.
MALONE.

6 *I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty
I bid for you, as I'd buy.*] The old copy reads—as I do buy, The
correction was made by Sir T. Hanmer. He reads unnecessarily, *I'd bid*
for you, &c. In the folio the line is thus pointed:

I should woo hard, but be your groom in honesty:

I bid for you, &c. MALONE.

I think this passage might be better read thus;

I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty

I bid for you, as I'd buy.

That is, I should woo hard, but I would be your bride-groom. [And
when I say that I would woo hard, he assured that] in honesty I bid
for you, only at the rate at which I would purchase you. TAYLOR.

Arr.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting?
'To thee, Posthumus. } *Aside.*

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would, I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
'That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes¹.)

Could

1 — then had my prize

Been less; and so more equal ballasting—] Hanmer reads plausibly, but without necessity, *price for prize*, and *balancing for ballasting*. He is followed by Dr. Warburton. The meaning is,—Had I been less a prize, I should not have been too heavy for Posthumus. JOHNSON.

Between *prize* and *price* the distinction was not always observed in our authour's time, nor is it at this day; for who has not heard persons above the vulgar confound them, and talk of high-*priz'd* and low-*priz'd* goods? MALONE.

The sense is, then had the prize thou hast mastered in me been less, and not have sunk thee, as I have done, by over-lading thee. HATH.

² *That nothing gift of differing multitudes,*)] The poet must mean, that court, that obsequious adoration, which the shifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am persuaded therefore our poet coined this participle from the French verb, and wrote:

That nothing gift of *desfering* multitudes:
i. e. obsequious, paying deference.—*Deferer, Ceder par respect a quelcun, obeir, condescendre, &c.*—*Deferent, civil, respectueux, &c.* Richalet. THEOBALD.

He is followed by Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton; but I do not see why *differing* may not be a general epithet, and the expression equivalent to the *many-beaded rabble*. JOHNSON.

Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false⁹.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have sup'd,
We'll manneily demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gai. Pray, draw near.

Arw. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less
welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arw. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Rome.

Enter two Senators, and Tribunes.

1. Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that¹ the legions now in Gallia are

It certainly may; but then nothing is predicated of the many-headed multitude, unless we supply words that the text does not exhibit, "That worthless boon of the *desiring* or many-headed multitude, [*attending upon them, and paying their court to them*];" or suppose the whole line to be a periphrasis for *adulation* or *obsequence*.

There was no such word as *desiring* or *deserving* in Shakspeare's time. "*Deserve* a une compaignie," Cotgrave in his Dictionary, 1611, explains thus: "To yeeld, *reserre*, or attribute much, unto a compaignie." MALONE.

That *nothing* *g* *st* which the multitude are supposed to bestow, is glory, reputation, which is a present of little value from their hands; as they are neither unanimous in giving it, nor constant in continuing it. HEATH.

⁹ Since Leonatus false.] As Shakspeare has used "thy mistress's ear," and "Menelaus' tent," for thy mistress's ear and Menelaus's tent, so, with still greater licence, he uses—Since *Leonatus false*, for—Since Leonatus is false.—It has been proposed to read—Since *Leonatus* is false.

MALONE.

¹ That since the common men are now in action

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,

And that, &c.] These facts are historical. STEEVENS.

See p. 387, n. 5. MALONE.

Full

Full weak to undertake our wars against
 The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
 The gentry to this bulwark: He creates
 Lucius pro-consul; and to you the tribunes,
 For this immediate levy, he commands
 His absolute commission². Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2. Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1. Sen. With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
 Must be suppliant: The words of your commission
 Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
 Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The forest, near the cave.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if
 Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments
 serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made
 by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the tailor
 (saving reverence of the word) for, 'tis said, a woman's
 fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the woman too.
 I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a
 man and his glass to conter; in his own chamber, I
 mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no
 less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes,
 beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in
 birth, alike conversant in general services, and more re-

² — to you—he commands

His absolute commission.—] He commands the commission to be
 given to you. So we say, I ordered the materials to the workmen.

JOHNSON.
 remarkable

markable in single oppositions³: yet this imperseverant⁴ thing loves him in my despight. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face⁵: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Before the Cave.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: [*to Imo.*] remain here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

³ — *in single oppositions*:] In single combat. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

“ In *single opposition*, hand to hand,

“ He did confound the best part of an hour,

“ In changing hardiment with great Glendower.”

An *opposite* was in Shakspeare the common phrase for an adversary, or antagonist. See Vol. VI. p. 615, n. 5. MALONE.

⁴ — *imperseverant*—] Thus the former editions. Hammer reads—*ill-perseverant*. JOHNSON.

Imperseverant may mean no more than *perseverant*, like *im-bosom'd*, *impassion'd*, *immask'd*. STEVENS.

⁵ — *before thy fate*:] Posthumus was to have his head struck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face! We should read,—*her face*, i. e. Imogen's: done to despite her, who had said, she esteem'd Posthumus's garment above the person of Cloten. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare, who in the *Winter's Tale*, makes a clown say, “ If thou'lt see a thing to talk on after thou art dead,” would not scruple to give the expression in the text to so fantastic a character as Cloten. The garments of Posthumus might indeed be cut to pieces before his face, though his head went off; no one, however, but Cloten would consider this circumstance as any aggravation of the insult, MALONE.

Arv.

Arw. Brother, stay here : [to Imogen.]
Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not ;—yet I am not well :
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick : So please you, leave me ;
Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom
Is breach of all ⁶. I am ill ; but your being by me
Cannot amend me : Society is no comfort
To one not sociable : I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :
I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
How much the quantity ⁷, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how ? how ?

Arw. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why,
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain ! [Aside.]
O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :
Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace.

⁶ *Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom
Is breach of all.*] Keep your daily course uninterrupted ; if the
stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *How much the quantity,—*] I read :

As much the quantity. JOHNSON.

Surely the present reading has exactly the same meaning. *How*
much soever the mass of my affection to my father may be, so much
precisely is my love for thee : and as much as my filial love weighs,
so much also weighs my affection for thee. MALONE.

I am

I am not their father ; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arw. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arw. You health.—So please you, fir^s.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what
lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :

Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !

The imperious seas * breed monsters ; for the dish,

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still ; heart-sick :—Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him⁹ :

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate¹ ;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arw. Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field :—

We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

Arw. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever².—

[*Exit Imogen.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arw. How angel-like he sings !

* — *So please you, fir.*] I cannot relish this courtly phrase from the mouth of Arviragus. It should rather, I think, begin Imogen's speech.
TYRWHITT.

* *The imperious seas*—] *Imperious* was used by Shakspeare for *imperial*. See p. 264. n. *. MALONE.

⁹ *I could not stir him :*] Not move him to tell his story. JOHNSON.

¹ — *gentle, but unfortunate ;*] *Gentle*, is *well born*, of birth above the vulgar. JOHNSON.

² *And shalt be ever.*—] That is, you shall ever receive from me the same kindness that you do at present : you shall thus only be bound to me for ever. MALONE.

Gui. But his neat cookery³! He cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arw. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a figh: as if the figh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the figh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both⁴,
Mingle their spurs together⁵.

Arw. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder⁶, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

3 *Gui. But his neat cookery! &c.*] Only the first four words of this speech are given in the old copy to Guiderius: The name of Arviragus is prefixed to the remainder, as well as to the next speech. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

4 — *rooted in him both,*] Old Copy—in them. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

5 *Mingle their spurs together.*] *Spurs* are the longest and largest leading roots of trees. Our poet has again used the same word in *The Tempest*:

“ — the strong-bas'd promontory
“ Have I made shake, and by the *spurs*
“ Pluck'd up the pine and cedar.”

Hence probably the *spur* of a post; the short wooden buttress affixed to it, to keep it firm in the ground. MALONE.

6 — *stinking elder,*—] Shakspeare had only seen *English wines* which grow against walls, and therefore may be sometimes entangled with the elder. Perhaps we should read—*untwine*—from the wine. JOHNSON.

Surely this is the meaning of the words without any change. May patience increase, and may the stinking elder, grief, no longer twine his decaying [or destructive, if *perishing* is used actively,] root with the vine, patience, thus increasing!—As to *untwine* is here used for *to cease to twine*, so, in *K. Henry VIII.* the word *uncontemned* having been used, the poet has constructed the remainder of the sentence as if he had written *not contemned*. See Vol. VII. p. 76, n. 8. MALONE.

Sir John Hawkins proposed to read—*entwine*. He says, “Let the stinking elder [*Grief*] *entwine* his root with the vine [*Patience*], and in the end Patience must outgrow Grief.” STEEVENS.

Bel. It is great morning⁵. Come; away.—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!

Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.]

* *Clo.* Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
*A slave*⁶ without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth⁷. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee⁸.

⁵ *It is great morning.*] A Gallicism. *Grand jour.* STEEVENS.

⁶ *A slave*—] i. e. then answering that abusive word, *slave*. MASON.

⁷ —for I wear not

My dagger in my mouth.] So, in *Solyman and Perseda*, 1599:

"I fight not with my tongue: this is my oratrix." MALONE.

⁸ No, nor thy tailor, rascal,

Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,

Which, as it seems, make thee.] See a note on a similar passage in
a former scene, p. 391, n. 9. STEEVENS.

Clo.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loth to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.'

Gui. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustick mountaineer⁹.

[*Exeunt, fighting.*
Enter

⁹ *Yield, rustick mountaineer.*] I believe, upon examination, the character of Cloten will not prove a very consistent one. Act I. sc. iv. the lords who are conversing with him on the subject of his rencontre with Posthumus, represent the latter as having neither put forth his strength or courage, but still advancing forwards to the prince, who retired before him; yet at this his last appearance, we see him fighting gallantly, and falling by the hand of Arviragus. The same persons afterwards speak of him as of a mere ass or idiot; and yet, Act III. sc. i. he returns one of the noblest and most reasonable answers to the Roman envoy: and the rest of his conversation on the same occasion, though it may lack form a little, by no means resembles the language of folly. He behaves with proper dignity and civility at parting with Lucius, and yet is ridiculous and brutal in his treatment of Imogen. Belarius describes him as not having sense enough to know what fear is (which he defines as being sometimes the effect of judgment); and yet he forms

Enter BIIARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bil. No company's abroad.

Ar. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

Bil. I cannot tell. Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore, the snatches in his voice,
And hush of speaking¹, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Ar. In this place we left them.

I wish my brother make good tune with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bil. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of running terrors, for defect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear². But see, thy brother.

Re-enter

forms very artful schemes for winning the affection of his mistress, by means of her attendants, to get her person into his power afterwards; and it came to be no less acquainted with the character of her father, and the ascendancy the queen maintained over his uxorious weakness. We find Cloten, in short, to be neither one as brave and dastardly, civil and brutal, sagacious and foolish without the subtilty of distinction, and those shades of greatness and selfishness and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellences of such mixed characters as Polonius in *Hamlet*, and the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. *STEVENS.*

¹ — the snatches in his voice,

And burst of speaking,— This is one of our author's strokes of observation. An abrupt and unmethodical utterance very frequently accompanies confused and cloudy understandings. *JOHNSON.*

² — for defect of judgment

Is oft the cause of fear: The old copy reads—

— for defect of judgment

Is oft the cause of fear.

and Mr. Follet thinks it may be right, understanding *fear* in the sense of exciting fear in others, a signification which it bore formerly. So, in *K. Henry I* P. III.

“I or Warwick was a bug that fear’d us all.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

“— all these bold fears

“Thou see’st with peril I have answered.”

But the objection to this interpretation is, that in this clause of the sentence

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with Cloten's Head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect³, what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who, call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in⁴,

Displace

sentence it was evidently the poet's intention to assign a reason for Cloten's being *himself free from apprehension*, not to account for his *terrifying others*.

It is undoubtedly true, that defect of judgment, or not rightly estimating the degree of danger and the means of resistance, is often the cause of fear: the being possessed of judgment also may occasion fear, as he who maturely weighs all circumstances will know precisely his danger, while the inconsiderate is rash and fool-hardy: but neither of these assertions, however true, can account for Cloten's having *no apprehension* of roaring terrors; and therefore the text must be corrupt. Mr. Theobald amended the passage by reading:

—— for *the effect* of judgment

Is oft the cause of fear.

but, though Shakspeare has in *K. Richard III.* used *effect* and *cause* as synonyms, I do not think it probable he would say the *effect* was the *cause*; nor do I think *the effect* and *the defect* likely to have been confounded: besides, the passage thus amended is liable to the objection already stated. I have therefore adopted Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation. MALONE.

Hanmer reads, with equal justness of sentiment:

—— for defect of judgment

Is oft the *cur*e of fear.

But, I think, the play of *effect* and *cause* more resembling the manner of our author. JOHNSON.

³ *I am perfect, what:*] *I am well informed, what.* So, in this play:

I'm perfect, the Pannonians are in arms. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *take us in,*] *To take in*, was the phrase in use for to *apprehend* an out law, or to make him amenable to publick justice. JOHNSON.

To take in means, simply, to conquer, to subdue. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—— cut the Ionian seas,

"And *take in* Toiyne." STEEVENS.

Displace our heads, where, thanks to the gods*, they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gut. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul

Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation⁶; ay, and that

From

That Mr Steevens's explanation of this phrase is the true one, appears from the present allusion to Cloten's speech, and also from the speech itself in the former part of this scene. He had not threatened to render these outlaws amenable to justice, but to kill them with his own hand:

"*Die the devil!*"

"When I have slain thee with my proper hand," &c.

"He'd fetch us in," is used a little lower by Belarius, in the sense assigned by Dr. Johnson to the phrase before us. MALONE.

* — *thanks to the gods,*] The word *to* was inserted by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

⁵ *For we do fear the law?*] *For* is here used in the sense of *because*. So, in Malowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"See the him, hury of these base slaves!"

"Why, for the villains have no faith themselves,

"I think me to be a senseless lump of clay."

Again, in *Othello*:

"And, for I know thou art full of love," &c. MALONE.

6 — *Though his honour*

Was nothing but mutation, &c.] What has his honour to do here, in his being changeable in this sort? in his acting as a madman, or not? I have ventured to substitute *humour*, against the authority of the printed copies. and the meaning seems plainly this: "Though he was always tickle to the last degree, and governed by *humour*, not sound sense, yet not madness itself could make him so hardy to attempt an enterprise of this nature alone, and unseconded" THEOBALD.

The text is right, and means, that the only notion he had of honour, was the fashion, which was perpetually changing. WARRBURT.

The sense necessarily requires, that we should adopt Theobald's amendment. Belarius is speaking of the disposition of Cloten, not of his

From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
 Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
 To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
 It may be heard at court, that such as we
 Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time
 May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,
 (As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
 He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
 To come alone, either he so undertaking,
 Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
 If we do fear this body hath a tail
 More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
 My brother hath done well.

Bcl. I had no mind

To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
 Did make my way long forth⁷.

Gur. With his own sword,

Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
 His head from him: I'll throw it into the creek
 Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
 And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
 That's all I reck.

[*Exit.*

Bcl. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:

'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though valour
 Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,

So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
 I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
 Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
 That possible strength might meet⁸, would seek us through,

his principles; and this account of him agrees with what Imogen says
 in the latter end of the scene, where she calls him "that irregular
 devil, Cloten." *MASON.*

⁷ *Did make my way long forth.*] Fidele's sickness made my walk
 forth from the cave tedious. *JOHNSON.*

⁸ ——— *revenges,*

That possible strength might meet,—] Such pursuit of vengeance as
 fell within any possibility of opposition. *JOHNSON.*

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till halcy Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arw. Poor sick Fidele!

I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood⁹,
And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st¹
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rudest wind²,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,

And

⁹ *I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,*] I would, says the young prince, to recover Fidele, kill as many Clotens as would fill a *parish*.

JOHNSON.

“His visage, says Fenner of a *catchpole*, was almost eaten through with pock-holes, so that half a *parish* of children might have played at cherry-pit in his face.” FARMER.

The sense of the passage is, I would let blood (or bleed) a whole parish, or any number, of such fellows as Cloten; not, “I would let out a parish of blood.” EDWARDS.

Mr. Edwards is, I think, right. In the fifth act we have—

“This man——hath

“More of thee merited, than a *band* of Clotens

“Had ever fear for.” MALONE.

¹ — *how thyself thou blazon'st*—] In the old copy the word *thou* was inadvertently printed twice by the compositor:

Thou divine Nature, *thou* thyself thou blazon'st.

For this slight emendation, which the context fully supports, I am responsible. MALONE.

² ——— *They are as gentle*

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,

Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,

Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rudest wind, &c.] So, in our authour's *Lover's Complaint*:

“His qualities were beauteous as his form,

“For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;

“Yet,

And make him stoop to the vail. 'Tis wonder,
That an invisible instinct should frame them³
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. *[Solemn musick.]*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dearest
mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys*,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

"Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm

"As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,

"When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be." MALONE.

³ *That an invisible instinct should frame them—*] The metre, says Mr. Heath, would be improved by reading:

That an *instinct invisible* should frame them—

He probably did not perceive that in Shakspeare's time the accent was laid on the second syllable of the word *instinct*. So, in one of our poet's Sonnets:

"As if by some instinct the wretch did find—."

The old copy certainly is right. MALONE,

* — *lamenting toys,*—] *Toys* formerly signified freaks, or frolicks. One of N. Breton's poetical pieces, printed in 1577, is called, "The toys of an idle head." See also Vol. VI. p. 457, n. 4, and Cole's Dict. 1679, in v. MALONE.

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead, in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gwi. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom⁵? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in⁶?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,

⁵ O, melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? So, in *Alba, the Montebes*
Mind of a melancholy Lover, by R. T. 1598:

"This woeful tale, where sorrow is the ground, -

"Whose bottom's such as nere the depth is found."

MALONE.

⁶ — to shew what coast thy sluggish crare

Might easiliest harbour in?—] The old copy has—*sluggish care*. It is not surprizing that the compositor should have substituted a familiar for an uncommon word. The true reading was pointed out by Mr. Symphon in a note on Fletcher's play, entitled *The Captain*, p. 10. The old copy has—*migh't'st*. Corrected in the second folio. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*thou*, sluggish crare, *migh't'st*, &c.

MALONE.

A *crare*, says the author of *The Revival*, is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*. The word occurs in Heywood's *Golden Age*:

"Behold a form to make your *crars* and barks."

Again, in *Aminas for his Phillis*, published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"I'll thus my soule doth passe in Charon's *crare*."

Mr. Toller observes that the word often occurs in Holinshed, as twice, p. 906, Vol. II. STEVENS.

The word is used in the Stat. 2 Jac. I. c. 32. "—the owner of every *ship, vessel, or crayer*." TIERWHITT.

Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy ?!—
How found you him ?

Arv. Stark, as you see :

Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where ?

Arv. O' the floor ;

His arms thus leagu'd : I thought, he slept ; and put
My clouted brogues^s from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps^d :

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

7 ——— but I,

Thou dy'dst, a most rare-boy, of melancholy !] This is the reading of the first folio, which later editors not understanding, have changed into *but ah!* The meaning of the passage I take to be this:—*you knows, what man thou might'st have made, but I know, thou diedst, &c.*

TYRWHITT.

I believe, “but *ah!*” to be the true reading. *Ay* is through the first folio, and in all books of that time, printed instead of *ah!* Hence probably *I*, which was used for the affirmative particle *ay*, crept into the text here.

Heaven knows, (says Belarius) *what a man thou would'st have been*, had'st thou lived ; *but* alas ! *thou died'st of melancholy*, while yet only a most accomplished boy. MALONE.

^s — clouted brogues—] Are shoes strengthened with clout or hob-nails. In some parts of England, thin plates of iron called *clouts* are likewise fixed to the shoes of ploughmen and other rusticks. STEEVENS.

A brogue is a countryman's shoe, fastened with a leathern thong.

MALONE.

9 *Why, be but sleeps :*] I cannot forbear to introduce a passage somewhat like this, from Webster's *White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, on account of its singular beauty.

“ Oh, thou soft natural death ! that art joint-twin

“ To sweetest slumber ! no rough-bearded comet

“ Stares on thy mild departure : the dull owl

“ Beats not against thy casement : the hoarse wolf

“ Scents not thy carrion :—pity winds thy corse,

“ While horror waits on princes !”

STEEVENS.

Arw. With fairest flowers,
 Whilst summer lasts², and I live here, Fidele,
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
 The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
 The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
 The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
 With charitable bill (O bill, fore-shaming
 Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
 Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
 Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
 To winter-ground thy corse².

Gui.

¹ *With fairest flowers,*

Whilst summer lasts, &c.] So, in Pericles Prince of Tyre:

"No, I will rob Tellus of her weede,

"To strowe thy greene with flowers: the yellows, blues,

"The purple violets and marygolds,

"Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,

"While summer dayes doth last." STEEVENS.

² — *the ruddock would,*

With charitable bill,—bring thee all this:

Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are none,

To winter-ground thy corse.] Here again, the metaphor is strangely mangled. What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with moss? A corse might indeed be said to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd* to *moss* directs us plainly to another reading,

To winter-gown thy corse:—

i. e. thy summer habit shall be a light gown of flowers, thy winter habit a good warm *furr'd gown* of moss. WARBURTON.

I have no doubt but that the rejected word was Shakspeare's, since the protection of the dead, and not their ornament, was what he meant to express. To *winter-ground* a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter-season, by straw, dung, &c. laid over it. This precaution is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as Arviragos, who loved Fidele, represents her to be.

The *ruddock* is the *red-breast*, and is so called by Chaucer and Spenser:

"The tame *ruddock*, and the coward kite."

The office of covering the dead is likewise ascribed to the *ruddock*, by Drayton in his poem called *The Owl*, 1604:

"Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,

"The little *red-breast* teacheth charity." STEEVENS.

— *the*

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

—*the ruddock would, &c.*] Is this an allusion to the *babes of the wood*, or was the notion of the redbreast covering dead bodies, general before the writing that ballad? PERCY.

This passage is imitated by Webster in his tragedy of *The White Devil*; and in such a manner, as confirms the old reading:

“ Call for the robin-red-breast and the wren,

“ Since o'er shady groves they hover,

“ And with leaves and flowers do cover

“ The friendless bodies of unburied men;

“ Call unto his funeral dole

“ The ant, the fieldmouse, and the mole,

“ To rear him *billocks* that shall keep him warm.” FARMER.

Which of these two plays was first written, cannot now be determined. Webster's play was published in 1612, that of Shakspeare did not appear in print till 1623. In the preface to Webster's play, he thus speaks of Shakspeare: “ And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shakspeare,” &c.

STEEVENS.

We may fairly conclude that Webster imitated Shakspeare; for in the same page from which Dr. Farmer has cited the foregoing lines, is found a passage taken almost literally from *Hamlet*. It is spoken by a distracted lady:

“ ——— you're very welcome;

“ Here's rosemary for you, and rue for you;

“ Heart's-ease for you; I pray make much of it;

“ I have left more for myself.”

See also *Timon of Athens*, p. 51, n. 6. Dr. Warburton asks, “ What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss*?” But perhaps *winter-ground* does not refer to *moss*, but to the last antecedent *flowers*. If this was the construction intended by Shakspeare, the passage should be printed thus:

Yea, and furr'd moss besides,—when flowers are none

To winter-ground thy corse.

i. e. you shall have also a warm covering of moss, when there are no flowers to adorn thy grave with that ornament with which WINTER is usually decorated. So, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by B. and Fletcher, 1625: “ He looks like WINTER, stuck here and there with fresh *flowers*.”—I have not however much confidence in this observation.

MALONE,

Arv.

Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother³; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidèle.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less⁴: for
Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that⁵: Though mean and mighty rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world⁶,) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

³ *As once our mother*;] The old copy reads—as once *so* our mother; the compositor having probably caught the word *so* from the preceding line. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁴ *Great griefs, I see, medicine the less*:] So again, in this play:

“ ——— a touch more rare

“ Subdues all pangs, all fears.”

Again, in *King Lear*:

“ — where the greater malady is fix'd,

“ The lesser is scarce felt.” MALONE.

⁵ *He was paid for that*:—] Hammer reads:

He *has* paid for that:—

rather plausibly than rightly. *Paid* is for *punished*. So Jonson:

“ Twenty things more, my friend, which you know due,

“ For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay you.” JOHNSON.

So Falstaff in *the Merry Wives of Windsor*, after having been beaten, when in the dress of an old woman, says, “ I pay'd nothing for it neither, but *was paid* for my learning.” See Vol. I. p. 288, n. 6, and Vol. V. p. 173, n. 4. MALONE.

⁶ ——— reverence,

(*That angel of the world*,) —] *Reverence*, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world.

JOHNSON.

Gui.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
 Therfites' body is as good as Ajax,
 When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
 We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit Belarius.*]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
 My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—Begin.

S O N G.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun⁷,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy wordly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to clothe, and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak:
 The scepter, learning, physick⁸, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander⁹, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

⁷ *Fear no more the heat o' the sun, &c.*] This is the topic of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian. *Τένον ἀθάνατον ἔχεις διψήσαντα, ἔχεις πινόντα, &c.* WARBURTON.

⁸ *The scepter, learning, &c.*] The poet's sentiment seems to have been this.—All human excellence is equally subject to the stroke of death: neither the power of kings, nor the science of scholars, nor the art of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final destiny of man. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Fear not slander, &c.*] Perhaps,
 Fear not slander's censure rash. JOHNSON.

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee¹, and come to dust.*

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee²!*

Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*

Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*

Both. *Quiet consummation³ have;
And renowned be thy grave⁴!*

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him down.

Bcl. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more: The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night, Are strewings fitt't for graves.—Upon their faces⁵:—You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—

¹ *Consign to thee,—*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ ————— seal

“ A dateless bargain to engrossing death.”

To consign to thee, is to seal the same contrast with thee, i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death. STEEVENS.

² *No exorciser harm thee!*] An *exorciser*, it has been already observed, signified in Shakspeare's time, an enchanter or conjurer, not a person who had the power to lay spirits. See Vol. III. p. 475, n. 7.

MALONE.

³ *Quiet consummation have;*] *Consummation* is used in the same sense in *K. Edward III.* 1596:

“ My soul will yield this castle of my flesh,

“ This mangled tribute, with all willingness,

“ To darkness, consummation, dust, and worms.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *thy grave!*] For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *Upon their faces:—*] Shakspeare did not recollect when he wrote these words, that there was but *one* face on which the flowers could be strewed. This passage, might have taught Dr. Warburton not to have disturbed the text in a former scene. See p. 410, n. 5.

MALONE.

Come on, away : apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again :
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt* BEL. GUI. and ARV.]

Imo. [*awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven ; Which
is the way ?—

I thank you.—By yon bush ?—Pray, how far thither ?

'Ods pittikins⁶ !—can it be six miles yet ?—

I have gone all night :—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft ! no bedfellow :—O, gods and goddesses !

[*seeing the body.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;

This bloody man, the care on't —I hope, I dream ;

For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures : But 'tis not so ;

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

Which the brain makes of fumes : Our very eyes

Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,

I tremble still with fear : But if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !

'The dream's here still : even when I wake, it is

Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.

A headless man !—The garments of Posthumus !

I know the shape of his leg : this is his hand ;

His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ;

'The brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial face ?—

Murder in heaven ?—How ?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,

⁶ 'Ods pittikins !—] This diminutive adjuration is used by Decker and Webster in *Westward Ho*, 1607 ; in the *Shoemaker's Holiday*, or the *Gentle Craft*, 1600 : It is derived from *God's my pity*, which likewise occurs in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

⁷ —his Jovial face—] *Jovial* face signifies in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove. It is frequently used in the same sense by other old dramatick writers. So Heywood, in *The Silver Age* :

“ ——— Alcides here will stand,

“ To plague you all with his high *Jovial* hand.”

Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611, speaking of Jupiter :

“ ——— all that stand,

“ Sink in the weight of his high *Jovial* hand.” STEEVENS.

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee ! Thou,
 Conspir'd with that irregulous devil ^a, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord.—'To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous !—Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top ! — O, Posthumus ! alas,
 Where is thy head ? where's that ? Ah me ! where's that ?
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on *.—How should this be ? Pisanio !
 'Tis he, and Cloten : malice and lucre in them
 Have lay'd this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant !
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses ? That confirms it home :
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's : O !—
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrid may seem to those
 Which chance to find us : O, my lord ! my lord !

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea ; attending
 You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships :
 They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome ?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
 And gentlemen of Italy ; most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service : and they come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
 Syenna's brother.

^a *Conspir'd with that irregulous devil,*] *Irregulous* (if there be such a word) must mean lawless, licentious, out of rule, *jura negans sibi nata*. In Reinold's *God's Revenge against Adultery*, p. 121, I meet with "irregulated lust." STEEVENS.

* *this head on.—*] *This head means the head of Posthumus; the head that did belong to this body.* See p. 428, n. 5. MALONE.

Luc.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision⁹:
(I fast, and pray'd¹, for their intelligence,) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams: which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination,)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
• They crave to be demanded, Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture²? What's thy interest

⁹ Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision:] It was no common dream, but sent from the very gods, or the gods themselves. JOHNSON.

¹ I fast, and pray'd,—] Fast is here very licentiously used for fasted. So, in the novel subjoined to this play, we find—*lift for lifted*.

MALONE.

² ——— who was he,

That, otherwise than noble nature did,

Hath alter'd that good picture?—] To do a picture, and a picture is well done, are standing phrases; the question therefore is, Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature did it.

JOHNSON.

Olivia speaking of her own beauty as of a picture, asks Viola if it
“is not well done?” STEEVENS.

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ³. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure.
No less below'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pick-axes⁴ can dig: and when

3 *Richard du Champ.*—] Shakspeare was indebted for his modern names (which sometimes are mixed with ancient ones) as well as his anachronisms, to the fashionable novels of his time. In a collection of stories, entitled *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, 1576, I find the following circumstances of ignorance and absurdity. In the story of the Horatii and the Curiatii, the *roaring of cannons* is mentioned. Cephalus and Procris are said to be of the court of Venice; and "*that her father wrought so with the duke, that this Cephalus was sent post in ambassage to the Turke.*"—Eriphile, after the death of her husband Amphiaras, (*the Theban prophet*), calling to mind the affection wherein *Don Infornio* was drowned towards her," &c. &c. STEEVENS.

4 — *these poor pick-axes*—] Meaning her fingers. JOHNSON.

With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his
grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me^s.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daizy'd plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave: Come, arm him^o.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.† [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,

^s So please you entertain me.] i. e. hire me; receive me into your service. See Vol. I. p. 209, n. 2, and Vol. VII. p. 257, n. 7.

MALONE.

^o — arm him.—] That is, *take him up in your arms.* HAMMER.

I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1. *Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here :
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will⁷, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome ;
We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy [10 Pic.
Does yet depend⁸.

1. *Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen !—
I am amaz'd with matter⁹.

1. *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
'Than what you hear of¹ : come more, for more you're
ready :

The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you : Let's withdraw ;

⁷ *And will,—*] I think it should be read :

And be it,— STEVENS.

There are several other instances of the personal pronoun being
omitted in these plays, beside the present, particularly in *K. Henry VIII.*
nor is Shakspeare the only writer of that age that takes this liberty.

MALONE.

⁸ ——— our jealousy

Does yet depend.] My suspicion is yet undetermined ; if I do not
condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you. We now say, the
cause is depending. JOHNSON.

⁹ *I am amaz'd with matter.*] i. e. confounded by variety of busi-
ness. So, in *King John* :

" I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way,

" Among the thorns and dangers of this world." STEVENS.

¹ *Your preparation, &c.*] Your forces are able to face such an ar-
my as we hear the enemy will bring against us. JOHNSON.

See 2. 445. n. 1. MALONE.

And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Pi. I heard no letter² from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king³, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we⁴ in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.

² I heard no letter—] I suppose we should read with Hammer,
I've had no letter.— STEEVENS.

Perhaps letter here means, not an epistle, but the elemental part of
a syllable. This might have been a phrase in Shakspeare's time. We
yet say—I have not heard a syllable from him. MALONE.

³ — to the note o' the king,—] I will distinguish myself, the king
shall remark my valour. JOHNSON.

⁴ — find we—] Old Copy—~~we~~ find. Corrected by the editor of
the second folio. MALONE.

To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd⁵; and so extort from us that
Which we have done, whose answer⁶ would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gus. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses⁷ neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires⁸, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life⁹; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanling, and

- a render

"Where we have liv'd;—] An account of our place of abode. This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old man. JOHNSON.

Render is used in a familiar sense in *Timon*, Act V.

"And sends us forth 'to make their sorrow'd render.'" STEEVENS.

So again, in this play:

"My boon is, that this gentleman may render,

"Of whom he had this ring." MALONE.

⁶ — *whose answer*; —] The retaliation of the death of Cloten would be death, &c. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *the Roman horses*; —] Old Copy—*the* Roman. This is one of the many corruptions into which the transcriber was led by his ear. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸ — *their quarter'd fires*;] Their fires regularly disposed. JOHNSON.

⁹ *The certainty of this hard life*;] That is, the certain consequence of this hard life. MALONE.

The

The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself.
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither : What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die ? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel ? I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go :
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care ; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans !

Arv. So say I ; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys :
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie :
Lead, lead.—The time seems long ; their blood thinks
scorn,
Till it fly out, and shew them princes born.

[*Afide.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A field, between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter POSITHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief¹.

Pos. Yea, bloody cloth², I'll keep thee; for I wish'd³ Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones, If each of you would take this course, how many⁴ Must murder wives much better than themselves, For wrying but a little⁵?—O, Pisanio! Every good servant does not all commands: No bond, but to do just ones,—Gods! if you Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never Had liv'd to put on this⁶: so had you saved

¹ —*bloody handkerchief.*] The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio in the foregoing act determined to send. JOHNSON.

² *Yea, bloody cloth, &c.*] This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech, throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence; then tries to disburden himself, by imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next soothes his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine, that having done so much evil, he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered.

JOHNSON.

³ *I wish'd—*] The old copy reads—*I am wish'd.* STEEVENS. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁴ *For wrying but a little &c.*] This uncommon verb is likewise used by Stanyhurst in the third book of his translation of Virgil, 1582:

“—the maysters wrye the vessels.”

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

“—in her sinking down, she wryes

“The diadem.” STEEVENS.

⁵ —*to put on—*] Is to *assume*, to *infitigate*, JOHNSON. So, in *Macbeth*:

“—the powers above

“Put on their instruments,” STEEVENS.

The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
 Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
 To have them fall no more: you some permit
 To second ills with ills, each elder worse⁶;
 And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift⁷.
 But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
 And make me blest to obey⁸!—I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me

⁶ — *each elder worse*;] The last deed is certainly not the oldest, but Shakspeare calls the *dead* of an *elder* man an *elder deed*. JOHNSON.

I believe our authour must answer for this inaccuracy, and that he inadvertently considered the later evil deed as the *elder*; having probably some general notion in his mind of a quantity of evil, commencing with our first parent, and gradually accumulating in process of time by a repetition of crimes. MALONE.

— *each elder worse*;] i. e. where corruptions are, they grow with years, and the oldest sinner is the greatest. You, Gods, permit some to proceed in iniquity, and the older such are, the more their crime.

TOLLET.

⁷ *And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.*] Mr. Theobald reads—make them *dreaded*, i. e. permit them to proceed to the commission of crimes, and thus, while they are formidable to others, gain profit to themselves. *Dreaded* and *dread it* might have been easily confounded. Dr. Johnson proposes to read either *decided* or *trade it*. In *Macbeth*, he observes, we have, in another sense, *undecided*; and in support of his other conjecture, he remarks, that “*trade* and *thrift* correspond; and that our authour plays with *trade*, as it signifies a lucrative vocation or a frequent practice. So Isabella says,

“Thy sin is not accidental, but a *trade*.”

Mr. Steeven's interpretation appears to me inadmissible. MALONE.

However ungrammatical, I believe the old reading is the true one. To make them *dread it*, i. e. to make them *persevere in the commission of dreadful actions*. Dr. Johnson has observed on a passage in *Hamlet*, that Pope and Bayly have not refused this mode of speaking;—“To sinners it is *not* *joint* it;”—and “to *say it*.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *Do your best wills,*

And make me blest to obey!] So the copies. It was more in the manner of our authour to have written,

— *Do your best wills,*

And make me blest to obey. JOHNSON.

Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
 Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me than my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman army; at the other side, the British army; Leonatus Posthumus following it, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood: I have bely'd a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carl⁹,
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

9 — *this carl,*] *Carl* is used by our old writers in opposition to a gentleman. See the poem of *John the Hermit*. PRÆCY.

Carlos is a word of the same signification, and occurs in our author's *As you like it*. Again, in an ancient interlude or morality, printed by Ratell, without title or date:

"A carly's sonne, brought up of pought."

The thought seemg to have been imitated in *Philaster*:

"The gods take part against me; could this be?"

"Have hold me thus else?" STANLEY.

A carl, says *Shakespeare*, is a clown, as, in S. *ceopil*, rusticus, calonus.

MALONE.

GR.

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Gut. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

Another part of the field.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute *, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling

* *the king himself*

Of his wings destitute,] "The Danes rushed forth with such violence upon their adversaries, that first the right, and then after the left wing of the Scots, was constrained to retire and flee back.—*HAIR* beholding *the flag*, with the most part of the nobles, fighting with great valiance in the middle ward, now destitute of *the wing*;" &c. Holinshed. See the next note. *MALONE.*

Mercy

Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf¹;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base², than to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame³;))
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's *barts die flying, not our men:*
To darkuest fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These three,
'Three thousand confident, in aël as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand,*

¹ *Close by the battle, &c.]* The stopping of the Roman army by three persons, is an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Holinshed in his *History of Scotland*, p. 155: "There was neede to the place of the battell, a long lane fenced on the sides with ditches and walles made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enemies on heapes.

"Here Hare with his sonnes, supposing they might best staie the flight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them backe whom they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor fo; but downe they went all such as came within their reach, wherewith divers hardie personages cried unto their fellows to returne backe unto the battell," &c.

It appears from Peck's *New Memoirs*, &c. article 88, that Milton intended to have written a play on this subject. *MUSGRAVE.*

² *The country base,—*] i. e. A rustick game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison base*. So, in the 30th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"At hood-wink, barley-brake, at tick, or *prison-base*." Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. 5. c. 8.

"So ran they all as they had been at *base*." STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 185, n. 5. MALONE.

³ *For preservation cas'd, or shame.]* Shame for Modesty.

WARBURTON.
Accom-

And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewel; you are angry. [Exit.]

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!
 To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
 To-day, how many would have given their honours
 To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
 And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd^s,
 Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
 Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly monster,
 'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him:
 For, being now a favourer to the Roman^o,

^s — *I, in mine own woe charm'd,*] Alluding to the common superstition of charms being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this superstition; which made Erasmus, where, in his *Moriae Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteristick, say, "*Germani corporum proceritate & magicæ cognitione sibi placent.*" And Prior, in his *Alma*:

"North Britons hence have second fight;

"And Germans free from gun-shot fights." WARBURTON.

See a note on *Macbeth*, Act V. sc. ult. So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

Their seconds minister an oath,

Whom was indifferent to them both,

That, on their knightly faith and troth,

No magick them supplied;

And sought them that they had no charms

Wherewith to work each other's harms,

But came with simple open arms

To have their causes tried. STEVENS.

^o — *favourer to the Roman,*] The editions before Hammer's for Roman read Briton; and Dr. Warburton reads Briton still. JOHNSON.

No

No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
 The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the Roman; great the answer be^a
 Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1. *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
 'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2. *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit²,
 That gave the affront with them³.

1. *Cap.* So 'tis reported:
 But none of them can be found.—Stand! Who's there?

Post. A Roman;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him.

2. *Cap.* Lay hands on him; A dog!
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his ser-
 vice

As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

^a — *great the answer be—*] *Answer, as once in this play before, is retaliation.* JOHNSON.

² — *a silly habit.*] *Silly is simple or rustic.* STEEVENS.

So, in the novel by Boccace, on which this play is formed: "The servant, who had no great good will to kill her, very easily grew pitiful, took off her upper garment, and gave her a poor ragged doublet, a filthy chappeone," &c. *The Decameron*, 1620. MALONE.

³ *That gave the affront with them.*] *That is, that turned their faces to the enemy.* JOHNSON.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Alibymist*:

"To day thou shalt have ingots, and to-morrow

"Give lords the affront." STEEVENS.

To affront, Minshieu explains thus in his dictionary, 1617: "To come face to face, Vt. Encounter." *Affrentare*, Ital. MALONE.

Enter

Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman captives. The Captain present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.

S C E N E IV.

A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.

1. *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen⁴, you have locks upon you;

So, graze, as you find pasture.

2. *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way, I think, to liberty: Yet am I better Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd By the sure physician, death; who is the key To unbar these locks. My conscience¹ thou art fetter'd More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods, give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
'Then, free for ever! I't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease:
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all²,

I know,

⁴ *You shall not now be stolen,—*] This wit of the gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture. JOHNSON.

¹ ——— to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

No stricter render of me, than my all.] Posthumus questions whether contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then, to satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more than his present all, that is, his life, if it is the *main part*, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future punishment. This interpretation appears to be warranted by the former part of the speech. STEVENS.

I know, you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire:
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
 You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds⁶. O Imogen!
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.

*Solemn musick*⁷. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sic. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
 Thy spite on mortal flies:
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates, and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
 Whose face I never saw?
 I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
 Attending Nature's law.

Whose

I believe Posthumus means to say, "since for my crimes I have been deprived of my freedom, and since life itself is still more valuable than freedom, let the gods take my life, and by this let heaven be appeased, how small soever the stonement may be." I suspect however that a line has been lost, after the word *satisfy*. If the text be right, *to satisfy* means, *by way of satisfaction*. MALONE.

⁶ *—cold bonds.*] This equivocal use of *bonds* is another instance of our authour's infelicity in pathetick speeches. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Solemn musick, &c.*] Here follow a *wisdon*, a *masque*, and a *prophesy*, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foliow'd in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakspeare. POPE.

Every

Whose father then (as men report,
 Thou orphan's father art,)
 Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes;
 That from me was Posthumus ript^s,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
 As great Sicilius' heir.

1. *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he
 That could stand up his parallel;
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity?

Every reader must be of the same opinion. The subsequent narratives of Posthumus, which render this masque, &c. unnecessary, (or perhaps the scenical directions supplied by the poet himself) seem to have excited some manager of a theatre to disgrace the play by the present metrical interpolation. Shakspeare, who has conducted his fifth act with such matchless skill, could never have designed the vision to be twice described by Posthumus, had this contemptible nonsense been previously delivered on the stage. The following passage from Dr. Farmer's *Essay* will shew that it was no unusual thing for the players to indulge themselves in making additions equally unjustifiable — "We have a sufficient instance of the liberties taken by the actors, in an old pamphlet, by Nash, called *Lenten Stuffe, with the Playe of the red Horring*, 4to. 1599, where he assures us, that in a play of his called *The Isle of Dogs, foure acts*, without his consent, or the least guess of his drift or scope, were supplied by the players." STEEVENS

^s *That from me was Posthumus ript,*] Perhaps we should read,
 That from my womb Posthumus ript,

Came crying 'mongst his foes, JOHNSON.

This circumstance is met with in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607. The title of *Cymbeline* did not appear in print till 1623

"What would'st thou run again into my womb?"

"If thou wert there, thou should'st be Posthumus,

"And ript out of my sides," &c. STEEVENS.

Moth.

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
 'To be exil'd, and thrown
 From Leonati' seat, and cast
 From her his dearest one,
 Sweet Imogen?

Sicr. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
 Slight thing of Italy,
 To taint his noble heart and brain
 With needful jealousy;
 And to become^s the geck and scorn
 O' the other's villainy?

2. *Bro.* For this, from stiffer seats we came,
 Our parents, and us twain,
 That, striking in our country's cause,
 Fell bravely, and were slain;
 Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
 With honour to maintain.

1. *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
 To Cymbeline perform'd:
 Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
 The graces for his merits due;
 Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sicr. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
 No longer exercise,
 Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
 And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
 Take off his miseries.

Sicr. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
 Or we poor ghosts will cry
 To the shining synod of the rest,
 Against thy deity.

2. *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
 And from thy justice fly.

^s *And to become—*] And permit *Posthumus* to become the geck, &c.
 MALONE.

JUPITER descends⁹ in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'ti, ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
'The more delay'd, delighted'. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
His comforts thrive, his trial well are spent.
Our jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
'This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so away. no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystilline. [*Ascend*
Sic. He came in thunder; his celestial breath

⁹ *Jupiter descends*.—] It appears from *Acollastus*, a comedy by T. Palsgrave, (Caplain to K. Henry VIII. bl. l. 1540, that the descent of deities was common to our stage in its earliest state, "Of whyche the lyke thyng is used to be shewed now a days in stage-places, when some God or some Saynt is made to appere forth of a cloude, and succoureth the parties which seemed to be towards some great danger, through the Soudan's crueltie." The author, for fear this description should not be supposed to extend itself to our theatres, adds in a marginal note, "the lyke maner used nowe at our days in stage playes."

STEEVENSON.

¹ *The more delay'd, delighted*.] *Delighted* is here either used for delighted in, or for delighting. So, in *Othello*:

"If virtue no delighted beauty lack—." MALONE.

Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
 More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing², and cloy³ his beak³,
 As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
 His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,
 Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire, and
 begot

A father to me: and thou hast created
 A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
 And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend
 On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
 Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are sleep'd in favours; so am I,
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.
 What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
 Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment

² Prunes the immortal wing,—] A bird is said to *prune* himself, when he clears his feathers from superfluities. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song I.

“Some, sitting on the beach, to *prune* their painted breasts.”

STEVENS.

³ — cloy³ his beak,] Perhaps we should read,

— *claws* his beak. TYRWHITT.

A *cloy* is the same with a *claw* in old language. FARMER.

So, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. iv. fol. 69:

And as a catte wold ete fishes

Without wetyng of his *ci*.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*:

from the seize

Of vulture death, and those relentless *cloys*.⁴

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, speaks “of a disease in cattell betwixt the *clees* of their feete.” And in the *Boke of Hawking*, &c. bl. l. no date, under the article *Pounces*, it is said, “The *cleis* within the fete ye shall call aright her pounces.” To *claw* their beaks, is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles. STEVENS.

Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be iopt branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie⁴. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments; fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too

⁴ 'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie.] The meaning, which is too thin to be
easily caught, I take to be this: This is a dream or madness, or both,—
or nothing,—but whether it be a speech without consciousness, as in a
dream, or a speech unintelligible, as in madness, be it as it is, it is
like my course of life. We might perhaps read,
Whether both, or nothing,—. JOHNSON.

much⁵; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier, for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness⁶: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor⁷ but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaul. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaul. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-enquiry⁸ on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to

⁵ — *sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much;*] i. e. sorry that you *have paid* too much out of your pocket, and sorry that you *are paid*, or *subdued*, too much by the liquor. So Falstaff: “—seven of the eleven I *pay'd*.” Again, in the fifth scene of the fourth act of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. STEEVENS.

The word has already occurred in this sense, in a former scene:

“And though he came our enemy, remember

“He was *paid* for that.”

See also Vol. V. p. 548, n. 8. MALONE.

⁶ — *being drawn of heaviness;*] Drawn is *embowell'd*, *exenterated*. So in common language a fowl is said to be *drawn*, when its intestines are taken out. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *debtor and creditor*—] For an *accounting book*. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *jump the after-enquiry*—] That is, *venture* at it without thought. So *Macbeth*:

“We'd *jump* the life to come.” JOHNSON.

To *jump* is to hazard. So, in the passage quoted from *Macbeth* by Dr. Johnson. Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“To *jump* a body with a dangerous physick—.” MALONE.

direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news;—I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt POSTHUMUS, and Messenger.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone⁹. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't, [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,

That

⁹ — *I never saw one so prone.*] i. e. forward. In this sense the word is used in Wilfride Holme's poem, entitled *The Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, &c. 1537:

Thus lay they in Doncaster, with curtol and serpentine,
With bombard and basilisk, with men prone and vigorous."

Again, in Sir A. Georges' translation of the sixth book of Lucan:

"Thessalian fierce steeds,

For use of war so prone and fit." STEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 17, n. 9. MALONE.

¹ Let those who talk so confidently about the skill of Shakspeare's son—

That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
 Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
 Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found :
 He shall be happy that can find him, if
 Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
 Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;
 Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
 But beggary and poor looks².

Cym. No tidings of him ?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
 But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
 The heir of his reward; which I will add
 To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
 [To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.
 By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time
 To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
 In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :
 Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
 Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees :
 Arise my knights o' the battle³ ; I create you

contemporary, Jonson, point out the conclusion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a less degree of dramatic violence than this. In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled; and at the expence of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity: and, I think, as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature. STEEVENS.

² — *one that promis'd nought
 But beggary and poor looks.*] To promise nothing but poor looks, may be, to give no promise of courageous behaviour. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Richard II.*

“ To look so poorly, and to speak so fair.” STEEVENS.

³ — *knights o' the battle;*] Thus in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 164, edit. 1615: “ Philip of France made Arthur Plantagenet knight of the field.” STEEVENS.

Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces: — Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!

To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician⁴
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,

⁴ Whom worse than a physician—} Old Copy—*Wbo.* Corrected in
the second folio. MALONE.

Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
 By inches waste you : In which time she purpos'd,
 By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
 O'ercome you with her shew: and in time, (when
 She had fitted you with her craft,) to work
 Her son into the adoption of the crown.
 But failing of her end by his strange absence,
 Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despight
 Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
 The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
 Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
 Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
 That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,
 'To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
 That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
 And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the* Soothsayer, *and other*
Roman prisoners, guarded; POSITHUMUS behind, and
 IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
 The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
 Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
 That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
 Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
 So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
 Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
 We should not, when the blood was cold, have threaten'd
 Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
 Will have it thus; that nothing but our lives
 May be call'd ransom, let it come: suffice it,
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
 Augustus lives to think on't: And so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
 Let him be ransom'd: never master had

A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his occasions, true,
 So feat⁵, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
 With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
 Cannot deny, he hath done no Briton harm,
 Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
 And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
 His favour is familiar⁶ to me:—
 Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
 And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
 To say, live, boy⁷: ne'er thank thy master; live:
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
 And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no; alack,
 There's other work in hand; I see a thing
 Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
 Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
 He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
 Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
 I love thee more and more; think more and more
 What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
 Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
 Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,

⁵ *So feat,*—] So ready; so dextrous in waiting. JOHNSON.

See p. 312, n. 6. MALONE.

⁶ *His favour is familiar*—] I am acquainted with his countenance.
 JOHNSON.

⁷ — *I know not why, nor wherefore,*

To say, live, boy:] I know not what should induce me to say, live, boy. The word *nor* was inserted by Mr. Rowe. The late editions have given—*I say, &c.* MALONE.

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'ft him fo?

Imo. I'll tell you, fir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my beft attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, fir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy mafter: Walk with me; fpeak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Irv. One fand another

Not more reſembles: 'That ſweet roſy lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele:—What think you?

Gwi. The ſame dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! ſee further; he eyes us not; forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am ſure
He would have ſpoke to us.

Gwi. But we ſaw him dead.

Bel. Be ſilent; let's ſee further.

Piſ. It is my miſtreſs: [Aside.

Since ſhe is living, let the time run on,
'To good, or bad. [*Cym. and Imogen come forward.*]

Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*to Iach.*] ſtep you forth;
Give anſwer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatneſs, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood.—On, ſpeak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Poſt. What's that to him? [Aside.

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, ſay,
How came it yours;

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken that
Which, to be ſpoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be conſtrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villainy

I got

I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve
thee,

As it doth me,) a nobler fir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember^s,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shoul'dst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthumus,
(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature^v; for condition,

A shop

^s Quail to remember,] To quail is to sink into dejection. The word
is common to many authors. So, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:
"She cannot quail me if she come in likeness of the great Devil."

SIEVERNS.

See Vol III. p. 146, n. 6. MALONE.

^v ——— for feature, laming

*The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature;*] Feature for proportion of part,
which Mr. Theobald not understanding, would alter to *stature*.

————— for feature, laming

*The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature,*—

i. e. The ancient statues of Venus and Minerva, which exceeded, in
beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of *brief nature*;
i. e. hastily, unlabourate nature, careless as to the elegance of form, in
respect of art, which uses peculiar address to arrive at perfection. He
gives the same character of the beauty of the antique in *Antony and
Cleopatra*:

"O'er

A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthumus,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unpeaking fots.

Cym. Nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian* had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,

“O'er picturing *that Venus* where we see

“*The fancy out-work nature.*”

It appears, from a number of such passages as these, that our author was not ignorant of the fine arts. WARBURTON.

I cannot help adding, that passages of this kind are but weak proofs that our poet was conversant with what we call at present *the fine arts*. The pantheons of his own age (several of which I have seen) afford a most minute and particular account of the different degrees of beauty imputed to the different deities; and as Shakspeare had at least an opportunity of reading Chapman's translation of *Homer*, the first part of which was published in 1596, with additions in 1598, and entire in 1611, he might have taken these ideas from thence, without being at all indebted to his own particular observation, or acquaintance with statuary and painting. It is surely more for his honour to remark how well he has employed the little knowledge he appears to have had of sculpture or mythology, than from his frequent allusions to them to suppose he was intimately acquainted with either. STEEVENS.

* — as *Dian*—] i. e. as if *Dian*. So, in *the Winter's Tale*: “— he utters them as he had eaten ballads.” See also Vol. V. p. 398, n. 3

MALONE

No

No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle¹
 Of Phœbus' wheel ; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
 Post I in this design : Well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaile daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
 'Gan in your dulier Britain operate
 Most vilely ; for my vantage, excellent ;
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with simular proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes²
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
 (O, cunning, how I got it !) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
 Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou dost, [coming forward.
 Italian fiend !—Ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 'To come !—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer³ ! Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious : it is I

¹ — a carbuncle, &c.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled

“ Like Phœbus' car.” — STEEVENS.

² — averring notes] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as
 averred or confirmed my report. JOHNSON.

³ Some upright justicer !] I meet with this antiquated word in *The
 Tragedy of Darius*, 1603 :

“ ———— this day,

“ Th' eternal justicer sees through the stars.”

Again, in *Barro Tricks*, &c. 1608 :

“ No : we must have an upright justicer.” STEEVENS.

That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 'That kill'd thy daughter.—villain-like, I lie;
 'That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 • A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself⁴.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mine upon me, set
 The dog o' the street to bay me: every villain
 Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and
 Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
 There lie thy part. [*striking her: she falls.*]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help
 Mine, and your mistress;—O, my lord Posthumus!
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
 Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Doe, the world go round?

Post. How come these flaggers⁵ on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
 Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
 Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. 'Tis the tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
 The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
 That box I gave you was not thought by me
 A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

4 — and *she herself*.] That is, She was not only *the temple of virtue*, but *virtue herself*. JOHNSON.

5 — *these flaggers*.—] This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers* is the horse's apoplexy. JOHNSON.

Cor. O gods!—

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteems: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is sure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock⁶; and now
Throw me again.

[*embracing him.*]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?

⁶ *Think, that you are upon a rock;*] In this speech, or in the answer, there is little meaning. I suppose, she would say, Consider such another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whether you will repeat it. JOHNSON.

Perhaps only a stage-direction is wanting to clear this passage from obscurity. Imogen first upbraids her husband for the violent treatment she had just experienced; then confident of the return of passion which she knew must succeed to the discovery of her innocence, the port might have meant her to rush into his arms, and while she clung about him fast, to dare him to throw her off a second time, lest that precipitation should prove as fatal to them both, as if the place where they stood had been a rock. To which he replies, *hang there*, i. e. round my neck, till the frame that now supports you shall decay. STEEVENS.

What,

What, mak'st thou me a dullard⁷ in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir.

[*kneeling.*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you not;
You had a motive for't. [*to Guiderius and Arviragus.*

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pir. My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him *
'To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he forc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me

⁷ — a dullard—] In this place means a person stupidly uncarn'd.
So, in *Histrionastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

"What dullard! would'st thou doat in rusty art?" STEEV.

* — which directed him—] Which led or induced him. MADONE.
VOL. VIII. H h With

With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee⁸:

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone; [*to the guard.*]
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath⁹? How of decent
As good as we?

Arw. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:

But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arw. Your danger's ours.

Gut. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—

By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

⁸ *I am sorry for thee*] The old copy has—I am *sorrow* for thee, This obvious error of the press (which was corrected in the second folio) adds support to Mr. Steevens's emendation of a passage in *Much ado about nothing*. See Vol. II. p. 282, n. 1. MALONE.

⁹ *By tasting of our wrath*] The consequence is taken for the whole action, by *tasting* is by *forcing us to make thee taste*. JOHNSON.

Cym. What of him ? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assumed this age¹: indeed, a banish'd man ;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence ;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot :
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons ?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy : Here's my knee ;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons ;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How ! my issue ?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd :
Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason² ; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years

¹ Assum'd *this age* ?] I believe is the same as *reach'd* or *attain'd this age*. STEEVENS.

As there is no reason to imagine that Belarius had assumed the appearance of being older than he really was, I suspect that, instead of *age*, we ought to read *gage* ; so that he may be understood to refer to *the engagement*, which he had entered into, a few lines before, in these words :

“ ——— We will die all three ;

“ But I will prove that two of us are as good

“ As I have given out him.” TYRWHITT.

² *Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason ;*] My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only. Mr. Tyrwhitt, with great probability, conjectured that Shakspeare wrote—*my mere offence*, which was formerly spelt *meere*. The word in the old copy is *meers*. MALONE.

Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
 Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
 Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
 Whom for the best I wedded, stole these children
 Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
 Having receiv'd the punishment before,
 For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
 Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
 The benediction of these covering heavens
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
 To in'ay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
 The service, that you three have done, is more
 Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children,
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
 Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
 Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
 Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
 I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
 It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
 Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
 It was wise nature's end in the donation,
 To be his evidence now.

1 Thou weep'st and speak'st. &c.] "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate." The king reasons very justly. *JOHNSON.*

Cym.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Blest may you be⁴,
'That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O, Imogen,
'Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed⁵.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gus. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither⁷? These,

4 — may you be,] The old copy reads—*pray* you be. STEEVENS.
The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

5 *When you were so, indeed.*] The folio gives:

When ~~we~~ were so, indeed.

If this be right, we must read:

Imo. I, you brothers.

Arv. When we were so, indeed. JOHNSON.

The emendation which has been adopted, was made by Mr. Rowe. I am not sure that it is necessary. Shakespeare in his licentious manner might have meant,—“when we did really stand in the relation of brother and sister to each other.” MALONE.

6 — *fierce abridgement*] *Fierce, is vehement, rapid.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“Oh, the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings!” STEEVENS.

See also Vol. II. p. 434, n. 5. MALONE.

7 — *and whither?*] Old Copy—*whether*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, who likewise reformed the pointing. MALONE.

And your three motives to the battle *, with
 I know not how much more, should be demanded ;
 And all the other by-dependencies,
 From chance to chance ; but nor the time, nor place,
 Will serve our long intergatories *. See,
 Posthumus anchors upon Imogen ;
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him, her brothers, me, her master ; hitting
 Each object with a joy ; the counter-change
 Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
 And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
 Thou art my brother ; So we'll hold thee ever.

[*to* Belarius.

Imo. You are my father too ; and did relieve me,
 To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
 Save these in bonds, let them be joyful too,
 For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
 I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you !

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
 He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
 The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
 The soldier that did company these three
 In poor beseeching ; 'twas a fitment for
 The purpose I then follow'd ;—That I was he,
 Speak, Iachimo ; I had you down, and might
 Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again :
 But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, [*kneels.*
 As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
 Which I so often owe : but, your ring first ;

* *And your three motives to the battle,—*] I. e. the motives of you three for engaging in the battle. MALONE.

§ — *our long intergatories.*] The old copy has — *interrogatories*. But the metre, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed, shews that Shakspeare meant the word should be pronounced here as he has written in other places, *intergatories*. See Vol. III. p. 446, n. 5. MALONE.

And here the bracelet of the truest princefs,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me :

The power that I have on you, is to spare you ;
The malice towards you, to forgive you : Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd :

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arw. You help us, fir,

As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothfayer : As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews⁹
Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom ; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it¹ : let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece
of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt
branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive,*

⁹ — sprightly shews—] are ghostly appearances. STEVENS.

¹ *Make no collection of it :*] A collection is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises. So, in Sir John Davies's poem on *The Immortality of the Soul* :

“ When the, from sundry arts, one skill doth draw ;

“ Gath'ring from divers fights, one act of war ;

“ From many cases like, one rule of law :

“ These her collections, not the senses are.” STEVENS.

So, the Queen says in *Hamlet* :

“ — her speech is nothing,

“ Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

“ The hearers to collection.”

Whose containing means, the contents of which. MASON.

be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, [*to Cym.*
Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unfought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lott cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lop'd branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin²:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
'To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)
Have lay'd most heavy hand³.

Sooth.

² *My peace we will begin* :—] I think it better to read :

By peace we will begin.— JOHNSON.

³ *Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)*

Have lay'd most heavy hand.] i. e. have lay'd most heavy hand on. Thus the old copy, and thus Shakspeare certainly wrote, many such elliptical expressions being found in his works. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,

“ And dotes on *whom* he looks [*on*], 'gainst law and duty.”

Again, in *R. Richard III.*

“ Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,

“ Which after hours give leisure to repent [*of*].”

Again,

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
 The harmony of this peace. The vision
 Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
 Of this yet scarce-cold battle⁴, at this instant
 Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
 From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
 Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
 So vanish'd: which fore-shew'd, our princely eagle,
 The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
 His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
 Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
 And let our crooked snakes climb to their nostrils
 From our blest altars! Publish we this peace
 To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
 A Roman and a British ensign wave
 Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
 And in the temple of great Jupiter
 Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
 Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace⁵.

[*Exeunt.*]

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“ ——— even as bad as those,

“ That vulgars give boldest titles [to].”

Again, *ibidem*:

“ ——— The queen is spotless

“ In that ~~which~~ you accuse her [of].”

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“ ——— ~~whoever~~ the king removes,

“ The cardinal instantly will find employment [for].”

Again, in *Orbello*:

“ What conjurations and what mighty magick

“ I won his daughter [with].”

Mr. Pope, instead of the lines in the text, substituted—

On whom heaven's justice (both on her and hers)

Had lay'd most heavy hand.

and this capricious alteration was adopted by all the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

4 — this yet *scarce-cold battle*,] Old Copy—*yet this*, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

5 This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity.

congruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecillity, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation. JOHNSON.

A book entitled *Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's fate of mad Merry Western Wenches, whose Tongues albeit, like Bell-clappers, they neuer leave ringing, yet their Tales are sweet, and will much content you: Written by kinde Kitt of Kingstone*,—was published at London in 1603; and again, in 1620. To the second tale in that volume Shakespeare seems to have been indebted for two or three of the circumstances of *Cymbeline*. [See p. 309, n. 1.] It is told by the Fishwife of *Stand on the Green*, and is as follows:

"In the troublesome raigne of king Henry the Sixt, there dwelt in Waltam (not farre from London) a gentleman, which had to wife a creature most beautifull, so that in her time there were few found that matched her, none at all that excelled her; so excellent were the gifts that nature had bestowed on her. In body was she not onely so rare and unparaleled, but also in her gifts of minde, so that in this creature it seemed that Grace and Nature strove who should excell each other in their gifts toward her. The gentleman, her husband, thought himselfe so happy in his choise, that he believed, in choosing her, he had tooke holde of that blessing which Heaven proffereth every man once in his life. Long did not his opinion hold for currant; for in his height of love he began so to hate her, that he sought her death: the cause I will tell you.

"Having businesse one day to London, he tooke his leave very kindly of his wife, and, accompanied with one man, he rode to London: being toward night, he tooke up his inn, and to be briefe, he went to supper amongst other gentlemen. Amongst other talke at table, one tooke occasion to speake of women, and what excellent creatures they were, so long as they continued loyal to man. To whom answered one, saying, 'This is truth, sir; so is the divell good so long as he doth no harme, which is meaner: his goodnes and women's loyaltie will come both in one yeere; but it is so farre off, that none in this age shall live to see it.

"This gentleman loving his wife dearly, and knowing her to be free from this uncivill generall taxation of women, in her behalfe, said, Sir, you are too bitter against the sexe of women, and doe ill, for some on-'s sake that hath proved false to you, to taxe the generalitie of women-kinde with lightnesse; and but I would not be counted uncivill amongst these gentlemen, I would give you the reply that approved untruth deserveth:—you know my meaning, sir; construe my words as you please. Excuse me, gentlemen, if I be uncivil; I answered in the behalfe of one who is as free from disloyaltie as is the sunne from darknes, or the fire from cold. Pray, sir, said the other, since wee are opposite in opinions, let us rather talke like lawyers, that wee may be quickly friends againe, than like souldiers, which end
 their

their words with blowes. Perhaps this woman that you answer for, is chaste, but yet against her will; for many women are honest, cause they have not the meanes and opportunitie to be dishonest; so is a thief true in prison, because he hath nothing to steale. Had I but opportunitie and knew this same saint you so adore, I would pawne my life and whole estate, in a short while to bring you some manifest token of her disloyaltie. Sir, you are yong in the knowledge of women's flights; your want of experience makes you too credulous: therefore be not abused. This speech of his made the gentleman more out of patience than before, so that with much adoe he held himselfe from offering violence; but his anger beeing a little over, he said,—Sir, I doe verily beleve that this vaine speech of yours procedeth rather from a loose and ill manner'd minde, than of any experience you have had of women's looseness: and since you think yourselve so cunning in that devilish art of corrupting women's chastitie, I will lay down heere a hundred pounds, against which you shall lay fifty pounds, and before these gentlemen I promise you, if that within a month's space you bring me any token of this gentlewoman's disloyaltie, (for whose sake I have spoken in the behalfe of all women,) I doe freely give you leave to enjoy the same; conditionally, you not performing it, I may enjoy your money. If that it be a match, speake, and I will acquaint you where the dwelleth: and besides I vow, as I am a gentleman, not to give her notice of any such intent that is toward her. Sir, quoth the man, your proffer is faire, and I accept the same. So the money was delivered in the east of the house his hands, and the sitters by were witnesses; so drinking together like friends, they went every man to his chamber. The next day this man, having knowledge of the place, rid thither, leaving the gentleman at the inne, who being assured of his wife's chastitie, made no other account but to winne the wager; but it fell out otherwise: for the other vowed either by force, policie, or free will, to get some jewell or other toy from her, which was enough to persuade the gentleman that he was a cuckold, and win the wager he had laid. This villaine (for hee deserved no better stile) lay at Waltham a whole day before he came to the sight of her; at last he espyed her in the fields, to whom he went, and kissed her (a thing no modest woman can deny); after his salutation, he said, Gentlewoman, I pray, pardon me, if I have beene too bold: I was intreated by your husband, which is at London, (I riding this way) to come and see you; by me he hath sent his commends to you, with a kind intreat that you would not be discontented for his long absence, it being serious business that keepes him from your sight. The gentlewoman very modestlie bade him welcome, thanking him for his kindness; withall telling him that her husband might command her patience so long as he pleased. Then intreated thee him to walke homeward, where she gave him such entertainment as was fit for a gentleman, and her husband's friend.

“ In the time of his abiding at her house, he oft would have singled her in private talke, but she perceiving the same, (knowing it to be a thing not fitting a modest woman,) would never come in his sight but

at meales, and then were there so many at board, that it was no time for to talke of love-matters: therefore he saw he must accomplish his desire some other way; which he did in this manner. He having laine two nights at her house, and perceiving her to bee free from lustful desires, the third night he fained himselfe to bee something ill, and so went to bed timelier than he was wont. When he was alone in his chamber, he began to thinke with himselfe that it was now time to do that which he determined: for if he tarried any longer, they might have cause to thinke that he came for some ill intent, and waited opportunity to execute the same: therefore he resolved to doe something that night, that might win him the wager, or utterly bring him in despaire of the same. With this resolution he went to her chamber, which was but a paire of staires from his, and finding the doore open, he went in, placing himselfe under the bed. Long had he not layne there, but in came the gentlewoman with her maiden; who, having been at prayers with her household, was going to bed. She preparing herselfe to bedward, laid her head-tyre and those jewels she wore, on a little table thereby: at length he perceived her to put off a little crucifix of gold, which dayly she wore next to her heart; this jewell he thought fittest for his tuine, and therefore observed where she did lay the same.

“ At length the gentlewoman, having unttyred her selfe, went to bed; her maid then holding of the doore, tooke the candle, and went to bed in a withdrawing roome, onely separated with a iras. This villain lay still under the bed, listening if hee could heare that the gentlewoman slept: at length he might hear her draw her breath long; then thought hee all sure, and like a cunning villaine rose without noyse, going straight to the table, where finding of the crucifix, he lightly went to the doore, which he cunningly unbolled: all this performed he with so little noyse, that neither the mistress nor the maid heard him. Having gotten into his chamber, he wished for day that he might carry this jewell to her husband, as signe of his wife’s disloyaltie; but seeing his wishes but in vaine, he laid him downe to sleepe: his py had she bene, had his bed proved his grave.

“ In the morning so soone as the folkes were stirring, he rose and went to the house keeper, praying him to helpe him to his horse, telling him that he had tooke his leave of his mistress the last night. Mounting his horse, away rode he to London, leaving the gentlewoman in bud; who, when she rose, attiring herselfe hastily, (cause one tarried to speake with her,) missed not her crucifix. So passed she the time away, as she was wont other dayes to doe, no whit troubled in minde, though much sorrow was toward her; onely she seemed a little discontented that her ghost went away so unmanerly, she using him so kindly. So leaving her, I will speake of him, who the next morning was betimes at London; and coming to the inn, hee asked for the gentleman who was then in bed, but he quickly came downe to him; who seeing him returned so suddenly, hee thought hee came to have leave to release himselfe of his wager; but this chanced otherwise, for having saluted

saluted him, he said in this manner:—Sir, did not I tell you that you were too young in experience of woman's subtilties, and that no woman was longer good than till she had cause, or time to do ill? This you believed not; and thought it a thing so unlikely, that you have given me a hundred pounds for the knowledge of it. In brief, know, your wife is a woman, and therefore a wanton, a changeling:—to confirm that I speake, see heere (shewing him the crucifix); know you this? If this be not sufficient prooffe, I will fetch you more.

“At the sight of this, his blood left his face, running to comfort his faint heart, which was ready to breake at the sight of this crucifix, which he knew she alwayes wore next her heart; and therefore he must (as he thought) gre something neere, which stole so private a jewell. But remembering himselfe, he cheeres his spirits, seeing that was sufficient prooffe, and he had wonne the wager, which he commanded should be given to him. Thus was the poore gentleman abused, who went into his chamber, and being weary of this world, (seeing where he had put onely his trust he was deceived,) he was minded to fall upon his sword, and to end all his miseries at once: but his better genius perswaded him contrary, and not so, by laying violent hand on himselfe, to leape into the diuel's mouth. Thus being in many mindes, but resolving no one thing, at last he concluded to punish her with death, which had deceyved his trust, and himselfe utterly to forsake his house and lands, and follow the fortunes of king Henry. To this intent, he called his man, to whom he said,—George, thou knowest I have ever held thee deare, making more account of thee than thy other fellowes; and thou hast often told me that thou diddest owe thy life to me, which at any time thou wouldst be ready to render up to doe me good. True, sir, answered his man, I said no more then, than I will now at any time, whensoever you please, performe. I believe thee, George, replied he; but there is no such need: I onely would have thee doe a thing for me, in which is no great danger; yet the profit which thou shalt have thereby shall amount to my wealth. For the love that thou bearest to me, and for thy own good, wilt thou do this? Sir, answered George, more for your love than any reward, I will doe it, (and yet money makes many men valiant,) pray tell me what it is? George, said his master, this it is; thou must goe home, praying thy mistress to meet me halfe the way to London; but having her by the way, in some private place kill her: I mean as I speake, kill her, I say; this is my command, which thou hast promised to performe; which if thou performest not, I vow to kill thee the next time thou comest in my sight. Now for thy reward, it shall be this:—Take my ring, and when thou hast done my command, by virtue of it, doe thou assume my place till my returne, at which time thou shalt know what my reward is; till then govern my whole estate, and for thy mistress' absence and my own, make what excuse thou please; so be gone. Well, sir, said George, since it is your will, though unwilling I am to do it, yet I will performe it. So went he his way toward Walsam; and his master presently rid to the court, where hee abode with king Henry,

who a little before was inaugurated by the earle of Warwicke, and placed in the throne againe.

“ George being come to Walsam, did his dutie to his mistress, who wondered to see him, and not her husband, for whom she demanded of George; he answered her, that he was at Enfield, and did request her to meet him there. To which she willingly agreed, and presently rode with him toward Enfield. At length, they being come into a by-way, George began to speake to her in this manner: Mistress, I pray you tell me, what that wife deserves, who through some lewd behaviour of hers hath made her husband to neglect his estates, and meane of life, seeking by all meanes to dye, that he might be free from the shame which her wickednesse hath purchased him? Why, George, quoth shee, hast thou met with some such creature? Be it whomsoever, might I be her judge, I thinke her worthy of death. How thinkest thou? Faith mistress, said he, I think so too, and am so fully persuaded that her offence deserves that punishment, that I purpose to be executioner to such a one my selfe: Mistress, you are this woman, you have so offended my master, (you know best, how, yourselfe,) that he hath left his house, vowing never to see the same till you be dead, and I am the man appointed by him to kill you. Therefore those words which you mean to utter, (speake them presently) for I cannot stay. Poor gentlewoman, at the report of these unkinde words (ill deserved at her hands) she looked as one dead, and uttering abundance of teares, she at last spake these words: And can it be, that my kindness and loving obedience hath merited no other reward at his hands than death? It cannot be. I know thou onely tryest me, how patiently I would endure such an unjust command. I’le tell thee heere, thus with body prostrate on the earth, and hands lift up to heaven, I would pray for his preservation; those should be my worst words: for death’s fearful visage shewes pleasant to that soule that is innocent. Why then prepare yourselfe, said George, for by heaven I doe not jest. With that she prayed him stay, saying,—And is it so? Then what should I desire to live, having lost his favour, (and without offence) whom I so dearly loved, and in whose sight my happiness did consist? Come, let me die. Yet George, let me have to much favour at thy hands, as to commend me in these few words to him: Tell him, my death I willingly embrace, for I have owed him my life (yet no otherwise but by a wife’s obedience) ever since I called him husband; but that I am guilty of the least fault toward him, I utterly deny; and doe, at this hour of my death, desire that Heaven would pour down vengeance upon me, if ever I offended him in thought. Inreat him that he would not speake aught that were ill on mee, when I am dead, for in good troth I have deserved none. Pray Heaven blisse him; I am prepared now, strike prythee home, and kill me and my griefes at once.

“ George, seeing this, could not withhold himselfe from shedding teares, and with pitee he let fall his sword, saying,—Mistress, that I have used you so roughly, pray pardon me, for I was commanded so by my

my master, who hath vowed, if I let you live, to kill me. But I being perswaded that you are innocent, I will rather undergoe the danger of his wrath than to staine my hands with the blood of your cleere and spotlesse brest: yet let me intreat you so much, that you would not come in his sight, lest in his rage he turne your butcher, but live in some disguise, till time have opened the cause of his mistrust, and shewed you guiltlesse; which, I hope, will not be long.

"To this she willingly granted, being loth to die causelesse, and thanked him for his kindnesse; so parted they both, having teares in their eyes. George went home, where he shewed his master's ring, for the government of the house till his master and mistress returne, which he said lived a while at London, 'cause the time was so troublesome, and that was a place where they were more secure than in the country. This his fellowes believed, and were obedient to his will; amongst whom hee used himselfe so kindly that he had all their loves. This poore gentlewoman (mistris of the house) in short time got man's apparell for her disguise; so wandered she up and downe the country, for she could get no service, because the time was so dangerous that no man knew whom he might trust: onely she maintained herselfe with the price of those jewels which she had, all which she sold. At the last, being quite out of money, and having nothing left (which she could well spare) to make money of, she resolved rather to starve than so much to debase herselfe to become a beggar. With this resolution she went to a solitary place beside Yorke, where she lived the space of two dayes on hearbs, and such things as she could there finde.

"In this time it chanced that king Edward, being come out of France, and lying thereabout with the small forces hee had, came that way with some two or three noblemen, with an intent to discover if any ambushes were laid to take him at an advantage. He seeing there this gentlewoman, whom he supposed to be a boy, asked her what she was, and what she made there in that private place? To whom shee very wisely and modestly withall, answered, that she was a poore boy, whose bringing up had bin better than her outward part: then shewed but at that time she was both friendlesse and comfortlesse, by reason of the late warre. He being moved to see one so well featured as she was, to want, entertained her for one of his pages; to whom she shewed herselfe so dutifull and loving, that in short time she had his love above all her fellows. Still followed she the fortunes of K. Edward, hoping at last (as not long after it did fall out) to be reconciled to her husband.

"After the battell at Barnet, where K. Edward got the best, she going up and downe amongst the slaine men, to know whether her husband, which was on K. Henrie's side, was dead or escaped, happened to see the other who had been her ghest, lying there for dead. She remembering him, and thinking him to be one whom her husband loved, went to him, and finding him not dead, she caused one to helpe her with him to a house there-by; where opening his brest to dresse his wounds, she espied her crucifix, at sight of which her heart

was joyfull, hoping by this to find him that was the originall of her disgrace: for she remembering herselfe, found that she had lost that crucifix ever since that morning he departed from her house so suddenly. But saying nothing of it at that time, she caused him to be curiously looked unto, and brought up to London after her, whither she went with the king, carrying the crucifix with her.

On a time, when he was a little recovered, she went to him, giving him the crucifix which she had taken from about his necke; to whom he said, "Good gentle youth, keep the same, for now in my misery of sickness, when the sight of that picture should be most comfortable, it is to me most uncomfortable, and breedeth such horror in my conscience, when I think how wrongfully I got the same, that I long as I see it I shall never be able to see it. Now knew she that he was the man that caused the separation betwixt her husband and herselfe, but said she nothing, using him as respectfully as she had before: only she caused the man in whose house he lay, to remember the words he had spoken concerning the crucifix. Not long after, she being alone, attending on the king, beseeched his grace to doe her justice on a villain that had bin the cause of all the misery she had suffered. He loving her, above all his other pages, most dearly, said, "Edmund, thou hast had the name heretofore, thou shalt have it right thou wilt on thy enemy, cause him to be sent for, and I will be thy judge myself." She being glad of this, with the king's authority sent for her husband, whom she heard was one of the prisoners that was taken at the battle of Bannet, she appointing the carrier, now recovered, to be at the court the same time. They being both come, but not one seeing of the other, the king sent for the wounded man into the presence, before whom the carrier asked him how he came by the crucifix. He answering, that his villains would come forth, denyed the word he had said before his house, affirming he bought it. With that, the carrier went out of the house where he lay, bidding him boldly speake what he had said this man say concerning the crucifix. The carrier then told the king, that in the presence of this prince he heard him utter it that the crucifix might be taken from his thigh: for it did wound his conscience, to thinke how wrongfully he had gotten the same. This word said the page averie, yet he utterly denyed the same. Assuming that he bought it, and if that he did speake such words in his sickness, they proceeded from the lightnesse of his braine, and were utterables.

"She seeing this villain's impudence, sent for her husband in, to whom she shewed the crucifix, saying, Sir, doe you know this? Yes, answered hee, but would God I never had knowne the whereof it was my wife's, a woman virtuous, till this devill (pointing to the other) did corrupt her purity,—who brought me this crucifix as a token of her infancie.

"With that the king said, Sirra, now are you found to be a knave. Did you not, even now, affirme you bought it? To whom he answered with fearfull countenance, And it like your grace, I said so, to preserve this gentleman's honour, and his wife's, which by
my

my telling of the truth would have been much indamaged; for indeed she, being a secret friend of mine, gave me this as a testimony of her love.

"The gentlewoman, not being able longer to cover her selfe in that disguise, said, "And it like your majesty, give mee leave to speake, and you shall see me make this villain confesse how he hath abused that good gentleman. The king having given her leave, she said, "First, sir, you confessed before your oast and my selfe, that you had wrongfully got this jewell; then before his majestie you affirmed you bought it; so denying your former words: Now you have denied that which you so boldly affirmed before, and said it was this gentleman's wife's gift. With his majestie's leave I say, thou art a villaine, and this is likewise false." With that she discovered her selfe to be a woman, saying—"Hadst thou, villaine, ever any strumpet's favour at my hands? Did I, for any sinfull pleasure I received from thee, bestow this on thee? Speake, and if thou have any goodnes left in thee, speak the truth."

"With that, he being daunted at her sudden sight, fell on his knees before the king, beseeching his grace to be mercifull unto him, for he had wronged that gentlewoman. Therewith told he the king of the match betweene the gentleman and him selfe, and how he stole the crucifix from her, and by that meanes perswaded her husband that she was a whore. The king wondered how he durst, knowing God to be just, commit so great a villainy; but much more admired he to see his page to turn a gentlewoman. But ceasing to admire, he said—"Sir, (speaking to her husband,) you did the part of an unwise man to lay so foolish a wager, for which offence the remembrance of your folly is punishment inough; but seeing it concerns me not, your wife shall be your judge." With that *Mrs. Drorill*, thanking his majestie, went to her husband, saying, "Sir, all my anger to you I lay downe with this kisse." He wondering all this while to see this strange and unlooked-for change, wept for joy, desiring her to tell him how she was preserved; wherein she satisfied him at full. The king was likewise glad that he had preserved this gentlewoman from wilfull tamine, and gave judgment on the other in this manner:—"That he should restore the money treble which he had wrongfully got from him; and so was to have a yeere's imprisonment. So this gentleman and his wife went, with the king's leave, lovingly home, where they were kindly welcomed by George, to whom for recompence he gave the money which he received: so lived they ever after in great content." MALONE.

A SONG, *sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.*

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1.

*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.*

2.

*No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.*

3.

*No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.*

4.

*The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid;
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.*

5.

*When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the jylwan cell;
Or midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thoughts on thee shall dwell.*

6.

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Below'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.*

K I N G L E A R.

Persons Represented.

Lear, *King of Britain.*

King of France.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Cornwall.

Duke of Albany.

Earl of Kent.

Earl of Gloster.

Edgar, *Son to Gloster.*

Edmund, *Bastard Son to Gloster.*

Curan, *a Courtier.*

Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.

Physician.

Fool.

Oswald, *Steward to Goneril.*

An Officer, employed by Edmund.

Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

Goneril,
Regan,
Cordelia, } *Daughters to Lear.*

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers, and, Attendants.*

S C E N E, Britain.

K I N G L E A R.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of state in King Lear's Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo.

The story of this tragedy had found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; yet Shakspeare seems to have been more indebted to the *True Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordell*, 1605, (which I have already published at the end of a collection of the quarto copies,) than to all the other performances together. It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that some play on this subject was entered by Edward White, May 14, 1594. "A booke entituled, *The moste famous Chronicle Hyſtorie of Leire King of England, and his three Daughters.*" A piece with the same title is entered again, May 8, 1605; and again Nov. 26, 1607. See the extracts from these Entries at the end of the Prefaces, &c. From *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587, Shakspeare has, however, taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordelia to her father concerning her future marriage. The episode of Gloster and his sons must have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, as I have not found the least trace of it in any other work. I have referred to these pieces, whenever our author seems more immediately to have followed them, in the course of my notes on the play. For the first *King Lear*, see likewise *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross.

The reader will also find the story of *King Lear*, in the second book and the 10th canto of Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and in the 15th chapter of the third book of Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602.

The whole of this play, however, could not have been written till after 1603. Harinet's pamphlet to which it contains so many references, (as will appear in the notes) was not published till that year.

STEEVENS.

Camden, in his *Remains*, (p. 306, edit. 1674.) tells a similar story to this of *Leir* or *Lear*, of 12a king of the West Saxons; which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable. See under the head of *Wise Speeches*. PERCY.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom², it appears not which of the dukes

The story told by Camden in his *Remaines*, 4to. 1605, is this:

"Ina, king of West Saxons, had three daughters, of whom upon a time he demanded whether they did love him, and so would do during their lives, above all other: the two elder swore deeply they would; the youngest, but the wisest, told her father flatly, without flattery, that albeit she did love, honour, and reverence him, and so would whilst she lived, as much as nature and daughter by dutie at the uttermost could expect, yet she did think that one day it would come to passe that she should affect another more fervently, meaning her husband, when she were married; who being made one flesh with her, as God by commandement had told, and nature had taught her, she was to cleave fast to, forsaking father and mother, kisse and kinne. [Anonymous.] One referreth this to the daughters of king Leir."

It is, I think, more probable that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts, when he wrote Cordelia's reply concerning her future marriage, than *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, as Camden's book was published recently before he appears to have composed this play, and that portion of it which is entitled *Wife-Speeches*, where the foregoing passage is found, furnished him with a hint in *Coriolanus*.

The story of King Leir and his three daughters was originally told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from whom Holinshed transcribed it; and in his Chronicle Shakspeare had certainly read it, as it occurs not far from that of *Cymbeline*; though the old play on the same subject probably first suggested to him the idea of making it the ground-work of a tragedy.

Geoffrey of Monmouth says, that Leir, who was the eldest son of Bladud, "nobly governed his country for sixty years." According to that historian, he died about 300 years before the birth of Christ.

The name of Leir's youngest daughter, which in Geoffrey's history, in Holinshed, *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, and the old anonymous play, is *Cordeilla*, *Cordila*, or *Condella*, Shakspeare found softened into *Cordelia* by Spenser in his *Second Book*, Canto X. The names of Edgar and Edmund were probably suggested by Holinshed. See his *Chronicle*, Vol. I. p. 123: "*Edgar, the son of Edmund, brother of Athelstane,*" &c.

This tragedy, I believe, was written in 1605. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I.

As the episode of Gloucester and his sons is undoubtedly formed on the story of the blind king of Paphlagonia in Sidney's *Arcadia*, I shall subjoin it, at the end of the play. MALONE.

² — in the division of the kingdom, } There is something of obscurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory scene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he enters he examines his daughters, to discover in what proportions he should divide it. Perhaps Kent and Gloucester

dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd³, that curiosity in neither⁴ can make choice of either's moiety⁵.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it. ✓

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper*.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this⁶, who yet is no dearer in my account; though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there

Gloster only were privy to his design, which he still kept in his own hands, to be changed or performed as subsequent reasons should determine him. JOHNSON.

3 —equalities,] So, the first quarto; the folio reads—*qualitis*. JOHNSON.

Either may serve; but of the former I find an instance in the *Flower of Friendship*, 1568: "After this match made, and *equalities* considered," &c. STEEVENS.

4 —that curiosity in neither—] *Curiosity* is scrupulousness, or captiousness. So, in the *Taming of a Shrew*, AQ IV. sc. iv.

"For curious I cannot be with you." STEEVENS.

See p. 106, n. 4. and p. 505, n. 6. MALONE.

5 —of either's moiety.] The strict sense of the word *moiety* is *half*, one of two equal parts; but Shakspeare commonly uses it for any part or division.

"Methinks my moiety north from Burton here,

"In quantity equals not one of yours."

and here the *division* was into three parts. STEEVENS.

Heywood likewise uses the word *moiety* as synonymous to any part or portion. "I would unwillingly part with the greatest moiety of my own means and fortunes." *Hist. of Women*, 1624. See also Vol. V. p. 195, n. 1. MALONE.

* —being so proper.] i. e. handsome. See Vol. III. p. 14, n. 7. MALONE.

6 —some year elder than this,] Some year, is an expression used when we speak indefinitely. STEEVENS.

was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. ~~My services to your lordship.~~

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving. ✓

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming. [*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER, and EDMUND.*]

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose⁷.

The map there⁸.—Know, that we have divided,

In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent⁹

To shake all cares and business from our age¹;

Conferring them on younger strengths², while we³

Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,

⁷ —*express our darker purpose.*] *Darker*, for more secret; not for indirect, oblique. WARBURTON.

This word may admit a further explication. *We shall express our darker purpose*: that is, we have already made known in some measure our design of parting the kingdom; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition. This interpretation will justify or palliate the exordial dialogue. JOHNSON.

⁸ *The map there.*] So the quartos. The folio reads—*Give me the map there.* MALONE.

⁹ —*and 'tis our fast intent.*—] *Fast* is the reading of the first folio, and, I think, the true reading. JOHNSON.

Our *fast intent* is our determined resolution. The quartos have—our *first intent.* MALONE.

¹ —*from our age;*] The quartos read—*of our state.* STEEVENS.

² *Conferring them on younger strengths,*] is the reading of the folio; the quartos read—*Confirming them on younger years.* STEEVENS.

³ —*while we, &c.*] *From while we, down to prevented now,* is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

We

We have this hour a constant will⁴ to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Bur-
gundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now⁵ we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend

Where merit doth most challenge it⁶.—Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,

Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;

Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;

No less than life⁷, with grace, health, beauty, honour:

As

⁴ — constant will—] seems a confirmation of *fast* intent. JOHNS.
Constant is *firm, determined*. *Constant will* is the *certa voluntas* of
Virgil. The same epithet is used with the same meaning in the *Mer-
chant of Venice*:

“ ——— else nothing in the world

“ Could turn so much the constitution

“ Of any constant man.” STEVENS.

⁵ *Since now, &c.*] These two lines are omitted in the quartos.

STEVENS.

⁶ *Where merit doth most challenge it.*] Thus the quartos. The folio
reads less intelligibly:

Where nature doth with merit challenge. MALONE.

⁷ Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,—

✧ *No less than life.*] So, in Holinshed: “ — he first asked Gonorilla
the eldest, how well she loved him; who calling his gods to record,
protested that *she loved him more than her own life*, which by right and
reason should be most deere unto him. With which answer the father
being well pleased, turned to the second, and demanded of him how well
she loved him; who answered (confirming his sayings with great
othes,) that she loved him more than tongue could expresse, and farre
above all other creatures of the world.

Then called he his youngest daughter Cordeilla before him, and
asked her, what account she made of him; unto whom she made this
answer

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you².

Cor. What shall Cordelia do³? Love, and be silent.

[*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd⁴,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak⁵.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister⁶,
And prize me at her worth⁴. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deod of love;

answer as followeth: Knowing the great love and fatherlie zeale that you have alwaies born towards me, (for the which I maie not answere you otherwise than I thinke and as my conscience leadeth me,) I protest unto you that I have loved you ever, and will continuallie (while I live) love you as my natural father. And if you would more understand of the love I bear you, ascertain your selfe, that so much as you have so much you are worth, and so much I love you, and no more."

MALONE.

⁸ *Beyond all manner of so much*—] Beyond all assignable quantity: I love you beyond limits, and cannot say it is *so much*, for how much soever I should name, it would yet be more. JOHNSON.

⁹ —do?] So the quarto; the folio has *speak*. JOHNSON.

¹ —and with champains rich'd.

With plenteous rivers—] These words are omitted in the quartos.

⁴ *To rich* is an obsolete verb. It is used by Tho. Drant in his translation of Horace's *Epistles*, 1567:

"To rich his country, let his words lyke flowing water fall."

STEEVENS.

² —*Speak*.] Thus the quartos. This word is not in the folio.

MALONE.

³ *I am made, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, Sir, I am made of the self-same metal that my sister is. STEEVENS.

⁴ *And prize me at her worth.*] I believe this passage should rather be pointed thus:

And prize me at her worth, in my true heart

I find, she names, &c.

That is, *And so may you prize me at her worth, as in my true heart I find, that she names, &c.* TOWNITT.

Only she comes too short,—that I profess⁵
 Myself an enemy to all other joys,
 Which the most precious square of sense possesses⁶;
 And find, I am alone felicitate
 In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia!

[*Aside.*

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
 More richer⁷ than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
 No less in space, validity⁸, and pleasure,
 Than that confirm'd⁹ on Goncril.—Now, our joy¹,

⁵ *Only she comes too short,—that I profess, &c.*] Only she falls short of my affection to you, in that, i. e. inasmuch as, I profess myself, &c. Thus the folio. The quartos read:

Only she *came short*, that I profess, &c.

Dr. Johnson is of opinion that the construction is, “I find *that* she names my deed of love; I find that I profess,” &c.

Since I wrote the above, I have found that the passage struck Mr. Malon in the same light as it did me. MALONE.

⁶ *Which the most precious square of sense possesses;*] Perhaps *square* means only *compass*, *comprehension*. JOHNSON.

So, in a *Parnassus to the Prince*, by lord Sterline, 1604:

“The *square* of reason, and the mind's clear eye.” STEEVENS.

I believe that Shakspeare uses *square* for the full complement of all the senses. EDWARDS.

⁷ *More richer*—] Thus the quartos. The folio has—*More penderous*. MALONE.

⁸ *No less in space, validity,—*] *Validity*, for worth, value; not for integrity, or good title. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607: “The countenance of your friend is of less value than his counsel, yet both of very small *validity*.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ —*confirm'd*—] The folio reads, *confer'd*. STEEVENS.

¹ —*Now, our joy*,] Here the true reading is picked out of two copies. Butter's quarto reads:

—*But now our joy*,

Although the last, not least in our dear love,

What can you say to win a third, &c.

The folio:

—*Now our joy*,

Although our last, and least; to whose young love

The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,

Strive to be int'res'd. *What can you say*, &c. JOHNSON.

Although

Although the last, not least²; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,

✓ Strive to be interests'd³; what can you say, to draw⁴
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord:

Lear. Nothing⁵?

Cor. Nothing⁵.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia⁶? mend your speech a
little,

Left it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed⁷,

That

² *Although the last, not least, &c.*] So, in the old anonymous play,
King Lear speaking to Mumford:

" — to thee last of all;

" Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small. STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, written before 1593:

" The third and last, not least, in our account." MALONE.

³ *Strive to be interests'd;*] So, in the Preface to Drayton's *Polyolbion*: " — there is scarce any of the nobilitie, or gentry of this land, but he is some way or other by blood *interested* therein."

To *interest* and to *interesse*, are not, perhaps, different spellings of the same verb, but are two distinct words though of the same import; the one being derived from the Latin, the other from the French *intereffer*. STEEVENS.

⁴ — to draw —] The quarto reads—what can you say, to win.

STEEVENS.

⁵ These two speeches are wanting in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁶ *How, how, Cordelia?*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*Go to, go to.* STEEVENS.

⁷ — *Haply, when I shall wed, &c.*] So, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587, Cordila says:

" — Nature so doth bind and me compell

" To love you as I ought, my father, well;

" Yet

That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half ~~my~~ care, and duty :
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all⁸.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart⁹?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender¹?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy dower :
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;
The mysteries of Hecate², and the night ;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,

“ Yet shortly I may chance, if fortune will,

“ To find in heart to bear another more good will :

“ Thus much I said of nuptial loves that meant.” STEEVENS.

See also the quotation from Camden's *Remaines*, near the end of the first note on this play. MALONE.

⁸ *To love my father all.*] These words are restored from the first edition, without which the sense was not complete. FORD.

⁹ *But goes this with thy heart ?*] Thus the quartos, and thus I have no doubt Shakspeare wrote, this kind of inversion occurring often in his plays, and in the contemporary writers. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“ — and make your house our Tower.”

Again, in *the Merchant of Venice* :

“ — That many may be meant

“ By the fool multitude.”

See the note on the latter passage in the APPENDIX.

The editor of the folio, not understanding this kind of phraseology, substituted the more common form—But goes *thy heart with this* ? as in the next line he reads, Ay, *my good lord*, instead of—Ay, *good my lord*, the reading of the quartos, and the constant language of Shakspeare. MALONE.

¹ *So young, and so untender ?*] So, in Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Ah me, quoth Venus, *young, and so unkind* ?” MALONE.

² *The mysteries of Hecate,*] The quartos have *mistress*, the folio—*miserics*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio, who likewise substituted *operations* in the next line for *operation*, the reading of the original copies. MALONE.

And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee, from this, forever³. The barbarous Scythian,
 Or he that makes his generation⁴ messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

Ant. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
 I lov'd her most⁵, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—
 [To Cordelia⁶.

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who stirs?
 Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
 With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
 With reservation of an hundred knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain⁷
 The name, and all the additions to a king⁸;

³ *Hold thee, from this,—*] i. e. from this time. STEVENS.

⁴ *—his generation—*] i. e. his children. MALONE.

⁵ *I lov'd her most,*] So Holinshed:—"which daughters he greatly loved, but especially Cordella, the youngest, farre above the two elder."

MALONE.

⁶ *To Cordelia.*] Rather, as the author of the *Revised* observes, *to Kent*. For in the next words Lear sends for France and Burgundy to offer Cordelia without a dowry. STEVENS.

Surely such quick transitions or inconsistencies, which ever they are called, are perfectly suited to Lear's character. I have no doubt that the direction now given is right. Kent has hitherto said nothing that could extort even from the choleric king so harsh a sentence, having only interposed in the mildest manner; "*Good my liege,*"—Afterwards, indeed, when he remonstrates with more freedom, and calls Lear a madman, the king exclaims—"Out of my sight!" MALONE.

⁷ *Only we still retain*] Thus the quarto. Folio: *we shall retain*. MALONE.

⁸ *—all the additions to a king;*] All the titles belonging to a king. See p. 208, n. 8. MALONE.

The sway, revenue, execution of the rest²,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*giving the crown.*]

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old man?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak¹,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's
bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: ~~answer my life my judgment.~~
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;

² — execution of the rest,] The execution of the rest is, I suppose, all the other business. JOHNSON.

¹ Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,] I have given this passage according to the old folio, from which the modern editions have silently departed, for the sake of better numbers, with a degree of insincerity, which, if not sometimes detected and censured, must impair the credit of ancient books. One of the editors, and perhaps only one, knew how much mischief may be done by such clandestine alterations. The quarto agrees with the folio, except that for *reserve thy state*, it gives, *reverse thy doom*, and has *stoops*, instead of *falls to folly*. The meaning of *answer my life my judgment*, is, *Let my life be answerable for my judgment*, or, *I will stake my life on my opinion*.—The reading which, without any right, has possessed all the modern copies is this:

— to plainness honour
Is bound, when majesty to folly falls.
Reverse thy state; with better judgment check
This hideous rashness; with my life I answer,
Thy youngest daughter, &c.

I am inclined to think that *reverse thy doom* was Shakspeare's first reading, as more apposite to the present occasion, and that he changed it afterwards to *reserve thy state*, which conduces more to the progress of the action. JOHNSON.

I have followed the quartos. *Reverse* was formerly used for *preserve*. So, in our poet's 52d Sonnet:

"Reverse them for my love, not for their rhymes." MALONE.

Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness².

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies³: nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye⁴.

Lear. Now, by Apollo*,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant! [*laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear⁵.

Kent. Do; kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift⁶;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant! x
On thine allegiance hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,

* *Reverbs*.—] This is perhaps a word of the poet's own making, meaning the same as *reverberates*. STEVENS.

³ ——— a pawn

To wage against thine enemies;] i. e. I never regarded my life, as my own, but merely as a thing of which I had the possession, not the property; and which was entrusted to me as a *pawn* or pledge, to be employed in waging war against your enemies.

To wage against is an expression used in a letter from Guil. Webbe to Robt. Wilmot, prefixed to *Tancred and Guismond*, 1592: "—you shall not be able to *wage against* me in the charges growing upon this action." STEVENS.

⁴ *The true blank of thine eye.*] The *blank* is the white or exact mark at which the arrow is shot. See better, says Kent, and keep me always in your view. JOHNSON.

See Vol. III. p. 348, n. 5. MALONE.

* —by Apollo,—] Bladud, Lear's father, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, attempting to fly, fell on the temple of Apollo, and was killed. This circumstance our author must have noticed, both in Holinshed's *Chronicle* and *The Mirror for Magistrates*. MALONE.

⁵ *Dear sir, forbear.*] This speech is omitted in the quarto. STEVENS.

⁶ —thy gift.] The quartos read—thy doom. STEVENS.

(Which

(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride⁷,
 To come betwixt our sentence and our power⁸;
 (Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
 Our potency made good⁹, take thy reward.
 Five days we do allot thee, for provision
 To shield thee from diseases of the world¹;
 And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
 Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
 Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,

⁷ — *strain'd pride*,] The oldest copy reads—*strayed* pride; that is, *pride exorbitant*; pride passing due bounds. JOHNSON.

⁸ *To come betwixt our sentence and our power*;] i. e. as Mr. Edwards observes, *our power to execute that sentence*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Our potency made good*, &c.] Thus Butter's quarto, of which the first Signature is B, and the folio. The other quarto, printed in the same year, has—*make good*. The meaning, I think, is, As a proof that I am not a mere threatner, that I have power as well as will to punish, take the due reward of thy demerits; hear thy sentence. The words *our potency made good* are in the absolute case. I shall however subjoin Dr. Johnson's interpretation. MALONE.

As thou hast come with unreasonable pride between the sentence which I had passed, and the power by which I shall execute it, take thy reward in another sentence which shall make good, shall establish, shall maintain, that power.

Mr. Davies thinks, that *our potency made good*, relates only to *our place*.—Which our nature cannot bear, nor our *place*, without departure from the *potency* of that place. This is easy and clear.—Lear, who is characterized as hot, heady, and violent, is, with very just observation of life, made to entangle himself with vows, upon any sudden provocation to vow revenge, and then to plead the obligation of a vow in defence of implacability. JOHNSON.

¹ *To shield thee from diseases of the world*;] Thus the quartos. The folio has *disasters*. The alteration, I believe, was made by the editor, in consequence of his not knowing the meaning of the original word. *Diseases*, in old language, meant the slighter inconveniencies, troubles, or distresses of the world. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. Vol. VI. p. 47:

“And in that case I'll tell thee my *disease*.”

Again, in *A Woman kill'd with kindness*, by T. Heywood, 1617:

“Fie, fie, that for my private business

“I should *disease* a friend, and be a trouble

“To the whole house.”

The provision that Kent could make in five days, might in some measure guard him against the *diseases* of the world, but could not shield him from its *disasters*. MALONE.

The moment is thy death: Away! By Jupiter²,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Why, fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt
appear,

Freedom lives hence³, and banishment is here.—

The gods to their dear shelter⁴ take thee, maid,

[*to Cordelia.*

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said⁵!—

And your large speeches may your deeds approve,✓

[*to Regan and Goneril.*

That good effects may spring from words of love.—

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;

He'll shape his old course⁶ in a country new. [*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address towards you, who with this king

Hath rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least,

Will you require in present dower with her,

Or cease your quest of love⁷?

Bur. Most royal majesty,

I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,

Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,

2 — *By Jupiter,*] Shakspeare makes his Lear too much a mythologist: he had Hecate and Apollo before. JOHNSON.

3 *Freedom lives hence,*—] So the folio: the quartos concur in reading—*Friendship lives hence.* STEEVENS.

4 — *dear shelter*—] The quartos read—*protection.* STEEVENS.

5 *That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!*—] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

That rightly thinks, and hast most justly said. MALONE.

6 *He'll shape his old course*—] He will follow his old maxims; he will continue to act upon the same principles. JOHNSON.

7 — *quest of love.*] *Quest of love* is *amorous expedition.* The term originated from Romance. A quest was the expedition in which a knight was engaged. This phrase is often to be met with in the *Fairy Queen.* STEEVENS.

When she was dear to us, we did hold her so⁸;
 But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
 If aught within that little, seeming⁹ substance, ✓
 Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
 And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
 She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir, will you, with those infirmities she owes⁴, ✓
 Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
 Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
 Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
 Election makes not up on such conditions².

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that
 made me,
 I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
 [to France.

I would not from your love make such a stray, ✓
 To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
 To avert your liking a more worthier way, ✓
 Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
 Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
 That she, that even but now was your best object,

⁸ — *we did hold her so;*] We esteemed her worthy of that dowry, which, as you say, we promised to give her. MALONE.

⁹ — *seeming*—] is beautiful. JOHNSON.

Seem rather means *specious*. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: “—pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so *seeming* mistress Page.” Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“—hence shall we see,

“If power change purpose, what our *seemers* be.” STEEVENS.

² — *owes*,] i. e. is possessed of. STEEVENS.

² *Election makes not up on such conditions.*] To *make up* signifies to complete, to conclude; as, *they made up the bargain*; but in this sense it has, I think, always the subject noun after it. To *make up*, in familiar language, is neutrally, *to come forward, to make advances*, which, I think, is meant here. JOHNSON.

Election makes not up, I conceive, means, *Election comes not to a decision*; in the same sense as when we say, “I have *made up* my mind on that subject.” MALONE.

The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
 Most best, most dearest³, should in this trice of time
 Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
 So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
 Must be of such unnatural degree,
 That monsters it⁴, or your fore-vouch'd affection
 Fall'n into taint⁵: which to believe of her,

Must

¹ *3 Most best, most dearest,*] Thus the quartos. We have just had *more worthier*, and in a preceding passage *more richer*. The same phraseology is found often in these plays and in the contemporary writings. The folio reads—*The best, the dearest*. MALONE.

⁴ —[*such unnatural degree,*
That monsters it,] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“But with *such* words *that* are but rooted in
 “Your tongue.”

Again, *ibidem*:

“——No, not with *such* friends,
 “*That* thought them sure of you.”

Three of the modern editors, however, in the passage before us, have substituted *As* for *That*. MALONE.

That monsters it,] This uncommon verb occurs again in *Coriolanus*, Act II. sc. 11:

“To hear my nothings *monster'd*.” STEEVENS.

⁵ —or your fore-vouch'd affection

I fall'n into taint:] The reading is here formed out of two copies. The quartos read.

——or you, for vouch'd affections
Fall'n into taint.

The folio:

——or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint.

The meaning of the passage as now printed is, I think, Either her offence *must* be monstrous, or, if she has not committed any such offence, the affection which you always professed to have for her *must* be tainted and decayed, and is now without reason alienated from her.

I once thought the reading of the quartos right,—or you, for vouch'd affections, &c. &c. on account of the extravagant professions made by him in 1. 1. but I did not recollect that France had not heard these. However, Shakspeare might himself have forgot this circumstance. The plural *affections* favours this interpretation.

Dr. Johnson thinks that the words, *you, for vouch'd affection*, fall in to it, not in, “you must fall into reproach, disgrace or censure, in consequence of having professed an affection which you did not feel.”
 ‘The

Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art⁶,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;—
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it no more but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects⁷, that stand
Aloot from the entire point⁸. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry⁹.

The more obvious interpretation already given, appears to me to be supported by our authour's words in another place:

"When *love* begins to sicken and *decay*," &c.

Or in old language signifying *before*, Dr. Johnson thought the meaning in the folio might possibly be, *Jura her crime must be monstrous before your affection can be affected with hatred.* MALONE.

⁶ *If for I want, &c.]* If this be my offence, that I want the glib and oily art, &c. MALONE.

⁷ *—with respects—] i. e. with cautious and prudential considerations.* See Vol X. p. 102, n. 3.

Thus the quarto. The folio has—*regards.* MALONE.

⁸ *—from the entire point.]* Single, unmixed with other considerations. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right. The meaning of the passage is, that his love want something to mark its sincerity;

"Who seeks for aught in love but love alone?" STEVENS.

⁹ *She is herself a dowry.]* The quarto reads:

She is herself *and* dowry. STEVENS.

Bur. Royal Lear¹,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Dutcheſs of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have ſworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am ſorry then, you have ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that reſpects of fortune are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife.

France. Faireſt Cordelia, that art moſt rich, being poor;
Moſt choice, forſaken; and moſt lov'd, deſpis'd!

Thee and thy virtues here I ſeize upon:

Be it lawful, I take up what's caſt away.

Gods, gods! 'tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My love ſhould kindle to inflam'd reſpect.—

Thy dowerleſs daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:

Not all the dukes of wat'riſh Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—

Bid them farewel, Cordelia, though unkind:

Thou loſeſt here, a better where to find².

Lear. Thou haſt her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no ſuch daughter, nor ſhall ever ſee

That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,

Without our grace, our love, our benizon.—

Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flouriſh.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL,
ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.]

France. Bid farewel to your ſiſters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with waſh'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;

¹ *Royal Lear,*] So, the quarto: the folio has—*Royal king.*

STEEVENS.

² *Thou loſeſt here, &c.*] *Here and where* have the power of nouns.
Thou loſeſt this reſidence to find a better reſidence in another place.

JOHNSON.

And,

And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father³ :
To your professed bosoms⁴ I commit him : ✓
But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties⁵.

Reg. Let your study
Be, to content your lord ; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms : You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted⁶.
Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning⁷ hides ;

3 — Use well our father :] So the quartos. The folio reads—
Love well. MALONE.

4 To your professed bosoms —] Thus the ancient copies. The modern editions, after Mr. Pope, read *professing*, and so we should certainly now write. MALONE.

Shakspeare often uses one participle for the other ;—*longing* for *longed* in the *Gentlemen of Verona*, and *all-obeying* for *all-obeyed* in *Antony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

5 Prescribe not us our duties.] *Prescribe* was used formerly without *to* subjoined. So, in Massinger's *Picture* :

“ — Shall I prescribe you,

“ Or blame your fondness.” MALONE.

6 And well are worth the want that you have wanted.] You are well deserving of the want of dower that you are without. So, in the third part of *King Henry VI.* ACT IV. sc. i : “ Though I want a kingdom,” i. e. though I am without a kingdom. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 137 : “ Anselm was expelled the realm, and wanted the whole profits of his bishoprick,” i. e. he did not receive the profits, &c. TOLLET.

Thus the folio. In the quartos the transcriber or compositor inadvertently repeated the word *worth*. They read :

And well are worth the *worth* that you have wanted. MALONE.

7 — plaited cunning —] i. e. *complicated*, *involved* cunning. JOHNS.
I once thought that the authour wrote *plated* :—cunning *superinduced*, thinly spread over. So, in this play :

“ ———— Plase sin with gold,

“ And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks.”

But the word *unfold*, and the following lines in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*, shew, that *plaited*, or (as the quartos have it) *pleated*, is the true reading :

“ For that he colour'd with his high estate,

“ Hiding base sin in *pleats* of majesty.” MALONE.

Who cover faults⁸, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt FRANCE, and CORDELIA.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash, then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition⁹, ✓ but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

✓ Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further com¹pliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit² together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

⁸ *Who cover faults, &c.*] The quartos read,
Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.

This I have replaced. The former editors read with the folio.

Who covers faults at last with shame derides. STEVENS.

In this passage Cordelia is made to allude to a passage in scripture.—Prov. xxviii. 13. "He that covereth his sins, shall not prosper; but whose confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have mercy." HENLEY.

⁹ — of long engrafted condition,] i. e. of qualities of mind, confirmed by long habit. So, in *Othello*: "—a woman of so gentle a condition!" See also Vol. V. p. 600, n. 3. MALONE.

¹ — let us hit —] So the old quarto. The folio, let us sit.

JOHNSON.

² — let us hit —] i. e. agree. STEVENS.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat³.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess⁴; to thy law
My services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom⁵; and permit
The curiosity of nations⁶ to deprive me⁷,

For

3 — i' the heat.] i. e. We must strike while the iron's hot. STEEV.

4 Thou, nature, art my goddess;] Edmund only speaks of *nature* in opposition to *custom*, and not (as Dr. Warburton supposes) to the existence of a *God*. Edmund means only, as he came not into the world as *custom* or *law* had prescribed, so he had nothing to do but to follow *nature* and her laws, which make no difference between legitimacy and illegitimacy, between the eldest and the youngest.

To contradict Dr. Warburton's assertion yet more strongly, Edmund concludes this very speech by an invocation to heaven:

"Now, gods, stand up for bastards!" STEEVENS.

Edmund calls *nature* his goddess, for the same reason that we call a bastard a *natural* son: one, who according to the law of nature, is the child of his father, but according to those of civil society is *nullius filius*. MASON.

5 Stand in the plague of custom;—] The meaning is plain, though oddly expressed. Wherefore should I acquiesce, submit tamely to the plagues and injustice of custom?

Shakspeare seems to mean by the *plague of custom*, Wherefore should I remain in a situation where I shall be plagued and tormented only in consequence of the contempt with which custom regards those who are not the issue of a lawful bed? STEEVENS.

6 The curiosity of nations.—] *Curiosity*, in the time of Shakspeare, was a word that signified an *over-nice scrupulousness* in manners, dress, &c. In this sense it is used in *Timon*: "When thou wast (says Apemantus) in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curiosity." Barrett in his *Alvaric, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets it, *piked diligence: something too curious, or too much affected*: and again in this play of *King Lear*, Shakspeare seems to use it in the same sense: "—which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curiosity." STEEVENS.

Curiosity is used before in the present play, in this sense: "For equalities

For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
 Lag of a brother⁸? Why bastard? wherefore base?
 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
 As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
 With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
 Who, in the lusty stealth of nature⁹, take
 More composition and fierce quality,
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to the creating of a whole tribe of fops,

equalities are so weighed, that *curiosity* in neither can make choice of either's moiety." Again, in *Alf's Well that ends well*:

"Frank nature, rather *curious* than in haste,
 "Hath well compos'd thee."

IN THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY, or *Interpreter of hard Words*, by H. Cockeram, 8vo. 1655, *Curiosity* is defined—"More diligence than needs." MALONE.

By "the *curiosity* of nations" Edmund means the *nicety*, the *strictness* of civil institutions. So, when Hamlet is about to prove that the dust of Alexander might be employed to stop a bung-hole, Horatio says, "that were to consider the matter too *curiously*." MASON.

7 —to deprive me;] *To deprive* was, in our author's time, synonymous to *disinherit*. The old dictionary renders *exheredo* by this word: and Holinshed speaks of *the line of Henry* before deprived. Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, Book III. ch. xvi.

"To you, if whom ye have *depriv'd* ye shall restore again."

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Lag of a brother?*] Edmund inveighs against the tyranny of custom, in two instances, with respect to younger brothers, and to bastards. In the former he must not be understood to mean himself, but the argument becomes general by implying more than is said, *Wherefore should I or any man*. HANMER.

9 *Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, &c.*] How much the lines following this, are in character, may be seen by that monstrous wish of Vanini, the Italian atheist, in his tract *De admirandis Natura, &c.* printed at Paris, 1615, the very year our poet died. *O utinam extra legitimum & connubiale thorum essem procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei in venerem incaluisse ardentius, ac cumulatim assatimque generosa semina contulissent, & quibus ego forma blanditiam et elegantiam, robustas corporis vires, mentemque inuibilem consequutus fuisset. At quia conjugatorum sum soboles; his orbaris sum bonis."* Had the book been published but ten or twenty years sooner, who would not have believed that Shakspeare alluded to this passage? Not the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what such an atheist as Vanini would say, when he wrote upon such a subject. WARBURTON.

Got

'Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land :
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
 As to the legitimate : Fine word,—legitimate !
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed, ✓
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
 Shall toe the legitimate¹. I grow ; I prosper :—
 Now, gods, stand up for bastards !

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus ! And France in choler parted !
 And the king gone to-night ! subscrib'd his power² !
 ✓ Confin'd to exhibition³ ! All this done
 Upon the gad⁴ !—Edmund ! How now ? what news ?

¹ *Shall toe the legitimate.*] The quartos read—shall *tooth*' legitimate. The folio—shall *to th* legitimate. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. To *toe* him, says Dr. Johnson, "is perhaps to kick him out: *oi*, to *toe*, may be literally to supplant." A passage in *Hamlet* adds some support to this reading: "—for the *toe* of the peasant now treads on the kibe of the courtier." In Devonshire, as Sir Joshua Reynolds observes to me, "to *toe* a thing up, is, to tear it up by the roots; in which sense the word is perhaps used here; for Edmund immediately adds—I *grow*, I prosper."

Mr. Edwards proposed to read, shall *top* the legitimate. The verb to *top* is used in the last act of this play. Again, in *Macbeth*:

"——— Not in the legions

"Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,

"To *top* Macbeth." MALONE.

The succeeding expression, *I grow*, seems to favour the emendation proposed by Mr. Edwards. STEEVENS.

² —subscrib'd his power !] To *subscribe*, is, to transfer by signing or *subscribing* a writing of testimony. We now use the term, He *subscribed* forty pounds to the new building. JOHNSON.

To *subscribe* in Shakspeare is to *yield*, or *surrender*. So, afterwards: "—You owe me no *subscription*." Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"For Hector in his blaze of wrath *subscribes*

"To tender objects." MALONE.

The folio reads—*prescribed*. STEEVENS.

³ —*exhibition* !] is *allowance*. The term is yet used in the universities. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— *All this done*

Upon the gad !] To do upon the *gad*, is, to act by the sudden stimulation of caprice, as cattle run madding when they are stung by the gad-fly. JOHNSON.

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*putting up the letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an *essay* or taste of my virtue⁵.

Glo. [*reads.*] *This policy, and reverence of age⁶, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond⁷ bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny! who jowns, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered.*

⁵ — an essay or taste of my virtue.] Though *taste* may stand in this place, yet I believe we should read—*assay* or *test* of my virtue: they are both metallurgical terms, and properly joined. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Bring me to the *test*." JOHNSON.

Both the quarto and folio have *essay*, which may have been merely a mis-spelling of the word *assay*, which in Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table*, 1604, is defined—"a proof or trial." But as *essay* is likewise defined by Bullokar in his *English Explicitor*, 1616, "a trial," I have made no change.

To *assay* not only signified to make trial of coin, but to *taste* before another; *prælibo*. In either sense the word might be used here.

MALONE.

⁶ *This policy, and reverence of age,*—] Better's quarto has, *this policy of age*; the folio, *this policy and reverence of age*. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *idle and fond*—] Weak and foolish. JOHNSON.

Come

Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar. — Humph — Conspiracy! — Sleep till I waked him, — you should enjoy half his revenue. — My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? — When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the cament of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Eam. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore founded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! — His very opinion in the letter! — Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! — Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him: — Abominable villain! — Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you^s violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my

^s — where, if you —] *Where* was formerly often used in the sense of *whereas*. See Vol. VI. p. 195, n. 4. MALONE.

life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection
✓ to your honour⁹, and to no other pretence of danger¹.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

✕ *Edm.*². Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out;
✓ wind me into him³, I pray you: frame the business after
✓ your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution⁴.

Edm.

⁹ —to your honour,] It has been already observed that this was the usual mode of address to a lord in Shakspeare's time. See also Vol. X. p. 2, n. 2. MALONE.

¹ —pretence—] *Pretence* is design, purpose. So, afterwards in this play:

Pretence and purpose of unkindness. JOHNSON.

² *Edm.*] From *Nor is, to heaven and earth!* are words omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

³ —wind me into him,] I once thought it should be read—you into him; but, perhaps, it is a familiar phrase, like *do me this*.
JOHNSON.

So, in *Twelfth-Night*: “—challenge me the duke's youth to fight with him.” Instances of this phraseology occur in the *Merchant of Venice*, *King Henry IV.* Part I. and in *Othello*. STEEVENS.

⁴ —I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.] I take the meaning to be this, *Do you frame the business*, who can act with less emotion; *I would unstate myself*; it would in me be a departure from the paternal character, *to be in a due resolution*, to be settled and composed on such an occasion. The words *would* and *should* are in old language often confounded. JOHNSON.

The same word occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar will

“Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to shew

“Against a sword.”——

To *unstate*, in both these instances, seems to have the same meaning. Edgar has been represented as wishing to possess his father's fortune, i. e. to *unstate* him; and therefore his father says he would *unstate* himself to be sufficiently resolved to punish him.

To

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business^s as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature^e can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd between son and

To *enslate* is to confer a fortune. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

" — his possessions

" We do *enslate* and widow you withal." STEEVENS.

It seems to me, that *I would unslate myself* in this passage means simply, *I would give my estate* (including rank as well as fortune.)

TYRWHITT.

Gloster cannot bring himself thoroughly to believe what Edmund has told him of Edgar. He says, "Can he be such a monster?" He afterwards desires Edmund to sound his intentions, and then says, he would give all he possessed *to be certain of the truth*; for that is the meaning of the words, *to be in a due resolution*. So, in *Othello*:

" — To be once in doubt,

" Is—once to be *resolv'd*."

Here *resolved* means, to be certain of the fact. Again, in the *Maid's Tragedy*:

" — 'tis not his crown

" Shall buy me to thy bed, now I *resolve*

" He has dishonour'd thee." MASON.

Though to *resolve* in Shakspeare's time certainly sometimes meant to satisfy, declare, or inform, I have never found the substantive *resolution* used in that sense: and even had the word ever borne that sense, the authour could not have written—to be *in a due resolution*, but must have written, "*—to attain a due resolution*." Who ever wish'd "*to be in due information*" on any point? MALONE.

^s —convey the business—] To *convey* is to carry through; in this place it is to manage *artfully*: we say of a juggler, that he has a clean *conveyance*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Money Baggins*, by Lilly, 1599: "Two, they say, may keep counsel if one be away; but to *convey* knavery, two are too few, and four are too many." STEEVENS.

So, in lord Sterling's *Julius Cæsar*:

" A circumstance, or an indifferent thing,

" Doth oft mar all when not with care *convey'd*," MALONE.

^e —the wisdom of nature—] That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences. JOHNSON.
father,

father. * This villain * of mine comes under the predic-
tion; there's son against father; the king falls from his
nature; there's father against child. We have seen the
best of our time; machinations, hollownes, treachery,
and all ruinous disorders; following us quietly to our
graves! * — Find out this villain, ~~Edgar~~; it shall lose
thee nothing; do it carefully:— And the noble and true-
hearted Kent banish'd; his offence, ~~heaven~~! — Strange!
strange!

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that
when we are sick in fortune, (which the ~~greater~~ of our own
behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the ~~poor~~ the
moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity;
fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and
treachers, by ~~sympathetic~~ predominance; drunkards, ly-
ars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of plane-
tary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine
thrusting on! An admirable evasion of ~~whore-master~~
man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a
star! My father compounded with my mother under
the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under a ~~major~~
major; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.
But, I should have been that I am, had the majestic
liest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing
Edgar.—

* This villain — All from ~~astute~~ to ~~astute~~ is omitted in the
quarto. ~~Edgar~~.

The modern editors read *treacherous*; but
the reading of the quarto, which I have restored to the text, may
be supported by the use of the word in contemporary writers. So, in *Dorset*
Dorset, a common error.

Edgar, in *Henry*, has said, "I have look'd upon it!"
Again, in *Henry*, "I have look'd upon it!"

— "I have look'd upon it!" "I have look'd upon it!"
"I have look'd upon it!" "I have look'd upon it!"

— "I have look'd upon it!" "I have look'd upon it!"
"I have look'd upon it!" "I have look'd upon it!"

Enter EDMUND.

And pat he comes¹, like the catastrophe of the old comedy²: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi!

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you³, the effects he writes of, fac-

¹ — and pat he comes.—] The question comes.

— and out he comes. STEVENSON.

² — like the catastrophe of the old comedy,] I think this passage was intended to ridicule the very awkward conclusions of our old comedies, where the persons of the scene make their entry irregularly, and just when the poet wants them on the stage. WARRICK.

³ — O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.] The commentators, not being musicians, have regarded this passage, perhaps as unintelligible nonsense, and therefore left it as they found it, without bestowing a single conjecture on its meaning and import. Shakespeare however shews by the context, that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in modulation, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural, that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on musick say, *mi totum fa est diabolus*; the interval *fa mi*, including a tritone, or sharp sixth, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semi-tone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the disposition of events, the *series beingit* of fate, to the quartal and quintal intervals *fa sol la mi*. WARRICK.

The words *fa, sol, la, mi* are never heard again. The *sol*, and all the modern editors, have corrected the second *sol* to *mi*. Shakespeare has again introduced the letter *mi* in the course of the scene, Vol. III. p. 297. WARRICK.

⁴ I promise you, &c.] The following remark is taken from the first quarto, by suggestion or insertion, but in this place it varies by omission, and by the addition of something which naturally introduced the following sentence. It is also remark, that in this speech, which seems to shew that Edmund is in the secret, Edmund, with the common craft of the villain, mingles the past and future, and tells of the future as if it were already foreknown by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture. JOHNSON.

ceed unhappily; * as of^s unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts⁶, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you⁷ been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come^{*}; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person⁸ it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear⁹. * I pray you, have a contentment forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

⁵ —as of—] All from this asterisk to the next, is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

⁶ —dissipation of cohorts,—] Thus the old copy. Dr. Johnson reads—of courts. STEEVENS.

⁷ How long have you—] This line I have restored from the two eldest quartos, and have regulated the following speech according to the same copies. STEEVENS.

⁸ —that with the mischief of your person—] This reading is in both copies; yet I believe the authour gave it, *that but with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.* JOHNSON.

I do not see any need of alteration. He could not express the violence of his father's displeasure in stronger terms than by saying it was so great that it would scarcely be appeased by the destruction of his son. MALONE.

⁹ That's my fear.] All between this and the next asterisk, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Edg.

Edg. Arm'd, brother? *

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.— [*Exit* Edgar.
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERIL, and STEWARD.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night¹! he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
✓ That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

¹ *By day and night! he wrongs me;]* It has been suggested by Mr. Whalley that we ought to point differently:

By day and night, he wrongs me;
not considering these words as an adjuration. But that an adjuration was intended, appears, I think, from a passage in *King Henry VIII.* The king, speaking of Buckingham, (*Act I. sc. II.*) says,

"By day and night"

"He's traitor to the height."

It cannot be supposed that Henry means to say that Buckingham is a traitor in the night as well as by day. *MAZONT.*

L 1 2

Stew.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd². Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd³.
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam,

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed⁴ from hence occasions, and I shall,

² *Not to be over-rul'd, &c.*] This line, and the four following lines, are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

³ *Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd*

With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd] The sense seems to be this: *Old men must be treated with checks, when as they are seen to be deceived with flatteries. or, when they are weak enough to be seen abused by flatteries, they are then weak enough to be used with checks.* There is a play of the words *used* and *abused*. To *abuse* is, in our authour, very frequently the same as to *deceive*. This construction is harsh and ungrammatical; Shakspeare perhaps thought it vicious, and chose to throw away the lines rather than correct them, nor would now thank the officiousness of his editors, who restore what they do not understand. JOHNSON.

The objection to Dr. Johnson's interpretation is, that he supplies the word *with* or *by*, which are not found in the text: “—when as they are seen to be deceived *with* flatteries,” or, “when they are weak enough to be seen abused *by* flatteries,” &c. and in his mode of construction the word *with* preceding *checks*, cannot be understood before *flatteries*.

I think Mr. Tyrwhitt's interpretation the true one. MALONE.

The plain meaning, I believe, is—old fools must be used with checks, as flatteries must be check'd when they are made a bad use of.

TOLLET.

I understand this passage thus. *Old fools—must be used with checks, as well as flatteries, when they [i. e. flatteries] are seen to be abused.*

TYRWHITT.

⁴ *I would breed, &c.*] This line and the first four words of the next are found in the quartos, but omitted in the folio. MALONE.

That

That I may speak :—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course :—Prepare for dinner. [*Exit*.]

S C E N E IV.

A Hall in the same.

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse⁵, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come !) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner ; go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what art thou ?

Kent. A man, fir.

⁵ *If but as well I other accents borrow,*

That can my speech diffuse,] We must suppose that Kent advances looking on his disguise. This circumstance very naturally leads to his speech, which, otherwise, would have no very apparent introduction. *If I can change my speech as well as I have changed my dress.* To diffuse speech, signifies to disorder it, and so to disguise it ; as in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. sc. vii ;

“ ———— rush at once

“ With some *diffused* song.”

Again, in the *Nice Valour*, &c. by Beaumont and Fletcher, Cupid says to the *Passionate Man*, who appears disordered in his dress : “ — Go not so *diffusely*.” Again, in our author's *King Henry V* : “ — swearing, and stern looks, *diffus'd* attire.”

To diffuse speech may, however, mean to speak broad, with a clownish accent. STEEVENS.

Diffused certainly meant, in our author's time, wild, irregular, heterogeneous. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617 :

“ I have seen an English gentleman so *diffused* in his suits, his doublet being for the wear of Castile, his hose for Venice, his hat for France, his cloak for Germany, that hee seemed no way to be an Englishman but by the face.” MALONE.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little⁶; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish⁷.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

⁶ —to converse with him that is wise, and says little;] To converse signifies immediately and properly to keep company, not to discourse or talk. His meaning is, that he chuses for his companions men of reserve and caution; men who are no tattlers nor tale-bearers. JOHNSON.

We still say in the same sense—he had criminal conversation with her,—meaning commerce. So, in *King Richard III.*:

“His apparent open guilt omitted,

“I mean his conversation with Shore's wife.” MALONE.

⁷ —and to eat no fish.] In queen Elizabeth's time the Papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *He's an honest man, and eats no fish*; to signify he's a friend to the government and a Protestant. The eating fish, on a religious account, being then esteemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoined for a season by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it was called *Cecil's fast*. To this disgraceful badge of popery Fletcher alludes in his *Woman-hater*, who makes the courtesan say, when Lazarillo, in search of the umbrago's head, was seized at her house by the intelligencers for a traitor: “Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him. He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds. And sure I did not like him, when he called for fish.” And Milton's *Dutch Courtesan*: “I trust I am none of the wicked that eat fish a Friday.” WARBURTON.

Kent.

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter STEWARD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,—

[*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpole back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness^a appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

^a — of kindness —] These words are not in the quartos. MALONE.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence⁹ and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whore-son dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord¹; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks² with me, you rascal?

[*striking him.*]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither; you base foot-ball player.

[*tripping up his heels.*]

⁹ — a very pretence —] *Presence* in Shakspeare generally signifies *design*. So, in a foregoing scene in this play: “—to no other *presence* of danger.” Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 648: “—the *pretensed* evill purpose of the queene.” STEEVENS.

¹ *I am none of this, my lord; &c.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—I am none of *these*, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

MALONE.

² —bandy looks—] A metaphor from *Tennis*:

“Come in, take this *bandy* with the racket of patience.”

Decker's Satiromastix.

Again:

“—buckle with them hand to hand,

“And *bandy* blows as thick as hailstones fall.”

Wily Beguiled. STEEVENS.

“To *bandy* a ball,” Cope defines, *clava pilam torquere*; “to *bandy* at tennis,” *reticulo pellers*. Dict. 1679. MALONE.

Lear.

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wisdom? so.

[*pushes the Steward out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*giving Kent money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb.

[*giving Kent his cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

3 *Have you wisdom?*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—you have wisdom. MALONE.

4 *Why, fool?*] The folio reads—why, my boy? and gives this question to Lear. STEEVENS.

5 —*thou'lt catch cold shortly*] i. e. be turned out of doors, and be exposed to the inclemency of the weather. FARMER.

6 —*take my coxcomb*] Meaning his cap, called so, because on the top of the fool or jester's cap was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, was used to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow. WARBURTON.

See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of the first part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Toller's explanation, who has since added, that Minshew, in his *Dictionary*, 1627, says, "Natural Idiots and fools have, and still do accustom themselves to wear in their copper cockes feathers, or a hat with a necke and head of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon," &c.

STEEVENS.

7 —*two coxcombs*] Two fool-caps, intended, as it seems, to mark double folly in the man that gives all to his daughters. JOHNSON.

Fool.

✓ *Fool*. If I gave them all my living⁸, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters⁹.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when lady, the brach¹, may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,

Speak less than thou knowest;

Lend less than thou owest²,

Ride more than thou goest,

⁸ —all my living,] *Living* in Shakspeare's time signified estate, or property. So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, by R. Greene, 1594:

"In Laxfield here my land and *living* lies." MALONE.

⁹ —beg another of thy daughters,] The fool means to say, that it is by *begging* only that the old king can obtain any thing from his daughters: even a badge of folly in having reduced himself to such a situation. MALONE.

¹ —lady, the brach—] *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting kind. "Nos quidem hodie *brach* dicimus de cane feminea, quæ leporem ex odore persequitur." Spelm. Gloss. in voce *Bracco*.

Dr. Letherland, on the margin of Dr. Warburton's edition, proposed *lady's brach*, i. e. *favour'd animal*. The third quarto has a much more unmannerly reading, which I would not wish to establish: but all the other editions concur in reading *lady brach*. *Lady* is still a common name for a hound. So Hotspur:

"I had rather hear *lady*, my *brach*, howl in Irish."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Poem to a Friend*, &c.

"Do all the tricks of a salt *lady* bitch."

In the old black letter *Book of Hunting*, &c. no date, the list of dogs concludes thus:—"and small *lady* *popies* that beyn awai the fleas and divers small fautes." We might read—"when *lady*, the *brach*," &c. SKEETON.

Both the quartos of 1608 read—when *Lady* *oth's* brach. I have therefore printed—*lady, oth's brach*, grounding myself on the reading of those copies; though erroneously exhibited, and on the passage quoted by Mr. Stevens from King Henry IV. P. I. The folio, and the late editions, read—when *the lady* brach, &c. MALONE.

² —Lend less than thou owest,] That is, *do not lend all that thou hast*. To *own*, in old English, is to *possess*. If *owe* be taken for *to be in debt*, the more prudent precept would be:

Lend more than thou owest. JOHNSON.

Learn more than thou trowest³,
 Set less than thou throwest;
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep in-a-door,
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool⁴.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer;
 you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no use of
 nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of
 nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land
 comes to; he will not believe a fool. [to Kent.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between
 a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad⁵, teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee

To give away thy land,
 Come place him here by me,—
 Or do thou* for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that
 thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me;

3. *Learn more than thou trowest,*] To *trow*, is an old word which
 signifies to *believe*. The precept is admirable. WARBURTON.

4. *Lear. This is nothing, fool.*] Thus the quartos. In the folio these
 words are given to Kent. MALONE.

5. *No, lad,—*] This dialogue, from *No, lad, teach me*, down to,
Give me an egg, was restored from the first edition by Mr. Theobald.
 It is omitted in the folio, perhaps for political reasons, as it seemed
 to censure monopolies. JONSON.

* *Or do thou—*] The word *or*, which is not in the quartos, was
 supplied by Mr. Stevens. MALONE.

If I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't⁶: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

*Fools had ne'er less grace in a year*⁷; [Singing.

For wise men are grown foppish;

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother⁸: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

⁶ — *if I had a monopoly out, they would have a part on't:—*] A satire on the gross abuses of monopolies at that time; and the corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went shares with the patentee. WARBURTON.

The modern editors, without authority, read—

— *a monopoly on't,—*

Monopolies were in Shakspeare's time the common objects of satire.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, I meet with the following entry. "John Charlewoode, Oct. 1587: licensed unto him by the whole consent of the assistants, the only ymprinting of all manner of billes for plaints." Again, Nov. 6, 1615. The liberty of printing all billes for fencing was granted to Mr. Purfoot. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;*] There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place. Such, I think, is the meaning. JOHNSON.

— *less grace —*] So the folio. Both the quartos read — *less wit.*

STEEVENS.

In *Mother Bombie*, a comedy by Lily, 1594, we find, "I think gentlemen had never less wit in a year." I suspect therefore the original to be the true reading. MALONE.

⁸ — *when thou madest thy daughters thy mother;*] i. e. when you invested them with the authority of a mother. Thus the quartos. The folio reads, with less propriety, — *thy mothers.* MALONE.

Then

* *Then they for sudden joy did weep⁹, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.*

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, firrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONZIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i'the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure²: I am better than thou art now; I am a

⁹ *Then they for sudden joy did weep, &c.*] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, by Heywood, 1630:

“When Tarquin first in court began,

“And was approved king,

“So men for sudden joy did weep,

“But I for sorrow sing.”

I cannot ascertain in what year T. Heywood first published this play, as the copy in 1630, which I have used, was the *fourth* impression.

STEEVENS.

1 — *what makes that frontlet on?*] A *frontlet* was a forehead-cloth, used formerly by ladies at night to render that part smooth. *Lear*, I suppose, means to say, that Goneril's brow was as completely covered by a frown, as it would be by a frontlet. MALONE.

2 — *now thou art an O without a figure:*] The fool means to say, that *Lear*, “having pared his wit on both sides, and left nothing in the middle,” is become a mere cypher; which has no arithmetical value, unless preceded or followed by some figure. In *The Winter's Tale* we have the same allusion, reversed:

“— and therefore, like a cypher,

“Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,

“With one we—thank—you, many thousands more

“Standing before it.” MALONE.

fool,

fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*to Gon.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.—

✓ *That's a sheal'd peascod?* [*pointing to Lear.*]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,

But other of your insolent retinue

Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth

In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful, ✓

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,

That you protect this course, and put it on⁴

By your allowance⁵; which if you should, the fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;

✓ Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were shame, that then necessity

Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,

That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling⁶.

Lear

³ *That's a sheal'd peascod.*] i. e. Now a mere husk. which contains nothing. The outside of a king remains, but all the intrinsic parts of royalty are gone. he has nothing to give. *JOHN COW.*

⁴ The rolling of Richard III's espy in Westminster-abbey is wrought with *peas* & *open*, and the *peas* out; perhaps in allusion to his being once in full possession of sovereignty, but soon reduced to an empty title. See Camden's *Remains*, 1674, p. 453, edit. 1657, p. 340.

TOBIAS.

⁴ —put it on] i. e. promote, push it forward. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — the pow'rs above

“ Put on their instruments ” *STEVENS.*

⁵ By your allowance;] By your approbation. *MALIN.*

⁶ —darkling] This word is used by Marston and other writers of Shakspeare's age. *MALIN.*

Dr. Farmer concurs with me in thinking that the words—*So out went the candle, &c.* are a fragment of some old song. *STEVENS.*

Shakspeare's.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would, you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee³.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear²: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargy'd.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so⁴.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow²? I would learn that; for by the mark-

Shakespeare's fools are certainly copied from the life. The originals whom he copied were no doubt men of quick part; lively and quick. Though they were obliged to say any thing, it was with a caution to prevent giving offence, that every thing they said should have a playful air. We may suppose therefore that they had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any glib nonsense that came into the mind. I know no other way of accounting for his incoherent word with which Shakespeare often finishes this fool's speeches.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

1 —transform you—] Thus, the quartos. The folio reads:—*transform you*.

2 —*Whoop, Jug!* &c.] Their are in the fool's speeches several phrases which seem to be proverbial allusion, perhaps not now to be understood. JONSON.

3 —*Whoop, Jug, I love thee.*] This, I am informed, is a quotation from the burthen of an old song. STEEVENS.

4 —*Whoop, Jug, I'll do thee no harm,* occurs in *The Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

5 —*this is not Lear*] This passage appears to have been imitated by Ben Jonson in his *Sad Shapheard*.

6 —this is not Marian!

7 —Not am I Robin Hood! I pray you, ask her!

8 —Ask her, good shepherd! ask her all for me!

9 —Or rather ask yourselves, if she be she;

10 —Or I be I." STEEVENS.

11 —*sleeping, or waking!*—*Ha! sure 'tis not so.*] Thus the quartos. The folio: *Ha! waking? 'tis not so.* MALONE.

12 —*Lear's shadow!*] The folio gives these words to the Fool.

STEEVENS.
of

of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters³.—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father*.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace⁴. The shame itself doth speak

3 — *for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.*] Mr. Tyrwhitt thought it difficult “to conceive how the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason, should be of any use to persuade Lear that he had or had not any daughters.”

Lear, it should be remembered, has not parted with all *the marks of sovereignty*. In the midst of his prodigality to his children, he reserved to himself *the name and all the additions to a king*.—Shakspeare often means more than he expresses. Lear has just asked whether he is a shadow. I wish, he adds, to be resolved on this point; for if I were to judge by the marks of sovereignty, and the consciousness of reason, I should be persuaded that I am not a shadow, *but a man, a king, and a father*. But this latter persuasion is false; for those whom I thought my daughters, are *unnatural bogs*, and never protected from these loins.

As therefore I am not a father, so neither may I be an embodied being; I may yet be a shadow. However, let me be certain. *Your name, fair gentlewoman?*

All the late editions, without authority, read—by the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason.—The words—*I would learn that, &c.* to—*an obedient father*, are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

4 — *a grac'd palace*.—] A palace graced by the presence of a sovereign. WARBURTON.

* *Which they will make a most obedient father.*] *Which* is on this occasion used with two deviations from present language. It is reversed, contrary to the rules of grammarians to the pronoun *I*, and is employed according to a mode now obsolete for *whom*, the accusative case of *who*. STEVENS.

For

For instant remedy: Be then desir'd
 By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
 ✓ A little to disquantity your train⁵;
 ✓ And the remainder, that shall still depend⁶,
 To be such men as may besort your age,
 And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
 Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
 Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
 Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
 Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents⁷,—O, sir, are you
 come⁸?

⁵ A little to disquantity your train;] Mr. Pope for *A little* substituted—*Of fifty*, and supported his alteration by this note. "*A little* is the common reading; but it appears, from what Lear says in the next scene, that this number *fifty* was required to be cut off, which (as the editions stood) is no where specified by Goneril." MALONE.

If Mr. Pope had examined the old copies as accurately as he pretended to have done, he would have found, in the *first folio*, that Lear had an *exit* marked for him after these words—

To have a thankless child.—Away, away.

and goes out, while Albany and Goneril have a short conference of two speeches; and then returns in a still greater passion, having been informed (as it should seem) of the express number, without:

What? *fifty* of my followers at a clap!

This renders all change needless; and *away, away*, being restored, prevents the repetition of *go, go, my people*; which, as the text stood before this regulation, concluded both that and the foregoing speech. Goneril, with great art, is made to avoid mentioning the limited number; and leaves her father to be informed of it by accident, which she knew would be the case as soon as he left her presence. STEEVENS.

⁶ — still depend,] *Depend*, for continue in service. WARBURTON.

⁷ Woe, that too late repents,—] This is the reading of the folio. Both the quartos—for *Woe*, have *We*, and that of which the first signature is B, reads—*We* that too late repents;—; i. e. repent us: which I suspect is the true reading. Shakspeare might have had *The Mirror for Magistrates*, in his thoughts:

"They call'd him doting foole, all his requests debarr'd,

"Demanding if with life he were not well content:

"Then he too late his rigour did repent

"Gainst me,—." *Story of Queen Cordila.* MALONE.

O, sir, are you come?] These words are not in the folio. MALONE.

Is it your will? [*to Alb.*] speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster¹!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient².

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*to Goneril.*

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
v The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew!
Which, like an engine³, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people³.

Alb.

¹ *Than the sea-monster!*] Mr. Upton observes, that the sea-monster is the *Hippopotamus*, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his travels, says—"that he killeth his fire, and ravisheth his own dam." STEEVENS.

² *Pray, sir, be patient.*] The quartos omit this speech. STEEVENS.

³ *—like an engine,—*] Mr. Edwards conjectures that by an engine is meant the rack. He is right. To *engine* is, in Chaucer, to *strain* upon the rack; and in the following passage from the *Three Lords of London*, 1590, *engine* seems to be used for the same instrument of torture:

"From Spain they come with *engine* and intent

"To slay, subdue, to triumph, and torment."

Again, in the *Night-Walker*, by B. and Fletcher:

"Their souls shot through with adders, torn on *engines*."

STEEVENS.

³ *—Go, go, my people.*] Perhaps these words ought to be regulated differently:

Go, go:—my people!

By Albany's answer it should seem that he had endeavoured to appease Lear's anger; and perhaps it was intended by the authour that he should here be put back by the king with these words,—"Go, go;" and that Lear should then turn hastily from his son-in-law, and call his train: "*My people!*" *Mes gens. Fr.* So, in a former part of this scene:

"You strike *my people*; and your disorder'd rabble

"Make servants of their betters."

Again, in *Orbello*, Act I. sc. i.

"Call up all *my people*."

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you⁴.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body⁵ never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd⁶ torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears⁷ fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt⁸; that she may feel

How

However the passage be understood, these latter words must bear this sense. The meaning of the whole, indeed, may be only—"Away, away, my followers!" MALONE.

⁴ *Of what hath mov'd you.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *from her derogate body* —] Her shrunk and wasted body. See Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 1616: "*Derogate*. To impair, diminish, or take away." MALONE.

⁶ — *disnatur'd* —] *Disnatur'd* is wanting natural affection. So, Daniel in *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623:

"I am not so *disnatur'd* a man." STEEVENS.

⁷ — *cadent tears* —] i. e. falling tears. Dr. Warburton would read *cadent*. STEEVENS.

It is a more severe imprecation to wish that tears by constant flowing may fret channels in the cheeks, which implies a long life of wretchedness, than to wish that those channels should be made by scalding tears, which does not mark the same continuation of misery.

The same thought occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, where he says,

"Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

"Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears,"

should prevent his going to the field. MASON.

⁸ *Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,*

To laughter and contempt;] "*Her mother's pains*" here signifies, not bodily sufferings, or the throes of child-birth, (with which this "*disnatur'd* babe" being unacquainted, it could not deride or despise them,) but *maternal cares*; the solicitude of a mother for the welfare of her child. So, in *King Richard III.*

"'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot."

M m a

Benefits

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [Exit.

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:

[to Goneril.

That these hot tears², which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings¹ of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose²,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so³:—Yet have I left a daughter,

Who,

Benefits mean good offices; her kind and *beneficent* attention to the education of her offspring, &c. Mr. Roderick has, in my opinion, explained both these words wrong. He is equally mistaken in supposing that the sex of this child is ascertained by the word *her*; which clearly relates, not to Goneril's issue, but to herself. "*Her mother's pains*" means—the pains which she (*Goneril*) takes as a mother. MALONE.

² *That these hot tears, &c.*] I will transcribe this passage from the first edition, that it may appear to those who are unacquainted with old books, what is the difficulty of revision, and what indulgence is due to those that endeavour to restore corrupted passages.—*That these hot tears, that breake from me perforce, should make the worst blasts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curse, peruse every sense about the old fond eyes, bewep this cause again, &c.* JOHNSON.

¹ *The untented woundings—*] *Untented wounds*, means wounds in their worst state, not having a *sent* in them to digest them; and may possibly signify here such as will not admit of having a tent put into them for that purpose. One of the quartos reads, *untender*. STEEVENS.

² — *that you lose.*] The quartos read—that you *make*. STEEVENS.

³ *Let it be so, &c.*] The reading is here gleaned up, part from the first, and part from the second edition. JOHNSON

Let

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
 I have cast off for ever; thou shalt⁴, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, and *Attendants*.]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
 To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
 You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*to the Fool*.]

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the
 fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
 And such a daughter,
 Should sure to the slaughter,
 If my cap would buy a halter;
 So the fool follows after.

[*Exit*.]

* Gon⁵. This man hath had good counsel:—A hundred
 knights!

'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep
 At point⁶, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,
 Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
 He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
 And hold our lives in mercy⁷.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Let it be so is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

And as it come to this is omitted in the folio. *Yet have I left a
 daughter* is the reading of the quartos; the folio has, *I have another
 daughter*. MALONE.

⁴ — *thou shalt, I warrant thee*.] These words are omitted in the
 folio. MALONE.

⁵ Gon. All from this asterisk to the next, is omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *At point*,] I believe, means, completely armed, and consequently
 ready at appointment or command on the slightest notice. STEEVENS.

⁷ *And hold our lives in mercy*.] Thus the old copies. Mr. Pope
 who could not endure that the language of Shakspeare's age should
 not correspond in every instance with that of modern times, reads
 — *not* mercy; and the subsequent editors have adopted his innovation.

MALONE.

Gen. Safer than trust too far:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,

✓ Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:

What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,

When I have shew'd the unfitness *,—How now, Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gen. Take you some company, and away to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear;

And thereto add such reasons of your own,

As may compact it more⁹. Get you gone;

And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No, no, my lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,

Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,

You are much more attack'd¹ for want of wisdom,

⁸ — *How now, Oswald?*] The quartos read—*what Oswald, be!*
Osw. *Here, Madam.*

Gen. *What, have you writ this letter, &c.* STEEVENS.

⁹ — *compact it more.*] Unites one circumstance with another, so as to make a consistent account. JOHNSON.

More is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

¹ — *more attack'd.*] It is a common phrase now with parents and governesses: *I'll take you to task*, i. e. *I will reprobend and correct you.* To be *at task*, therefore, is to be liable to *reprobendation and correction.* JOHNSON.

Both the quartos instead of *at task*—read, *alapt*. A late editor of *King Lear*, says, that the first quarto reads—*attack'd*; but unless there be a third quarto which I have never seen or heard of, his assertion is erroneous. STEEVENS.

The quarto printed by N. Butter, 1608, of which the first signature is B, reads—*attack'd* for want of wisdom. The other quarto printed by the same printer in the same year, of which the first signature is A, reads—*alapt* for want of wisdom, &c. Three copies of the quarto first described, (which concur in reading *attack'd*), and one copy of the other quarto, are now before me. The folio reads—*at task*.—The quartos have *praise* instead of *prais'd*. *Attack'd* I suppose, means, *charged, censured.* So, in *K. Henry IV.*

“How shew'd his *tasking*? seem'd it in contempt?”

See Vol. V. p. 248, n. 8.

In the notes on this play I shall hereafter call the quarto first mentioned, quarto B; the other, quarto A. MALONE.

Than

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well².

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Court before the same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool:

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you³.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly:

² *Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.*] So, in our authour's 103d Sonnet:

“Were it not sinful then, *striving to mend,*

“*To mar the subject that before was well?*” MALONE.

³ — *there before you.*] He seems to intend to go to his daughter, but it appears afterwards that he is going to the house of Gloster.

JOHNSON.

The word *there* in this speech shews, that when the king says, “Go you before to *Gloster*,” he means the town of Gloster, which, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed, Shakspeare chose to make the residence of the duke of Cornwall and Regan, in order to give a probability to their setting out late from thence, on a visit to the earl of Gloster, whose castle our poet conceived to be in the neighbourhood of that city. Our old English earls usually resided in the counties from whence they took their titles. Lear, not finding his son-in-law and his wife at home, follows them to the earl of Gloster's castle. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, p. 557, n. 7. MALONE.

for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what can'st thou tell, my boy³?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong⁴ :—

Fool. Can'st tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: 'Thou would'st make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce⁵!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wife.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

³ Why, what canst thou tell, my boy? So the quartos. The folio reads—What canst tell, boy? MALONE.

⁴ I did her wrong:—] He is musing on Cordelia. JOHNSON.

⁵ To take it again perforce! He is meditating on the resumption of his royalty. JOHNSON.

He is rather meditating on his daughter's having in so violent a manner deprived him of those privileges which before she had agreed to grant him. STEVENS.

Enter Gentleman.

How now ! Are the horses ready ?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T I I . S C E N E I .

A Court within the Castle of the earl of Gloster.

Enter EDMUND, and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father ; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his dutchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that ?

Cur. Nay, I know not : You have heard of the news abroad ; I mean, the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments⁵ ?

Edm. Not I ; 'Pray you, what are they ?

*Cur*⁶. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany ?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Edm. The duke be here to-night ? The better ! Best !

This weaves itself perforce into my business !

My father hath set guard to take my brother ;

And I have one thing, of a queazy question⁷,

Which

⁵ —ear-kissing arguments ?] *Ear-kissing arguments* means that they are yet in reality only *whisper'd ones*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Cur.*] This and the following speech, are omitted in one of the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁷ —queazy question,] Something of a *suspicious, questionable, and uncertain nature*. This is, I think, the meaning. JOHNSON.

Queazy,

Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
 Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O fir, fly this place;
 Intelligence is given where you are hid;
 You have now the good advantage of the night:—
 Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
 He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste*,
 And Regan with him; Have you nothing said
 Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
 Advise yourself,

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—
 In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—
 Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.
 Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—
 Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—

[*Exit Edgar.*

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
 Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
 Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches,

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Quasny, I believe, rather means *delicate*, what requires to be handled nicely. So, Ben Jonson, in *Sejanus*:

"Those times are somewhat *quasny* to be touch'd.—

"Have you not seen or read part of his book?

Again, in *Much Ado about nothing*:

"Despight of his quick wit, and *quasny* stomach." STEEV.

* — i' the haste,] I should suppose we ought to read only *in haste*; i' the being repeated accidentally by the compositor. STEEVENS.

* — have you nothing said

Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany? The meaning is, have you said nothing upon the party formed by him against the duke of Albany? HANMER.

I cannot but think the line corrupted, and would read:

Against his party, for the duke of Albany? JOHNSON.

Mumbling

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon¹

- ✓ To stand his auspicious mistress:—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.— [*Exit Servant.*] By no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gai paricides did all their thunders² bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
Secing how lothly opposite I stood

- ✓ To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
✓ Or whether gasted³ by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—Dispatch⁴.—The noble duke my master,

- My worthy arch⁵ and patron, comes to-night:

By

¹ *Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon*—] This was a proper circumstance to urge to Gloucester; who appears, by what passed between him and his bastard son in a foregoing scene, to be very superstitious with regard to this matter. WARBURTON.

The quartos read, *warbling* instead of *mumbling*. STEEVENS.

— *conjuring the moon*

To stand his auspicious mistress:—] So, in *All's well that ends well*:

“And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,

“As thy auspicious mistress.” MALONE.

² — *their thunders*—] First quarto; the rest have it, *the thunder*. JOHNSON.

³ — *gasted*—] Frighted. JOHNSON.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons*: “—either the sight of the lady has *gasted* him, or else he's drunk.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;*

And found—Dispatch.] The sense is interrupted. He shall be caught—and found, *he shall be punished*. Dispatch. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *arch*—] i. e. Chief; a word now used only in composition, as *arch-*

By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward⁶ to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
✓ And found him pight to do it, with curst speech⁷
I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,
*Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposals⁸
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character⁹,) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs¹
To make thee seek it.*

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain²!
Would he deny his letter³?—I never got him.

[Trumpets within.]

arch-angel, arch-duke. So, in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know nobody*, 1616:

"Poole, that arch for truth and honesty." STEEVENS.

⁶ — murderous coward —] The first edition reads, *caitiff*. JOHNSON.

⁷ And found him pight to do it, with curst speech —] Pight is pitched, fixed, settled. Curst is severe, harsh, vehemently argy. JOHNS.

So, in the old morality of *Lusty Juventus*, 1561:

"Therefore my heart is surely pyght

"Of her alone to have a fight."

Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" — — — tents

"Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains." STEEVENS.

⁸ — would the reposals —] i. e. Would any opinion that men have reposed in thy trust, virtue, &c. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads, *could the reposeure*. STEEVENS.

⁹ — though thou didst produce

My very character,) —] i. e. my very handwriting. See Vol. II. p. 110, n. 5. MALONE.

¹ — pregnant and potential spurs —] Thus the quartos. Folio: potential spirits. MALONE.

² Strong and fasten'd villain! —] Thus the quartos. The folio reads — *O strange* and fasten'd villain. MALONE.

³ Would he deny his letter? — I never got him.] Thus the quartos. The folio omits the words — *I never got him*; and, instead of them, substitutes — *said he*? MALONE.

Hark,

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:—
 All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
 The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
 May have due note of him; and of my land,
 Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
 ✓ To make thee capable⁴.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,
 (Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange news⁵.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
 Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
 He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

✓ *Reg.* Was he not companion with the riotous knights
 That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:

It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort⁶.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
 'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
 To have the waste and spoil of his revenues⁷.
 I have this present evening from my sister
 Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
 That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
 I'll not be there.

⁴ —of my land—

To make thee capable.] i. e. capable of succeeding to my land, notwithstanding the legal bar of thy illegitimacy. So, in *The Life and Death of Will Summers*, &c. "The king next demanded of him, (he being a fool,) whether he were capable to inherit any land," &c. STEEV.

⁵ —strange news.] Thus the quartos. Instead of these words the folio has—*strangeness*. MALONE.

⁶ —of that consort.] These words are not in the quartos. MALONE.

⁷ *To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.*] Thus quarto B. The other quarto reads—

To have these—and waste of this his revenues.

The folio:

To have the expence and waste of his revenues.

These in quarto A was, I suppose, a misprint for—the use. MALONE.

Corn.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice¹; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth² this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

- ✓ Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd night³.
✓ Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poize²,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home³; the several messengers

From

¹ *He did bewray his practice;*] To *bewray* is to reveal, or discover.
See Minshew's Dict. 1617, in v. "To *bewraie*, or disclose, a Goth,
bewrye. MALONE.

Practice is always used by Shakspeare for *insidious mischief*. The
quartos read—*betray*. STEEVENS.

² — *whose virtue and obedience doth* —] i. e. whose virtuous obedi-
ence. MALONE.

³ — *threading dark-ey'd night*.] The quarto reads: — *threading*
dark-ey'd night. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the former of these expressions in *Coriolanus*, A. 3. 1. 1:

"They would not *thread* the gates." STEEVENS.

² — *of some poize*,] i. e. of some weight or moment. So, in *Othello*:

"— full of *poize* and difficulty,

"And fearful to be granted."

Thus the quarto B. The other quarto of 1608, and the folio, have
prime. MALONE.

³ — *from our home*:] Not at home, but at some other place. JOHNS.
Thus

From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business⁴,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam :
You⁷graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend⁵: Art of the house⁶?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold⁷, I would make thee care for me.

Stew.

Thus the folio. The quarto B reads—which I *left* thought it fit to answer from our *home*. The other quarto:—which I *best* thought it fit to answer from our *hand*. MALONE.

⁴ — to our business,] Thus the quartos. Folio:— to our *businesses*. MALONE.

⁵ Good dawning to thee, friend:] So the folio. The quartos read — good *even*. *Dawning* is again used in *Cymbeline* as a substantive, for morning:

“ ——— that dawning

“ May bare the raven's eye.”

It is clear from various passages in this scene, that the morning is now just beginning to dawn, though the moon is still up, and though Kent early in the scene calls it still night. Towards the close of it, he wishes Gloster *good morrow*, as the latter goes out, and immediately after calls on the *sun* to shine, that he may read a letter. MALONE.

⁶ — of the house?] So the quartos. Folio—of *this* house. MALONE.

⁷ — Lipsbury pinfold,] The allusion which seems to be contained in this line I do not understand. In the violent eruption of reproaches which bursts from Kent in this dialogue, there are some epithets which the commentators have left unexpounded, and which I am not very able to make clear. Of a *three-suited knave* I know not the meaning, unless

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus ? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for ?

Kent. A knave ; a rascal, an eater of broken meats ;

unless it be that he has different dresses for different occupations. *Lily-liver'd* is cowardly ; *white-blooded* and *white-liver'd* are still in vulgar use. An *one-trunk-inheriting slave*, I take to be a wearer of old cast-off cloaths, an inheritor of torn breeches. JOHNSON.

I do not find the name of *Lipsbury* : it may be a cant phrase, with some corruption, taken from a place where the fines were arbitrary. *Three-suited* should, I believe, be *third-suited*, wearing cloaths at the *third-hand*. Edgar, in his pride, had *three suits* only. FARMER.

Lipsbury pinfold may be a cant expression importing the same as *Lob's Pound*. So, in Massinger's *Duke of Milan* :

" To marry her, and say he was the party

" Found in *Lob's Pound*."

A *Pinfold* is a *pound*. Thus in Gascoigne's *Dan Bartholomew of Baibe*, 1587 :

" In such a *pinfold* were his pleasures pent."

Three-suited knave might mean, in an age of ostentatious finery like that of Shakspeare, one who had no greater change of rayment than *three suits* would furnish him with ; so, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman* : " — wert a pitiful fellow, and hadst nothing but *three suits* of apparel ;" or it may signify a fellow *thrice-sued at law*, who has *three suits* for debt standing out against him. A *one-trunk-inheriting slave* may be used to signify a fellow, the whole of whose possessions are confined to *one coffer*, and that too *inherited* from his father, who was no better provided, or had nothing more to bequeath to his *successor in poverty* ; a poor rogue hereditary, as Timon calls *Apemantus*. A *worsted-socking knave* is another reproach of the same kind. The stockings in England, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, (as I learn from Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuses*, printed in 1595,) were remarkably expensive, and scarce any other kind than silk were worn, even (as this author says) by those who had not above forty shillings a year wages.—So, in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

" Green sicknesses and serving-men light on you,

" With greasy breeches, and in *worsted-sockings*."

Silk stockings were not made in England till 1560, the second year of queen Elizabeth's reign. Of this extravagance Drayton takes notice in the 16th song of his *Polyolbion* :

" Which our plain fathers erst would have accounted sin,

" Before the costly coach and *silken stock* came in." STEEVENS.

This term of reproach also occurs in the *Phoenix*, by Middleton, 1607 : " *Mettezza Ariola* keeps her love with half the cost that I am at ; her friend can go afoot, like a good husband, walk in *worsted-sockings*, and inquire for the sixpenny ordinary." MALONE.

a base,

a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound⁸, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave⁹; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would't be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny't the least syllable of thy addition¹.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you²: Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger³, draw.

[drawing his sword.

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part⁴, against the

⁸ — *hundred pound*,—] A *hundred-pound gentleman* is a term of reproach used in Middleton's *Phoenix*, 1607. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *action-taking knave*;] That is, a fellow, who, if you beat him, would bring an action for the assault, instead of resenting it like a man of courage. MALONE.

¹ — *addition*.] i. e. titles. The Statute 1 Hen. V. ch. v. which directs that in certain writs a description should be added to the name of the defendant, expressive of his estate, mystery, degree, &c. is called the statute of *Additions*. MALONE.

² *I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you*.] I suppose he means, that after having beaten the Steward sufficiently, and made his flesh as soft as moistened bread, he will lay him flat on the ground, like a sop in a pan, or a tankard. See the passage quoted from *Troilus and Cressida* in p. 576, n. 7. MALONE.

³ — *barber-monger*.] *Barber-monger* perhaps means one who con-forts much with barbers. MALONE.

Barber-monger may mean, *dealer in the lower tradesmen*: a slur upon the steward, as taking fees for a recommendation to the business of the family. FARMER.

⁴ — *vanity the puppet's part*.] Alluding to the mysteries or allego-
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the royalty of her father : Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your thanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave⁵, strike. [beating him.]

Stew. Help ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee⁶; a tailor made thee.

rical shews, in which vanity, iniquity, and other vices, were personified. JOHNSON.

So, in *Volpone*, or *The Fox*:

“Get you a cittern, Lady *Vanity*.” STEEVENS.

The description is applicable only to the old *moralties*, between which and the *mysteries* there was an essential difference.

ANONYMUS.

⁵ — neat slave,] You mere slave, you very slave. JOHNSON.

You neat slave, I believe, means no more than you *finical rascal*, you who are an assemblage of *foppery and poverty*. Ben Jonson uses the same epithet in his *Poetaster*:

“By thy leave, my neat scoundrel.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — nature disclaims in thee;] So the quartos and the folio. The modern editors read, without authority:

— nature disclaims her share in thee.

The old reading is the true one. So, in *The Case is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1609:

“No, I disclaim in her, I spit at her.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. III. chap. xvi:

“Not these, my lords, make me disclaim in it which all pursue.”

STEEVENS.

Corn.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd, At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whorefon zed! thou unnecessary letter!⁷— My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain⁸ into mortar⁹, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, firrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword, Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these, Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain Which are too intrinse t'unloose¹: smoothe every passion²

That

⁷ *Thou whorefon zed! thou unnecessary letter!—*] Zed is here probably used as a term of contempt, because it is the last letter in the English alphabet, and as its place may be supplied by S, and the Roman alphabet has it not; neither is it read in any word originally Teutonic. In Barret's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, it is quite omitted, as the author affirms it to be rather a syllable than a letter. STEEVENS.

This is taken from the grammarians of the time. Mulcaster says, "Z is much harder amongst us, and seldom seen:—S is become its lieutenant-general. It is lightlie expressed in English, saving in foren enfranchisements." FARMER.

⁸ *—this unbolted villain—*] i. e. unrefined by education, the bran yet in him. Metaphor from the bakehouse. WARBURTON.

⁹ *—into mortar,*] This expression was much in use in our author's time. So, Massinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, Act I. sc. i: "——— I will help your memory,

"And tread thee into mortar." STEEVENS.

Unbolted mortar is mortar made of unsifted lime, and therefore to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes. This *unbolted villain* is therefore this coarse rascal. TOLLET.

¹ *Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain*

Which are too intrinse t'unloose] By these *holy cords* the poet means the natural union between parents and children. The metaphor is taken from the *cords of the sanctuary*; and the fomenters of family

That in the natures of their lords rebels;
 Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
 Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
 With every gale and vary of their masters²;
 Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—

A plague

differences are compared to these sacrilegious rats. The expression is fine and noble. WARBURTON.

The quartos read—to *intrench*. The folio—*s'intrince*. *Intrince*, for so it should be written, I suppose was used by Shakspeare for *intrinsecate*, a word which, as Theobald has observed, he has used in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — Come, mortal wretch,

“ With thy sharp teeth this knot *intrinsecate*

“ Of life at once untie.”

We have had already in this play *reverbs* for *reverberates*. Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ Season your admiration for a while

“ With an *attent ear*.”

The word *intrinsecate* was but newly introduced into our language, when this play was written. See the preface to Marston's *Scourge of Villanie*, 1598: “ I know he will vouchsafe it some of his new-minted epithets; as *real*, *intrinsecate*, *Delpbicke*,” &c.

I doubt whether Dr. Warburton has not, as usual, seen more in this passage than the poet intended. In the quartos the word *boly* is not found, and I suspect it to be an interpolation made in the folio edition. We might perhaps better read, with the elder copy,

Like rats, oft bite *those* cords in twain, *which are*

Too, &c. MALONE.

² — [smooth every passion—] So the old copies; for which Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors substituted *sooth*. The verb to *smooth* occurs frequently in our elder writers. So, in Greene's *Greatworth of Wit*, 1592:

“ For since he learn'd to use the poet's pen,

“ He learn'd likewise with *smoothing* words to feign.”

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*:

“ Yield to his humour, *smooth*, and speak him fair.”

Again, in our poet's *King Richard III*:

“ Smile in men's faces, *smooth*, deceive, and cog.” MALONE.

³ — and turn their halcyon beaks

With every gale and vary of their masters;] The *halcyon* is the bird otherwise called the *king-fisher*. The vulgar opinion was, that this bird, if hung up, would vary with the wind, and by that means shew from what point it blew. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

“ But how now stands the wind?

“ Into what corner peers my *halcyon's bill*?”

Again,

A plague upon your epileptick visage⁴!
 Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
 Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
 I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot⁵.

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
 Than I and such a knave⁶.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not⁷.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
 I have seen better faces in my time,
 Than stands on any shoulder that I see
 Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
 Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
 ✓ A faucy roughness; and constrains the garb,

Again, in Storer's *Life and Death of Tho. Wolsey, Cardinal*, a poem, 1599:

"Or as a balcyon with her turning breast;

"Demonstrates wind from wind, and east from west." STEEV.

4 — *epileptick visage*!] The frightened countenance of a man ready to fall in a fit. JOHNSON.

5 — *Camelot*.] was the place where the romances say king Arthur kept his court in the West; so this alludes to some proverbial speech in those romances. WARBURTON.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song III:

"Like *Camelot*, what place was ever yet renown'd?

"Where, as at Carlion, oft he kept the table round."

STEEVENS.

In Somersetshire, near Camelot, are many large moors, where are bred great quantities of geese, so that many other places are from hence supplied with quills and feathers. HANMER.

6 *No contraries hold more antipathy,*

Than I and such a knave.] Hence Mr. Pope's expression:

"The strong antipathy of good to bad." TOLLET.

7 — *likes me not*.] i. e. pleases me not. So, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"I did but cast an amorous eye, e'en now,

"Upon a pair of gloves that somewhat lik'd me." STEEVENS.

Quite from his nature³: He cannot flatter, he!—

An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:

✓ An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.

These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants⁹,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, or in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front¹,—

Corn. What mean'st thou by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend
so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that be-
guiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which,
✕ for my part, I will not be, though I should win your dis-
pleasure to entreat me to it².

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

³ — *constrains the garb*

Quite from his nature:] Forces his outside or his appearance to something totally different from his natural disposition. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Than twenty silly ducking observants,*] *Silly* means simple, or rustic. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. sc. iii: "There was a fourth man in a silly habit," meaning Posthumus in the dress of a peasant. *Nicely* is foolishly. NIAIS, Fr. STEEVENS.

See p. 445, n. 2. *Nicely* is rather, I think, with the utmost exactness, with an attention to the most minute trifle. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge." MALONE.

¹ *On flickering Phœbus' front,*—] Dr. Johnson in his *Dictionary* says this word means to *flutter*. I meet with it in *The History of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599:

"By flying force of *flickering* fame your grace shall understand."

Sir Thomas North, in his translation of *Plutarch*, talks of the *flickering* enticements of Cleopatra.—Stanyhurst, in his translation of the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582, describes Iris

"From the sky down *flickering*," &c.

Again, in the old play, entitled, *Frinus Truss*, 1633:

"With gaudy pennons *flickering* in the air." STEEVENS.

² — *though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.*] Though I should win you, displeased as you now are, to like me so well as to entreat me to be a knave. JOHNSON.

Stew.

Stew. I never gave him any :

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction ;
When he, conjunct³, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind ; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man, that
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd ;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool⁴.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho !
You stubborn ancient knave⁵, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn :
Call not your stocks for me : I serve the king ;
On whose employment I was sent to you :
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks :—
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon ! till night, my lord ; and all night too.

³ *When he, conjunct,*] *Conjunct* is the reading of the old quartos ; *compact*, of the folio. STEEVENS.

⁴ *None of these rogues, and cowards,*

But Ajax is their fool.] i. e. a fool to them. These rogues and cowards talk in such a boasting strain, that if we were to credit their account of themselves, Ajax would appear a person of no prowess when compared with them.—Since the first publication of this note in my SECOND APPENDIX to the *Supp. to Shakspeare*, 8vo. 1783, I have observed that our poet has elsewhere employed the same phraseology. So, in the *Taming of the Shrew* :

“ Tut, he's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.”

Again, in *King Henry VIII.*

“ ——— now this mask.

“ Was cry'd incomparable, and the ensuing night

“ Made it a fool and beggar.”

The phrase in this sense is yet used in low language. MALONE.

⁵ —ancient *knave*,] Two of the quartos read—*miscroant knave*, and one of them—*unreverent*, instead of *reverend*. STEEVENS.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour⁶

Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks⁷.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:

* His fault⁸ is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as base and contemn'd⁹ wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with *: the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs¹.—Put in his legs.—

[*Kent is put in the stocks*².]
Come, my good lord; away. [*Exeunt REG. and CORN.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd³: I'll entreat for thee.

⁶ — colour —] The quartos read, *nature*. STEEVENS.

⁷ — stocks.] This is not the first time that stocks had been introduced on the stage. In *Hick-scorner*, which was printed early in the reign of *K. Henry VIII.* *Pity* is put into them, and left there till he is freed by *Perseverance* and *Contemplacyon*. STEEVENS.

⁸ His fault —] All between the asterisks is omitted in the folio.

STEEVENS.

⁹ — and contemn'd⁹ wretches,] The quartos read—and *tempest* wretches. This conjectural emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

¹ For following her affairs, &c.] This line is not in the folio.

MALONE.

² I know not whether this circumstance of putting Kent in the stocks be not ridiculed in the punishment of Numps, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew-Fair*.

It should be remembered, that formerly in great houses, as still in some colleges, there were moveable stocks for the correction of the servants. FARMER.

³ Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd.] Metaphor from bowling.

WARBURTON.

Kent.

Kent. Pray, do not, fir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:

Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common law⁴!

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st

To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,

That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles⁵,

But misery;—I know, 'tis from Cordelia⁶;

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd

Of

⁴ *Good king, that must approve the common law*!] That art now to exemplify the common proverb, *That out of, &c.* That changest better for worse. Hanmer observes, that it is a proverbial saying, applied to those who are turned out of house and home to the open weather. It was perhaps first used of men dismissed from an hospital, or house of charity, such as was erected formerly in many places for travellers. Those houses had names properly enough alluded to by *heaven's benediction*. JOHNSON.

Kent was not thinking of the king's being *turned out of house and home to the open weather*, a misery which he has not yet experienced, but of his being likely to receive a worse reception from Regan than that which he had already experienced from his elder daughter Goneril. Hanmer therefore certainly misunderstood the passage.

A quotation from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, may prove the best comment on it. "This Augustine after his arrival converted the Saxons indeed from Paganisme, but, as the proverb sayth, bringing them out of Goddes blessing into the warme sunne, he also imbued them with no lesse hurtful superstition than they did know before." MALONE.

The *saw* alluded to, is in Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*, book ii. chap. 5.

"In your renning from him to me, ye runne

"Out of God's blessing into the warme sunne." TYRWHITT.

⁵ — *Nothing almost sees miracles,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*Nothing almost sees my wrack*. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *I know, 'tis from Cordelia, &c.*] This passage, which some of the editors have degraded as spurious, to the margin, and others have silently altered, I have faithfully printed according to the quarto, from which the folio differs only in punctuation. The passage is very obscure, if not corrupt. Perhaps it may be read thus:

—— Cordelia

Of my obscured course; and shall find time
 From this enormous state,—seeking to give
 Losses their remedies':—All weary and o'er-watch'd,

— Cordelia—has been—informed
 Of my obscured course, and shall find time
 From this enormous state-seeking, to give
 Losses their remedies.—

Cordelia is informed of our affairs, and when the *enormous* care of *seeking her fortune* will allow her time, she will employ it in remedying losses. This is harsh; perhaps something better may be found. I have at least supplied the genuine reading of the old copies. *Enormous* is unwonted, out of rule, out of the ordinary course of things. JOHNSON.

So Holinshed, p. 647: "The major perceiving this *enormous* doings," &c. STEEVENS.

7 ——— and shall find time

From this enormous state, seeking to give

Losses their remedies;—] I confess I do not understand this passage, unless it may be considered as *divided parts of Cordelia's letter*, which he is reading to himself by moonlight: it certainly conveys the sense of what she would have said. In reading a letter, it is natural enough to dwell on those circumstances in it that promise the change in our affairs which we most wish for; and Kent having read Cordelia's assurances that she will find a time to free the injured from the *enormous* misrule of Regan, is willing to go to sleep with that pleasing reflection uppermost in his mind. But this is mere conjecture. STEEVENS.

In the old copies these words are printed in the same character as the rest of the speech. I have adhered to them, not conceiving that they form any part of Cordelia's letter, or that any part of it is or can be read by Kent. He wishes for the rising of the sun, that he *may* read it. I suspect that two half lines have been lost between the words *state* and *seeking*. This *enormous state* means, I think, the confusion subsisting in the state, in consequence of the discord which had arisen between the dukes of Albany and Cornwall; of which Kent hopes Cordelia will avail herself. He says in a subsequent scene,

"—— There is a division,

"Although as yet the face of it be cover'd.

"With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall."

In the modern editions, after the words *under globe*, the following direction has been inserted: "*Looking up to the moon.*" Kent is surely here addressing, not the moon, but the sun, which he has mentioned in the preceding line, and for whose rising he is impatient, that he may read Cordelia's letter. He has just before said to Gloucester, "Give you good-morrow!" The *comfortable* beams of the moon no poet, I believe, has mentioned. Those of the sun are again mentioned by Shakspeare in *Timon of Athens*:

"Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!" MALONE.

Take

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel!
[*He sleeps.*]

SCENE III.

A Part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots³;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars⁴, who, with roaring voices,
Strike

³ — elf all my hair in knots;] Hair thus knotted, was vulgarly supposed to be the work of elves and fairies in the night. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — plats the manes of horses in the night,

“ And bakes the elf-locks in foul fluttish hairs,

“ Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.” STEEV.

⁴ *Of Bedlam beggars,*] In the *Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit., 1640, is the following account of one of these characters, under the title of an *Abraham Man*. “ — he sweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose: you see pinnes stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his armes, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calles himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and comming near any body cries out, *Poor Tom is a cold*. Of these *Abraham-men*, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their owne braines: some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and so fullen both in loke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly

Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks¹, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms²,
 Poor pelting villages³, sheep-cotes, and mills,
 Sometime with lunatick bans⁴, sometime with prayers,
 Inforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor Tom⁵!
 That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am⁶. [Exit.]

S C E N E

bluntly enter, *compelling* the servants through feare to give them what they demand." To *sham Abraham*, a cant term, still in use among sailors and the vulgar, may have this origin. STEEVENS.

¹ — *wooden pricks*,] i. e. skewers. So, in *The Wyll of the Deyyll*, bl. l. no date. "I give to the butchers, &c. *pricks* inough to set up their thin meate, that it may appear thicke and well fedde." STEEV.

² — *low farms*,] The quartos read, *low service*. STEEVENS.

³ *Poor pelting villages*,] *Pelting* is, I believe, only an accidental deprivation of *petty*. Shakspeare uses it in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream of small brooks*. JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher often use the word in the same sense as Shakspeare. So, in *King and no King*, Act IV :

"This *pelting*, prating peace is good for nothing."

Spanish Curate, Act II. sc. ult.—"To learn the *pelting* law." Shakspeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*,—"every *pelting* river." *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. vii.:

"And every *pelting* petty officer."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Hector says to Achilles :

"We have had *pelting* wars since you refus'd

"The Grecian cause."

From the first of the two last instances it appears not to be a *corruption of petty*, which is used the next word to it, but seems to be the same as *palsry*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 463; n. 5. MALONE.

⁴ — *lunatick bans*,] To *ban*, is to curse. So, in *Arden of Feverisham*, 1592 :

"Nay, if those *ban*, let me breathe curses forth." STEEVENS.

⁵ — *poor Turlygood! poor Tom!*] We should read *Turlupin*. In the fourteenth century there was a new species of gipsies, called *Turlupins*, a fraternity of naked beggars, which ran up and down Europe. However, the church of Rome hath dignified them with the name of *heretics*, and actually burned some of them at Paris. But what sort of religionists they were, appears from Genebrard's account of them. "*Turlupin Cynicorum sectam suscitantes, de nuditate pudendorum, & publico coitu.*" Plainly, nothing but a band of *Tom-o'-Bedlam*.

WARBURTON.

Hammer

SCENE IV.

*Before Gloster's Castle⁷.**Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.*

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home.
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How! mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord⁸.

Hanmer reads, *poor Turluru*. It is probable the word *Turlugood* was the common corrupt pronunciation. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *Edgar I nothing am.*] As Edgar I am outlawed, dead in law; I have no longer any political existence. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the meaning is, As poor Tom, I may exist: appearing as Edgar, I am lost. MALONE.

⁷ *Gloster's castle.*] It is not very clearly discovered why Lear comes hither. In the foregoing part he sent a letter to Gloster; but no hint is given of its contents. He seems to have gone to visit Gloster while Cornwall and Regan might prepare to entertain him. JOHNSON.

It is plain, I think, that Lear comes to the earl of Gloucester's, in consequence of his having been at the duke of Cornwall's, and having heard there, that his son and daughter were gone to the earl of Gloucester's. His first words shew this: "*'Tis strange that they (Cornwall and Regan) should so depart from home, and not send back my messenger (Kent).*" It is clear also from Kent's speech in this scene, that he went directly from Lear to the duke of Cornwall's, and delivered his letters, but, instead of being sent back with any answer, was ordered to follow the duke and duchess to the earl of Gloucester's. But what then is the meaning of Lear's order to Kent in the preceding Act, sc. v. *Go you before to Gloucester with these letters.*—The obvious meaning, and what will agree best with the course of the subsequent events, is, that the duke of Cornwall and his wife were then residing at Gloucester. Why Shakspeare should choose to suppose them at Gloucester, rather than at any other city, is a different question. Perhaps he might think, that Gloucester implied such a neighbourhood to the earl of Gloucester's castle, as his story required. TAYLOR.

See p. 535, n. 3. MALONE.

⁸ *No, my lord.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Fool.

Fool. Ha, ha ; look ! he wears cruel garters⁹ ! Horfes are tied by the heads ; dogs, and bears, by the neck ; monkies by the loins, and men by the legs : when a man is over-luſty¹ at legs, then he wears wooden nether-ſtocks².

Lear. What's he, that hath ſo much thy place miſtook
To ſet thee here ?

Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your ſon and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I ſay.

Kent. I ſay, yea.

9 — *he wears cruel garters !*] I believe a quibble was here intended. *Cruel* ſignifies *worſhed*, of which ſtockings, garters, night-caps, &c. are made ; and it is uſed in that ſenſe in the comedy of *Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599 :

“ — I'll warrant you, he'll have

“ His *cruell garters* croſs about the knee.”

So, in the *Bird in a Cage*, 1633 :

“ I ſpeak the prologue to our ſilk and cruel

“ Gentlemen in the hangings.”

Again, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612 :

“ Wearing of ſilk, why art thou ſtill ſo cruel ?” STEEVENS.

1 — *over-luſty* —] in this place has a double ſignification. *Luſtineſs* anciently meant *ſaucineſs*. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607 :

“ — ſhe'll ſnarl and bite,

“ And take up Nero for his *luſtineſs*.”

Again, in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of *Plutarch* : “ *Caffius*' ſoldiers did ſhewe themſelves verie ſtubborne and *luſtie* in the campe,” &c.

STEEVENS.

2 — *then he wears wooden nether-ſtocks.*] *Nether-ſtocks* is the old word for *ſtockings*. *Breeches* were at that time called “ men's *over-ſtocks*,” as I learn from Barrett's *Alwearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580. It appears from the following paſſage in the ſecond part of *The Map of Mock Beggar Hall*, an ancient ballad, that the ſtockings were formerly ſewed to the breeches :

“ Their fathers went in homely ſrees,

“ And good plain broadcloth breeches ;

“ Their ſtockings with the ſame agrees,

“ Sew'd on with good ſtrong ſitches.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, has a whole chapter on *The Diversities of Nether-Stockes wearne in England*, 1595. Heywood among his *Epigrams*, 1562, has the following :

“ Thy upper ſtocks, be they ſtuft with ſilke or ſlocks,

“ Never become thee like a nether paire of ſtocks.” STEEVENS.

Lear.

Lear ³. No, no; they would not. .

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay ⁴.

Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage ⁵:

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission ⁶,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny ⁷, straight took horse;

³ *Lear*.] This and the next speech are omitted in the folio. STEEV.

⁴ *By Juno, I swear, ay.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁵ *To do upon respect such violent outrage:*] To violate the publick and venerable character of a messenger from the king. JOHNSON.

To do an outrage upon respect, does not, I believe, primarily mean, to behave outrageously to persons of a respectable character, (though that in substance is the sense of the words,) but rather, to be grossly deficient in respect to those who are entitled to it. So before in this scene:

"You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice

"Against the grace and person of my master,

"Steeking his messengers." MALONE.

⁶ *Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission,*] *Spight of intermission*, perhaps means in spight of, or without regarding, that message which intervened, and which was entitled to precedent attention.

Spight of intermission, however, may mean, in spight of being obliged to pause and take breath, after having panted forth the salutation from his mistress. In Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard words*, 1604, *intermission* is defined, "*forestopping, a pausing or breaking off.*" MALONE.

Spight of intermission is without pause, without suffering time to intervene. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—gentle heaven,

"Cut short all intermission," &c. STEEVENS.

⁷ *They summon'd up their meiny,—*] *Meiny*, i. e. people. POPE.

Mejke, a house. *Mesnie*, a family, Fr. So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"——— if she, or her sad meiny,

"Be towards sleep, I'll wake them." STEEVENS.

Commanded me to follow, and attend
 The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks :
 And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
 (Being the very fellow that of late
 Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
 Having more man than wit about me, drew³;
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries :
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way⁹.

Fathers, that wear rags,
 Do make their children blind;
 But fathers, that bear bags,
 Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,
 Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours¹ for thy daughters², as thou can'st tell in a year.

³ *Having more man than wit about me, drew;*] The personal pronoun which is found in the preceding line, is understood before the word *drawing*. The same licence is taken by our poet in other places. See Act IV. sc. ii. “—and amongst them *fell'd* him dead;” where *they* is understood. So, in Vol. VII. p. 29 :

“ — which if granted,

“ As he made semblance of his duty, *would*

“ Have put his knife into him.”

where *he* is understood before *would*. See also *Hamlet*, Act II. sc. ii. “—whereat griev'd,—*sends out arrests*.”—The modern editors, following Sir Thomas Hanmer, read—I drew. MALONE.

⁹ *Winter's not gone yet, &c.*] If this be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet at an end. JOHNSON.

This speech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

¹ — *dolours* —] Quibble intended between *dolours* and *dollars*.

HANMER.

The same quibble had occurred in the *Tempest*, and in *Measure for Measure*. STEEVENS.

² — for thy daughters,] i. e. on account of thy daughters' ingratitude. In the first part of the sentence *dolours* is understood in its true sense; in the latter part it is taken for *dollars*. The modern editors have adopted an alteration made by Mr. Theobald,—*from* instead of *for*; and following the second folio, read—thy dear daughters. MALONE.

Lear.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart! *Hysterica passio!* down, thou climbing sorrow, Thy clement's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [Exit.

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter*. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's

3 *O, how this mother, &c.*] *Lear* here affects to pass off the swelling of his heart ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the disease called the *Mother*, or *Hysterica Passio*, which, in our author's time, was not thought peculiar to women only. In Harriet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, Richard Mainy, Gent. one of the pretended demoniacs, deposes, p. 263, that the first night that he came to Denham, the seat of Mr. Peckham, where these impostures were managed, he was somewhat evill at ease, and he grew worse and worse with an old disease that he had, and which the priests persuaded him was from the possession of the devil, viz. "The disease, I spake of was a spice of the *Mother*, wherewith I had been troubled . . . before my going into Fraunce: whether I doe rightly term it the *Mother* or no, I knowe not . . . When I was sicke of this disease in Fraunce, a Scottish doctor of physick then in Paris, called it, as I remember, *Vertiginem capitis*. It riseth . . . of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great swelling, causeth a very painfull collicke in the stomack, and an extraordinary giddines in the head."

It is at least very probable, that Shakspeare would not have thought of making *Lear* affect to have the *Hysterick Passion*, or *Mother*, if this passage in Harriet's pamphlet had not suggested it to him, when he was selecting the other particulars from it, in order to furnish out his character of Tom of Bedlam, to whom this demoniacal gibberish is admirably adapted. PERCY.

* *We'll set thee to school to an ant, &c.*] By this allusion more is meant than is expressed. If, says the Fool, you had been school'd by the ant, you would have known that the king's train, like that sagacious animal, prefer the summer of prosperity to the colder season of adversity, from which no profit can be derived; and desert him, whose "mellow hangings" have been shaken down, and who by "one winter's brush" has been left "open and bare for every storm that blows." MALONE.

not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking⁴. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel⁵, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly⁶:

The knave turns fool, that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.

Kint.

⁴ *All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking.* The word *twenty* refers to the *noses* of the *blind men*, and not to the men in general. STEVENS.

Mankind, says the Fool, may be divided into those who can see and those who are blind. All men, but blind men, though they follow their noses, are led by their eyes; and this class of mankind, *seeing* the king ruined, have all deserted him: with respect to the other class, the blind, who have nothing but their noses to guide them, they also fly equally from a king whose fortunes are declining; for of the noses of twenty blind men there is not one but can smell him, who "*being maddy'd in fortune's mood, smells somewhat strongly of her displeasure.*" You need not therefore be surpris'd at Lear's coming with so small a train.

The quartos read—among a hundred. MALONE.

⁵ *—When a wise man gives thee, &c.* One cannot too much commend the caution which our moral poet uses, on all occasions, to prevent his sentiments from being perversely taken. So here, having given an ironical precept in commendation of perfidy and base desertion of the unfortunate, for fear it should be understood seriously, though delivered by his buffoon or jester, he has the precaution to add this beautiful corrective, full of fine sense:—"I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it." WARBURTON.

⁶ *But I will tarry; the fool will stay,*

And let, &c. I think this passage erroneous, though both the copies concur. The sense will be mended if we read:

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly;

The fool turns knave, that runs away;

The knave no fool,—

That

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;

The images of revolt and flying off!

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the firy quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Firy? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well?, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear
father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood⁸!—

Firy? the firy duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—⁹

No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore

[*looking on Kent.*]

That I stay with the king is a proof that I am a fool; the wise men are deserting him. There is knavery in this desertion, but there is no folly. JOHN SON.

⁷ *Glo. Will, &c.*] This, with the following speech, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Are they inform'd of this, &c.*] This line is not in the quartos.

MALONE.

⁹ —*Tell the hot duke, that—*] The quartos read—*Tell the hot duke, that Lear—* STEEVENS.

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion¹ of the duke and her
Is practice only². Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry, *Sleep to death*.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit.]

Lea. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney³ did to the eels,
when she put them i' the paste alive⁴; she rapp'd 'em⁵

¹ —this remotion—] from their own house to that of the earl of Gloster. MALONE.

² Is practice only] *Practice* is in Shakspeare, and other old writers, used commonly in an ill sense for *unlawful* or *illegal*. JOHNSON.

³ —the cockney—] It is not easy to determine the exact power of this term of contempt, which, as the editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer observes, might have been originally borrowed from the kitchen. From the ancient ballad of the *Tournament of Tottenham*, published by Dr. Percy in his second volume of *Ancient Poetry*, p. 24, it should seem to signify a *cook*:

“At that feast were they served in such array,

“Every five and five had a *cockney*,

i. e. a *cook*, or *scullion*, to attend them.

Shakspeare, however, in *Twelfth Night*, makes his Clown say,
“I am the great lubber the world, will prove a *cockney*.” In this place it seems to have a signification not unlike that which it bears at present, and, indeed, Chaucer in his *Reeve's Tale*, ver. 4205, appears to employ it with such a meaning:

“A downwar the jake is tald another day,

“I shall b. holden a *dasse* or a *cockney*.”

See the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 753, where the reader will meet with all the information to be had on this subject. STEEVENS.

In the following lines in the *Scourge of Flies*, by J. Davies of Hereford, printed about 1611, *cockney* certainly does not mean either a scullion, or a citizen—and I doubt whether the word has that meaning in the *Tournament of Tottenham*:

“He that comes every day shall have a *cockney*,

“And he that comes but now and then, shall have a fat hen.

“But cocks that to hens come but now and then,

“shall have a *cockney*, not the fat hen.”

Mr. Whalley, I find, has made the same observation. MALONE.

⁴ —the eels, when she put them i' the paste—] Hinting that the eel and Lea are in the same danger. JOHNSON.

⁵ —she rapp'd 'em—] So the quartos. The folio reads *she krap't 'em*. MALONE.

o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down* : 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace ! [*Kent is set at liberty.*]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are ; I know what reason I have to think so : if thou should'st not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulch'ring an adulteress⁶.—O, are you free ? [*to Kent.* Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught : O Regan, she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here⁷,—

[*points to his heart.*]

I can scarce speak to thee ; thou'lt not believe, Of how depriv'd a quality—⁸ O Regan !

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience ; I have hope, You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty⁹.

Lear.

⁶ —*sepulch'ring, &c.*] This word is accented in the same manner by *Faust* and *Milton* :

“ As if his work should his *sepulchre* be,” C. i. st. 25.

“ And to *sepulcher'd* in such pomp dost lie.”

Milton on Shakspeare, line xv. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*she hath tied*

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,] Alluding to the fable of Prometheus. WARBURTON.

⁸ Of how depriv'd a quality—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads : *With how depriv'd a quality*—. JOHNSON.

⁹ —*I have hope,*

You less know how to value her desert,

Than she to scant her duty.] The word *scant* in this passage, as Dr. Johnson has observed, is directly contrary to the sense intended. Shakspeare without doubt intended to make Regan say, *I have hope that she shall will rather turn out, that you know not how to appreciate her merit, than that she knows how to scant, or be deficient in, her duty.* But that he has expressed this sentiment inaccurately, will, I think, clearly appear from inverting the sentence, without changing a word. “ I have hope (says Regan) that she knowa *more* [or *better*] how to

Lear. Say, how is that ?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation ; If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her !

Reg. O, sir, you are old ;
Nature in you stands on the very verge

scant her duty, than you know how to value her desert."—i. e. I have hope, that she is *more perfect*, more an adept, (if the expression may be allowed) in the *non performance* of her duty, than you are perfect, or accurate, in the estimation of her merit.

In *The Winter's Tale* we meet with an inaccuracy of the same kind :

" ————— I ne'er heard yet,
" That any of these bolder vices *wanted* †
" *Less* impudence to gainsay what they did,
" Than to perform it first."

where, as Dr. Johnson has justly observed, "*wanted* should be *bad*, or *less* should be *more*."—Again, in *Cymbeline* : " — be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without *less* quality." Here also *less* should certainly be *more*.

Again, in *Machbeth* :

" Who *cannot want* the thought how monstrous
" It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
" To kill the gracious Duncan ?"

- * Here unquestionably for *cannot* the poet should have written *can*. See also Vol. VII. p. 564, n. 6.

If Lear is *less* knowing in the valuation of Goneril's desert, than she is in the scanting of her duty, then she knows *better* how to *scant* or be deficient in her duty, than he knows how to appreciate her desert. Will any one maintain, that Regan meant to express a hope that this would prove the case ?

Shakspeare perplexed himself by placing the word *less* before *know* ; for if he had written, " I have hope that you rather know how to make her *desert less* than it is, (to under-rate it in your estimation) than that she at all knows how to scant her duty," all would have been clear ; but, by placing *less* before *know*, this meaning is destroyed.

Those who imagine that this passage is accurately expressed as it now stand, deceive themselves by this fallacy : in paraphrasing it, they always take the word *less* out of its place, and connect it, or some other synonymous word, with the word *desert*. MALONE.

† Say, &c.] This, as well as the following speech, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house¹:

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

Age is unnecessary²: on my knees I beg, [kneeling.

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

¹ *Do you but mark how this becomes the house:]* i. e. the order of families, duties of relation. **WARBURTON.**

In *The Tempest* we have again nearly the same sentiment:

"But O how oddly will it sound that I

"Must ask my child forgiveness?" **MALONE.**

Dr. Warburton's explanation may be supported by the following passage in *Milton on Divorce*, book ii. ch. 12. "—the restraint hereof, who is not too thick-sighted, may see how hurtful, how destructive, it is to *the house*, the church, and commonwealth!"

TOLLER.

The old reading may likewise receive additional support from the following passage in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598:

"Come up to supper; it will *become the house* wonderful well."

Mr. Toller has since furnished me with the following extract from Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 4to. 1601. chap. 11. which has much the same expression, and explains it. "They two together [man and wife] ruleth the *house*. The *house* I call here, the man, the woman, their children, their servants, bond and free," &c.

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*; "The gentleman's wife one day could not refrain (beholding a stagges head set up in the gentleman's house) from breaking into a laughter before his face, saying how that head *became the house* very well." **HENDERSON.**

² *Age is unnecessary:]* i. e. Old age has few wants. **JOHNSON.**

This usage of the word *unnecessary* is quite without example; and I believe my learned coadjutor has rather improved than explained the meaning of his author, who seems to have designed to say no more than that it seems *unnecessary* to children that the lives of their parents should be prolonged. *Age is unnecessary*, may mean, *old people are useless*. So, in *The Old Law*, by Massinger:

"—your laws extend not to desert,

"But to *unnecessary* years; and, my lord,

"His are not such." **STEEVENS.**

Unnecessary in Lear's speech, I believe, means—in want of necessities, unable to procure them. **TRYWHITT.**

Reg. Good sir, no more ; these are unsightly tricks :
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan :

She hath abated me of half my train ;
Look'd black upon me³ ; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart :—
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top ! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness !

Corn. Fie, sir, fie !

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes ! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride⁴ !

Reg. O the blest gods !
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on⁵.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse ;
Thy tender-hefted nature⁶ shall not give

Thee

³ Look'd black upon me ;] To look black, may easily be explained to look cloudy or gloomy. See Milton :

“ So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell

“ Grew darker at their frown.”— JOHNSON.

So, Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 1157 : “ —The bishops thereat repined, and looked black.” TOLLET.

⁴ To fall and blast her pride !] Thus the quarto : the folio reads not so well, to fall and blister. JOHNSON.

Fall is, I think, used here as an active verb, signifying to humble or pull down. *Ye fen-suck'd fogs, drawn from the earth by the powerful action of the sun, infect her beauty, so as to fall and blast*, i. e. humble and destroy, *her pride*. Shakspeare in other places uses *fall* in an active sense. So, in *Othello* :

“ Each drop the falls will prove a crocodile.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ — make him fall

“ His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.”

In the old play of *King Leir* our poet found,

“ I ever thought that pride would have a fall.” MALONE.

⁵ — when the rash mood is on.] Thus the folio. The quartos read only, — when the rash mood — perhaps leaving the sentence purposely unfinished. STEEVENS.

⁶ Thy tender-hefted nature —] Hefted seems to mean the same as beaved. Tender-hefted, i. e. whose bosom is agitated by tender passion. The formation of such a participle, I believe, cannot be grammatically

Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
 Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
 To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
 To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,⁷
 And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
 Against my coming in: thou better know'st
 The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
 Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
 Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
 Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose. [*Trumpet within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
 That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
 Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
 Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good
 hope
 Thou did'st nor know of't.—Who comes here? O hea-

atically accounted for. Shakspeare uses *bests* for *beavings* in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. Both the quartos however read, "tender-*bested* nature;" which may mean a nature which is governed by gentle dispositions. *Heft* is an old word signifying *command*. So, in *The Wars of Cyrus*, &c. 1594:

"Must yield to *best* of others that be free."

Hefted is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *to scant my sizes,*] To contract my allowances or proportions settled. JOHNSON.

A *fixer* is one of the lowest rank of students at Cambridge, and lives on a stated allowance.

Sizes are certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in public societies are set down to the account of particular persons: a word still used in colleges. So, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

"You are one of the devil's fellow-commoners; one that *fixeth* the devil's butteries." STEEVENS.

See a *fixe* in Minshew's *Dictionary*. TOLLET.

Enter

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
 Allow obedience⁸, if yourselves are old,
 Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
 Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?— [to Gon.
 O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
 All's not offence, that indiscretion finds⁹,
 And dotage terms, so.

Lear. O, fides, you are too tough!
 Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
 Deserv'd much less advancement¹.

⁸ *If you do love old men, if your sweet sway*

Allow obedience,—] Mr. Upton has proved by irresistible authority, that to *allow* signifies not only to *permit*, but to *approve*, and has deservedly replaced the old reading, which Dr. Warburton had changed into *hallow obedience*, not recollecting the scripture expression, *The Lord alloweth the righteous*, Psalm xi. ver. 6. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Hollie*, 1617: "I *allow* those pleasing poems of Guazzo, which begin," &c. Again, Sir Tho. North's translation of *Plutarch*, concerning the reception with which the death of Cæsar met: "they neither greatly reprov'd, nor *allow'd* the fact." Dr. Warburton might have found the emendation which he proposed, in Tate's alteration of *King Lear*, which was first published in 1687. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *that indiscretion finds*,] *Finds* is here used in the same sense as when a jury is said to *find* a bill, to which it is an allusion. Our author again uses the same word in the same sense in *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. i: "Why 'tis *found* so." EDWARDS.

To *find* is little more than to *think*. The French use their word *trouver* in the same sense; and we still say I *find* time tedious, or I *find* company troublesome, without thinking on a jury. STEEVENS.

¹ — *much less advancement*.] The word *advancement* is ironically used for *conspicuousness* of punishment; as we now say, a man is advanced to the pillory. We should read:

— but his own disorders

Deserv'd much *more* advancement. JOHNSON.

By *less advancement* is meant, a still worse or more disgraceful situation: a situation not so reputable. PRÆY.

Cornwall certainly means, that Kent's *disorders* had enticed him to even a post of less honour than the stocks. STEEVENS.

Lear.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so².
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch³!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life⁴ afoot;—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter⁵
To this detested groom. [looking on the Steward.]

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. Now I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,

² *I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.* The meaning is, since you are weak, be content to think yourself weak. JOHNSON.

³ *No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—*

Necessity's sharp pinch! To wage is often used absolutely without the word war after it, and yet signifies to make war, as before in this play:

My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies.

The words *necessity's sharp pinch!* appear to be the reflection of Lear on the wretched sort of existence he had described in the preceding lines. STEVENS.

⁴ — *base life* —] i. e. In a servile state. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *and sumpter* —] *Sumpter* is a horse that carries necessities on a journey. STEVENS.

Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil⁶,
 A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle⁷,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
 Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
 I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
 I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
 For those that mingle reason with your passion,
 Must be content to think you old, and so—
 But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?
 Is it not well? What should you need of more?
 Yea, or so many? With that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
 Should many people, under two commands,
 Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
 From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack
 you,
 We could control them: If you will come to me,
 (For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
 To bring but five and twenty; to no more
 Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

⁶ — *thou art a boil*, &c.] The word in the old copies is written *byle*, and all the modern editors have too strictly followed them. The mistake arose from the word *boil* being often pronounced as if written *bile*. In the folio, we find in *Coriolanus* the same false spelling as here:

“ ——— *Byles* [boils] and plagues

“ Plaster you o'er!” MALONE.

⁷ — *embossed carbuncle*,] *Embossed* is swelling, protuberant. JOHNS.

Lear.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries ;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number ; What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord ; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked^b ; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise : —I'll go with thee ;
[to Goncril.

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord ;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need : our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous :
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. thou art a lady ;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need*!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man^c,
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely, touch me with noble anger !
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,

^a *Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked ;* A similar thought occurs in *Cymbeline*, Act V.

“ — it is I

“ That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,

“ By being worse than they.” STEVENS.

The proper pointing of this passage was suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

MALONE.

* — *patience, patience I need!*] I believe the word *patience* was repeated inadvertently by the compositor. MALONE.

^c — *poor old man,*] The quarto has, *poor old fellow.* JOHNSON.

Stain

Stain my man's cheeks !—No, you unnatural hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
 What they are, yet I know not¹; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
 No, I'll not weep:—
 I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws²,
 Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* L^{EAR}, G^{LOSTER}, K^{ENT}, and Fool.]

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*]

Reg. This house is little; the old man and his people
 Cannot be well bestow'd.

{ Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put himself from
 rest³,

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
 But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
 Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter G^{LOSTER}.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

¹ — *I will do such things,—*

What they are, yet I know not;]

— magnum est quodcunque paravi,

Quid sit, adhuc dubito. *Quid. Met. lib. vi.*

— haud quid sit scio,

Sed grande quiddam est. *Seneca Thyestes.*

Let such as are unwilling to allow that copiers of nature must occasionally use the same thoughts and expressions, remember, that of both these authors there were early translations. STEVENS.

² — *into a hundred thousand flaws,*] A *flaw* signifying a crack or other similar imperfection, our authour, with his accustomed licence, uses the word here for a *small broken particle*. So again, in the fifth act:

“ — But his *flaw'd* heart

“ Burst smilingly. MALONE.

³ — *he hath put himself from rest,*] The personal pronoun was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. *He hath* was formerly contracted thus; *H'arb*, and hence perhaps the mistake. The same error has, I think, happened in *Measure for Measure*. See Vol. II. p. 24, n. 8. MALONE.

Corn. Whither is he going ?

Glo. He calls to horse⁴ ? but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way ; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle⁵ ; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, fir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their school-masters : Shut up your doors ;
He is attended with a desperate train ;
And what they may incense him to⁶, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord ; 'tis a wild night ;
My Regan counsels well : come out o' the storm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath.

A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter
KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather ?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you ? Where's the king ?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element⁶ :
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main⁷,

That

⁴ *Whither is he going ?*

Glo. *He calls to horse ;*] Omitted in the quartos. STEVENS.

⁵ *Do sorely ruffle,*—] Thus the folio. The quartos read, *Do sorely ruffel*, i. e. *ruffle*. STEVENS.

Ruffle is certainly the true reading. A *ruffler* in our authour's time was a noisy, boisterous, swaggerer. MALONE.

* —incense him to,—] *To incense* is here, as in other places, to instigate. MALONE.

⁶ —the fretful element :] i. e. the air. Thus the quartos ; for which the editor of the folio substituted *elements*. MALONE.

⁷ *Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,*] The *main* seems to signify here the *main land*, the *continent*. So, in *Bacon's War with Spain* :

That things might change, or cease: tears his white hair ;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,

Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:

Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn

The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch*,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf

Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,

And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jeff
His heart-struck injuries.

Spain: "In 1589, we turned challengers, and invaded the *main* of Spain."

This interpretation sets the two objects of Lear's desire in proper opposition to each other. He wishes for the destruction of the world, either by the winds blowing the land into the waters, or raising the waters so as to overwhelm the land. STEEVENS.

So, in *Trifles and Cressida*:

"-----The bounded waters

"Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,

"And make a sop of all this solid globe."

The *main* is again used for the land, in *Hamlet*:

"Goes it against the *main* of Poland, fir?" MALONE.

* — *tears his white hair*;] The six following verses were omitted in all the late editions: I have replaced them from the first, for they are certainly Shakspeare's. JOSE.

The first folio ends the speech at *change or cease*, and begins again at Kent's question, *But who is with him?* The whole speech forcible, but too long for the occasion, and properly retrenched. JOSE.

9 *This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,*] *Cub-drawn* has been explained to signify *drawn by nature to its young*; whereas it means, *whose dens are drawn dry by its young*. For no male leave their dens by night but for prey. So that the meaning is, that even hunger, and the support of its young, would not force the bear to leave his den in such a night." WARBURTON.

Shakspeare has the same image in *As you like it*:

"A lioness, with suckers all drawn dry,

"Lay couching—"

Again, *Ibidem*:

"Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness." STEEVENS.

' *Kent.*

Kent. Sir, I do know you ;
 And dare, upon the warrant of my art¹,
 Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
 Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
 With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall ;
 Who have (as who have not², that their great stars
 Thron'd and set high³) servants, who seem no less ;
 Which are to France the spies and speculations
 Intelligent of our state ; what hath been seen⁴,
 Either in snuffs and packings⁴ of the dukes ;
 Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
 Against the old kind king ; or something deeper,
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings⁵ ;—
 [But, true it is⁶, from France there comes a power

Into

¹ — upon the warrant of my art,] On the strength of that art or skill, which teaches us “ to find *the mind's construction in the face.*” The passage in *Macbeth* from which I have drawn this paraphrase, in which the word *art* is again employed in the same sense, confirms the reading of the quartos. The folio reads—upon the warrant of my *note* : i. e. says Dr. Johnson, “ my observation of your character.” MALONE.

² *Who have (as who have not,—)* The eight subsequent verses were degraded by Mr. Pope, as unintelligible, and to no purpose. For my part, I see nothing in them but what is very easy to be understood ; and the lines seem absolutely necessary to clear up the motives upon which France prepared his invasion : nor without them is the sense of the context complete. THEOBALD.

The quartos omit these lines. STEVENS.

³ — *what hath been seen,*] What follows, are the circumstances in the state of the kingdom, of which he supposes the spies gave France the intelligence. STEVENS.

⁴ *Either in snuffs or packings—* Snuffs are dislikes, and packings underhand contrivances. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. “ Took it in *snuff*,” and in Stanhurs's *Virgil*, 1582 :

“ With two gods *packing* one woman fill, to cozen.”

We still talk of *packing* juries, and Antony says of Cleopatra, that she has “ *pack'd* cards with Cæsar.” STEVENS.

⁵ — *are but furnishings ;*] *Furnishings* are what we now call *colours*, *external pretences*. JOHNSON.

A *furnish* anciently signified a *sample*. So, in the Preface to Greene's *Greatworth of Wit*, 1621 : “ To lend the world a *furnish* of wit, she lays her own to pawn.” STEVENS.

⁶ *But true it is, &c.*] In the old editions are the five following lines which I have inserted in the text, which seem necessary to the plot, as

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P p

a preparatory

Into this scatter'd kingdom ; who already,
 Wife in our negligence, have secret feet
 In some of our best ports⁷, and are at point
 To shew their open banner.—Now to you :
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The king hath cause to plain.

a preparatory to the arrival of the French army with Cordelia in AGIV. How both these, and a whole scene between Kent and this gentleman in the fourth act, came to be left out in all the later editions, I cannot tell; they depend upon each other, and very much contribute to clear that incident. POPE.

This speech, as it now stands, is collected from two editions: the eight lines, degraded by Mr. Pope, are found in the folio, not in the quarto; the following lines inclosed in crotchets are in the quarto, not in the folio. So that if the speech be read with omission of the former, it will stand according to the first edition; and if the former are read, and the lines that follow them omitted, it will then stand according to the second. The speech is now tedious, because it is formed by a coalition of both. The second edition is generally best, and was probably nearest to Shakspeare's last copy, but in this passage the first is preferable; for in the folio, the messenger is sent, he knows not why, he knows not whither. I suppose Shakspeare thought his plot opened rather too early, and made the alteration to veil the event from the audience; but trusting too much to himself, and full of a single purpose, he did not accommodate his new lines to the rest of the scene.

Scattered means *divided, unsettled, disunited.* JOHNSON.

⁷ — *have secret feet*

In some of our best ports,] These lines, as has been observed, are not in the folio. Quarto A reads—*secret fee*; quarto B—*secret feet*. I have adopted the latter reading, which I suppose was used in the sense of *secret footing*, and is strongly confirmed by a passage in this act: "These injuries the king now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a power already *footed*: we must incline to the king." Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"—Why, thou Mars, I'll tell thee,

"We have a power on foot." MALONE.

One of the quartos (for there are two that differ from each other, though printed in the same year, and for the same printer) reads *secret feet*. Perhaps the author wrote *secret foot*, i. e. *footing*. So, in a following scene:

"—what confederacy have you with the traitors

"Late *footed* in the kingdom?" STEEVENS.

I am

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding ;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains : If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall *,) shew her this ring ;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm !
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand : Have you no more to say ?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet ;
That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain
That way ; I'll this * ;) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

Another part of the heath. Storm still.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks⁹ ! rage !
blow !

You cataracts, and hurricanos, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks !
You

* (*As fear not but you shall, &c.*) Thus quarto B and the folio. Quarto
A—*As doubt not but you shall.* MALONE.

⁹ —the king, (*in which your pain
That way ; I'll this ;*) he that first, &c.] Thus the folio. The
late reading :

— for which you take
That way, I this, —
was not genuine. The quartos read :
That when we have found the king,
He this way, you that, he that first lights
On him, hollow the other. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks !*] Thus the quartos. The
folio has—*winds.* The poet, as Mr. Mason has observed in a note on
The Tempest, was here thinking of the common representation of the
winds, which he might have found in many books of his own time.
So again, as the same gentleman has observed, in *Trinobaudia* and *Enfida* :

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires¹,
 Vaunt-couriers² to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
 Singe my white head! And thou all-shaking thunder,
 Strike flat³ the thick rotundity o' the world!
 Crack nature's mould⁴, all germens spill at once⁵,
 That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water⁶ in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters blessing; here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

"Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias *cleek*

"Outswell the cholick of *puff'd Azules*."

We find the same allusion in Kempe's *Nine daies wonder*, &c. quarto, 1600: "—he *swells* presently, like one of the four winds." MALONE.

¹ —*thought-executing*—] Doing execution with rapidity equal to thought. JOHNSON.

² *Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts*,] *Arant couriers*, Fr. This phrase is not unfamiliar to other writers of Shakespeare's time. It originally meant the foremost scouts of an army. So, in Jarvis Martham's *English Arcadia*, 1607: "—as soon as the first *vauncurrer* encountered him face to face." Again, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

"Might to my death but the *vaunt-currer* prove." SIFFEV.

In *The Tempest* "Jove's lightnings" are termed more familiarly,

"— the *precursers*

"O' the dreadful thunder-claps—." MALONE.

³ Strike flat, &c.] The quarto reads—*Smite flat*. STEEVENS.

⁴ Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once] Crack nature's mould, and spill all the seeds of matter, that are hoarded within it. Our author not only uses the same thought again, but the word that ascertains my explication, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,

"And mar the seeds within." THEOBALD.

So, in *Macbeth*

"— and the sun

"Of nature's germens turnkle altogether." STEEVENS.

⁵ —*spill at once*,] To *spill* is to destroy. So, in Gowen *De Confusioe Amantis*, lib. iv. fol. 67:

"So as I shall myself *spill*." STEEVENS.

⁶ —*court holy-water*—] Ray, among his proverbial phrases, p. 184, mentions *court holy-water* to mean *fair words*. The French have the same phrase. *Eau benite de cour*; fair empty words.—*Chambaud's Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

Corgeve in his Dict. 1611, defines *Rau benite de cour*, "*court holy-water*; compliments, *faire words*, flattering speeches," &c. See also Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Mantellizare*, To flatter, to claw,—to give one *holy-water*." MALONE.

Lear.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription⁶; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
'That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!⁷

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will bouse,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many⁸.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe⁹,
And turn his sleep to wake.*

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KLINT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing⁶.

⁶ You owe me no subscription;] *Subscription* for obedience. WARB.
See p. 507, n. 2. MALONE.

So, in Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, p. 17: "—which rebellious man now seeing, (or rather indeed too obedient to him) inclines to all his hefts, yields no subscription, nor will he be commanded by any other power." REED.

⁷ —'tis foul!] Shameful; dishonourable. JOHNSON.

⁸ So beggars marry many.] i. e. A beggar marries a wife and lice. JOHNSON

⁹ —cry woe,] i. e. be grieved, or pained. So, in *K. Richard III.*
"You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter." MALONE.

⁹ No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.] So Perillus, in the old anonymous play,
speaking of *Lear*:

"But he, the myrrour of mild patience,

"Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply." STALVENS.

Kent. Who's there ?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece¹; that's, a wise man, and a fool².

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here³? things that love night, Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies Gallow the very wanderers of the dark⁴, And make them keep their caves: Since I was man, Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry The affliction, nor the fear⁵.

Lear. Let the great gods, That keep this dreadful poth⁶ o'er our heads, Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch, That hast within thee undivulged crimes, Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand; Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake, That under covert and convenient seeming⁷

¹ — grace, and a cod-piece;] In Shakspeare's time "the king's grace" was the usual expression. In the latter phrase, the speaker perhaps alludes to an old notion concerning fools. See Vol. VII. p. 132, n. 7. MALONE.

² — and a cod-piece; that's, a wise man and a fool.] Alluding perhaps to the saying of a contemporary wit; that there is no discretion below the girdle. STEEVENS.

³ — are you here?—] The quartos read—*fit you here?* STEEVENS.

⁴ Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"—'stonish'd as night-wanderers are." MALONE.

Gallow, a west-country word, signifies to scare or frighten. WARR. So, the Somersetshire proverb: "The dunder do gally the beans." Beans are vulgarly supposed to shoot up faster after thunder-storms.

STEEVENS.

⁵ — fear.] So the folio: the later editions read, with the quarto, *force for fear*, less elegantly. JOHNSON.

⁶ — this dreadful poth—] Thus one of the quartos and the folio. The other quarto reads *thund'ring*.

The reading in the text, however, is an expression common to others. So, in the *Scornful Lady* of B. and Fletcher:

"—sain out with their meat, and keep a pudder." STEEV.

⁷ That under covert and convenient seeming,] Convenient needs not be understood in any other than its usual and proper sense; accommodate to the present purpose; *suitable* to a design. Convenient seeming is appearance such as may promote his purpose to destroy. JOHNSON.

Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents³, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace².—I am a man¹,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed²!

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in,) return, and force

³ — *concealing continents*,—] *Continent* stands for that which contains or incloses. JOHNSON.

Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“Heart, once be stronger than thy continent!”

Again, in Chapman's translation of the XIth Book of Homer's *Odyssey*:

“I told our pilot that past other men

“He must must bear firm spirits, since he sway'd

“The continent that all our spirits convey'd,” &c.

The quartos read, *concealed centers*. STEEVENS.

² ————— and cry

These dreadful summoners grace.] *Summoners* are here the officers that summon offenders before a proper tribunal. STEEVENS.

I find the same expression in a treatise published long before this play was written: “—they seem to brag most of the strange events which follow for the most part after blazing starres, as if they were the *summoners* of God to call princes to the seat of judgment,” *Defensives against the poison of supposed prophecies*, 1581. MALONE.

¹ *I am a man*,] Oedipus, in Sophocles, represents himself in the same light. Oedip. Colon. v. 258.

————— τὰν ἄγαν μὲν

παινονδὸν ἐστὶ μᾶλλον ἢ διδρακτοῦ. TYRWHITT.

² *Alack, bare-headed!*] Kent's faithful attendance on the old king, as well as that of Perillus, in the old play which preceded Shakspeare's, is founded on an historical fact. Lear, says Geoffrey of Monmouth, “when he betook himself to his youngest daughter in Gaul, waited before the city where she resided, while he sent a messenger to inform her of the misery he was fallen into, and to desire her relief to a father that suffered both hunger and nakedness. Cordella was startled at the news, and wept bitterly, and with tears asked him, how many men her father had with him. The messenger answered he had none but *one man*, who had been his armour-bearer, and was staying with him without the town.” MALONE.

Their scantied countessy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—

Come on, my boy : How dost, my boy ? Art cold ?

I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow ?

The art of our necessities is strange,

That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart

That's sorry yet for thee³.

Fool. He that has a little tiny wit,—

With begh, ho, the wind and the rain,—

Must make content with his fortunes fit ;

For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy —Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exit LEAR and KENT.*]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan⁴.—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go.

When priests are more in word than matter ;

When brewers mar their malt with water ;

When nobles are their tailors' tutors⁵ ;

No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors⁶ :

When every case in law is right ;

No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;

When slanders do not live in tongues ;

Nor cut purses come not to throngs ;

When usurers tell their gold i' the field ;

And bawds and whores do churches build ;—

Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion⁷.

Then

³ *That's sorry yet, &c.*] The old quartos read,

That sorrow yet for thee. STEVENS.

⁴ *This is a brave night, &c.*] This speech is not in the quartos.

STEVENS.

⁵ *When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;*] i. e. invent fashions for them. WARBURTON.

⁶ *No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors ;*] The disease to which wenches' suitors are particularly exposed, was called in Shakspere's time the *brinning* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Then shall the realm of Albion*

Come to great confusion.] These lines are taken from Chaucer. Pottenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, quotes them as follows :

“ When

Then comes the time, who lives to see it,
 That going shall be us'd with feet⁸.
 This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his
 time. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have lock'd the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and

“ When faith fails in priestes laws,
 “ And lords hefts are holden for laws,
 “ And robbery is tane for purchase,
 “ And litchery for solace,
 “ *Then shall the realm of Albion*
 “ *Be brought to great confusion.*” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Then comes the time, &c.*] This couplet Dr. Warburton transposed, and placed after the fourth line of this prophecy. The four lines, “ *When priestes,*” &c. according to his notion, are “ a satirical description of the present manners, as future;” and the six lines from “ *When every case*—*to churches build,*” “ a satirical description of future manners, which the corruption of the present would prevent from ever happening.” His conception of the first four lines is, I think, just: but instead of his far-fetched conceit relative to the other six lines, I should rather call them an *ironical*, as the preceding are a satirical, description of the time in which our poet lived. The transposition recommended by this critic and adopted in the late editions, is in my opinion as unnecessary, as it is unwarrantable, MALONE.

maintain

maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful.

[Exit.

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

A part of the heath, with a howl.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt⁹. Thou'dst shun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea¹,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's
free,

⁹ But where the greater malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt.] So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. I. c. vi.

"He lesser pangs can bear who hath endur'd the chief."

STEEVENS.

¹ —raging sea,] Such is the reading of that which appears to be the elder of the two quartos. The other, with the folio, reads,—roaring sea. STEEVENS.

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
 Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
 Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
 Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
 For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
 No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
 To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure²:—
 In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all³,—
 O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
 No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
 This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:—
 In, boy; go first⁴.—[*to the Fool.*] You houseless po-
 verty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—

[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness⁵, defend you
 From

- In such a night

To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—] Omitted in the
 quartos. STEEVENS.

³ *Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all,—*] I have
 already observed that the words, *father*, *brother*, *rather*, and many of
 a similar sound, were sometimes used by Shakspeare as monosyllables.
 The editor of the folio, supposing the metre to be defective, omitted
 the word *you*, which is found in the quartos. MALONE.

⁴ *In, boy; go first.*] These two lines were added in the authour's
 revision, and are only in the folio. They are very judiciously intended
 to represent that humility, or tenderness, or neglect of forms, which
 affliction forces on the mind. JOHNSON.

⁵ *—loop'd and window'd raggedness,*] So, in the *Amorous War*, 1648:

“ — spare me a doublet which

“ Hath linings in't, and no glass windows.”

This allusion is as old as the time of *Plautus*, in one of whose plays
 it is found.

Again,

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physick, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just⁶.

Edg. [within.] Fathom and half⁷, fathom and half!

Poor Tom! [*The Fool runs out from the house.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.

Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me! —
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee⁸.

Again, in the comedy already quoted:

“ — this jerkin

“ Is wholly made of *doors*.” STEEVENS.

Loop is full of small apertures, such as were made in ancient castles, for firing ordnance or spying the enemy. These were wider without than within, and were called *loops* or *loop-holes*: which Coles in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders by the word *fenscella*. MALONE.

⁶ — Take physick, *pomp*!

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;

That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,

And shew the heavens more just.] A kindred thought occurs in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

“ O let those cities that of plenty's cup

“ And her prosperities so largely taste,

“ With their superfluous riots, — hear these tears;

“ The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.” MALONE.

⁷ *Fathom, &c.*] This speech of Edgar is omitted in the quartos. He gives the sign used by those who are sounding the depth at sea. STEEV.

⁸ *Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.]* Thus the quartos. The editor of the folio 1623, I suppose, thinking the passage nonsense, omitted the word *cold*. This is not the only instance of unwarrantable alterations made even in that valuable copy. That the quartos are right, appears from the induction to *the Taming of the Shrew*, where the same words occur. They were intended as a ridicule on two lines in *The Spanish Tragedy*. See Vol. III. p. 244, n. 7. MALONE.

Lear.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame¹, through foid and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow², and halters in his pew; set ratbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inch'd bridges, to court his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits³! 'Tom's a-cold—O, do de, do de, do de.—

¹ *If thou hast given all to thy two daughters?* Thus the quaitos. The folio reads, *Doſt thou give all to thy daughters?* STEEVENS.

² *—led through fire and through flame,* Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, suppoſed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction. JOHNSON.

³ *—last knives under his pillow,* He recounts the temptations by which he was prompted to suicide, the opportunities of destroying himself, which often occurred to him in his melancholy moods. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare found this charge against the fiend, with many others of the same nature, in Harleinet's *Declaration*, and has used the very words of it. The book was printed in 1603. See Dr. Warburton's note, Act IV. sc. i.

Infernal spirits are always represented as urging the wretched to self-destruction. So, in Dr. Faustus, 1604:

“Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel,

“Are laid before me to dispatch myself.” STEEVENS.

³ *—Bless thy five wits!* So the five senses were called by our old writers. Thus in the very ancient interlude of *The Fyve Elements*, one of the characters is *Sensual Appetite*, who with great simplicity thus introduces himself to the audience:

“I am callyd sensual apetyte,

“All creatures in me delyte,

“I comforte the wyttes fire;

“The tastyng smelling and herynge

“I refreshe the syght and selynge

“To all creature dlyve.”

Sig. B. ij. PIERCY.

So again, in *Every Man*, a Morality:

“*Every man*, thou arte made, thou hast thy wyttes fyve.”

Again, in *Hycke Scorne*:

“I have spent anys my w wyttes.” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, however, in his 141st Sonnet seems to have considered the *five wits*, as distinct from the *senses*:

“But my five wits, nor my five senses can

“Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee.” MALONE.

Bless

Bless thee from whirlwinds, stai-blasting, and taking⁴!
 Do poor 'Torn some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes.
 There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—
 and there again, and there. [Storm still.]

Lea. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
 Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature

'To such a slowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill⁵;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents;
 keep thy word justly⁷; swear not; commit not with

⁴ —taking!] To take is to blast, or strike with malignant influence:

“ —strike her young bones,

“ Ye taking ails, with lunatics!” JOHNSON.

⁵ —pelican daughters.] The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood. JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630, second part: “Shall a silly bird pick her own breast, to nourish her young ones? the *pelican* does it, and shall not I?” STEEVENS.

⁶ Pillicock sat, &c.] I once thought this a word of Shakspeare's formation; but the reader may find it explained in Minsheu's Dict. p. 365, Article, 3299 2 —*Kullico* is one of the devils mentioned in Harfenet's *Declaration*. The folio reads—Pillicock-hill. I have followed the quartos. MALONE.

⁷ —keep thy word justly;] Both the quartos, and the folio, have words. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

man's sworn spouse⁹, set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom, a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A living man, proud in heart and mind; that could my hair¹⁰; wore gloves in my cap¹¹, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her, swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept

⁹ [*Mr. Frost, &c.*] The word *commit* is used in this sense by Middleton, in *Women of Letters*.

"His weight is really who commits with strumpets." STEAR.

¹⁰ — proud in heart and mind, that could my hair, &c.] "Then Mr. Mainv, by the instigation of the first of the seven [spirits], began to set his hands unto his file, *curled his hair*, and used such glib, as Mr. Edmunds [the exorcist] presently affirmed that that spirit was *Pride*. Herewith he began to curse and banne, saying, What a poxe do I hear? I will stay no longer amongst a company of rascal priests, but go to the court, and brave it amongst my fellow, the noblemen there assembled." Flaxford's *Discussions*, &c. 1603.

"— shortly after they [the seven spirits] were all cast forth, and in such manner as Mr. Edmund directed them, which was, that every devil should depart in some certune forme representing either a beast or some other creature, that had the resemblance of that sinne whereof he was the chief author: whereupon the spirit of pride departed in the forme of a peacock, the spirit of *sloth* in the likenels of an asse; the spirit of envie in the similitude of a dog, the spirit of *gluttony* in the forme of a walfe, and the other devil had also in their departure their particular likenesses agreeable to their natures." Ibid.

MALONE.

¹¹ — *wore gloves in my cap*,—] I. e. His mistress's favours: which was the fashion of that time. So, in the play called *Campaspe*. "Thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to lovers, *gloves worn in velvet coats*, instead of plumes in graven helmets." WARBURTON.

It was anciently the custom to wear *gloves* in the hat on three distinct occasions, viz. as the favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Prince Henry boasts that he will *pluck a glove from the commonest creature*, and fix it in his helmet, and Lucca says to Mr. Quintilian, in *Decker's Satiromastix*: "— Thou shalt wear her *glove* in thy worshipful hat, like to a leather brooch." and Pandora in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"— he that first presents me with his head,

"Shall wear my *glove* in favour of the deed."

Pontia, in her assumed character, asks Bassanio for his *gloves*, which she says she will wear for his sake: and King Henry V. gives the pretended *glove* of Alençon to Fluellen, which afterwards occasions his quarrel with the English soldier. STEEVENS.

in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paunou'd the Turk: False of heart, light of ear², bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness³, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silk⁴, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets⁴, thy pen from lenders' books⁵, and defy the foul fiend.— Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says sunn, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, fessa; let him trot by⁶.

Storm still.

Liar.

² — *light of ear,*] *Credulous of ear,* ready to receive malicious reports. JOHNSON.

³ — *Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, &c.*] The Jesuits retorted to cast the seven deadly sins out of Mary in the shape of hole animals that represented them; and before each was cast out, Mary by gestures acted that particular sin, curling his hair to show *pride*, vomiting to represent *gluttony*, gauging and snoring for *sloth*, &c.—Harsnet's book, 11. 279, 280, &c. To this probably our author alludes.

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *thy hand out of placket,*] It appeareth from the following passage in *Any thing for a quiet life*, a holy comedy, that *placket* doth not signify the petticoat in general, but only the aperture therein: "—between which is discovered the *open part*, which is now called the *placket*." Bayly in his *Dictionary*, giveth the same account of the word.

Yet peradventure, our poet hath some deeper meaning in the *Wanderer's Tale*, where Autolycus saith: "You might have pinch'd a *placket*, at wa'lenieless." AMNER.

Peradventure a *placket* signified neither a petticoat nor any part of one, but a *stomach*. See the word *Torax* in Florio's Italian Dict. 1548. "The breast or bulke of a man.—Also a *placket* or *stomach*." — The word seems to be used in the same sense in *The Wandring Whores*, &c. a comedy, 1663: "If I meet a cull in Morehells, I can give him leave to dive in my *placket*." T. C.

⁵ *Thy pen from lenders' books*] So, in *All Fools*, a comedy by Chapman, 1605

"If I but write my name in mercers' books,

"I shall sure to have at six months end

"A rascal at my elbow with his mace," &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Sunn, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, fessa; let him trot by*] The quarto reads—the cold wind; hay, no onny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, *cray*, let him trot by. The folio:—the cold wind: say-sunn, mun, nonny, Dolphin my boy, boy *Ssey*, let him trot by.

Lar. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the

by The text is formed from the two copies. I have printed *S. 17*,
if it is of *S. 17*, because the form can well occur in the Indus. It is
The Indus of the Indus "where it, *pauis pallibus*, let it
work itself. *S. 17* MALONE.

It is seen in the birth of a ballad in *The Two N' b' K' sm-r*, (1) the words by Shikspere in conjunction with Fletcher; (2) the ballad common to many others. The following places it in the line of *Ofelia's* songs —

D I thin, my boy, my boy,
Cease, let him trect by,
It seemeth not that such a foe
From me or you would fly.

This is a stanza from a very old ballad written on some brittle parchment in France, during which the king, unwilling to put the suspect to trial of his son the *Dauphin*, i. e. *Dolphin*, (so called and spelt at the time) to the trial, represented is desirous to restrain him from, at least to establish an opinion of his courage on an adversary who was the least appearance of strength, and it last aim is in preparing up his body as an instrument for him to try his method upon. He therefore a different champion, we supposed chosen the best, to his always, discovers some objection to his attacking each of them, and repeat the two lines a every fresh performer introduced.

Dolphins, my b y, n y l y, d c

The long I have never seen, but had this account from an old person who was only able to repeat part of it, and died before I could have supposed the discovery would have been of the least importance to me — As for the words, *fijs juum, nuun*, they are only to be found in the Dutch text, and were probably added by the players, who, like the Welsh composers, were likely enough to corrupt what they did not understand, or to add more of their own to what they already knew.

comes out in *Bartolomeo* & an :

"God's my life!—He shall be *Dauphin* my boy!" FAIRFAX.

It is observable that the two songs to which Mr. Stevens refers as the burden of *Hee, no nanney*, are both sung by girls distracted from duty by disappointed love. The meaning of the burden may be inferred from what follows. Dryden's *Shepherd's Garland*, 1693, 4to.

“Who ever heard thy pipe and pleasing vaine,

" And doth but heare the scull minstraly,

“ Their names of filthy lechery,

"That doth not muse."

Again, in White's *Life of a Woman*

"—these dancers sometimes do touch them tickles above trench-morr, yea and sometimes such lavoltas, that they mount so high, that you may see their *beys neys, rors, rons, ncs.*" HENRY.

skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here⁷.— [*tearing off his cloaths.*]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart⁸; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet⁹: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock*; he gives the web

⁷ *Come; unbutton here.*] Thus the folio. One of the quartos reads: *Come on, be true.* STEEVENS.

⁸ —*an old lecher's heart*;] This image appears to have been imitated by B. and Fletcher in the *Humorous Lieutenant*:

“ ——— an old man's loose desire

“ Is like the glow-worm's light the apes so wonder'd at;

“ Which when they gather'd sticks, and laid upon't,

“ And blew and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ —*Flibbertigibbet*:] We are not much acquainted with this fiend. Latimer in his sermons mentions him; and Heywood, among his sixte hundred of *Epigrams*, edit. 1576, has the following, *Of calling one Flebergibbet*:

“ Thou *Flebergibbet*, *Flebergibbet*, thou wretch!

“ Wottest thou whereto last part of that word doth stretch?

“ Leave that word, or I'll baste thee with a libet;

“ Of all words I hate words that end with gibet.” STEEV.

“ *Frateretto*, *Fliberdigibet*, *Hoberdidance*, *Tocabatto*, were four devils of the round or morrice. . . . These foure had forty assistants under them, as themselves doe confesse.” *Harfenet*, p. 49. PERCY.

* —*he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock*;] It is an old tradition that spirits were relieved from the confinement in which they were held during the day, at the time of curfew, that is, at the close of day, and were permitted to wander at large till the first cock-crowing. Hence in *The Tempest* they are said to “rejoice to hear the solemn curfew.” See *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. i:

“ ——— and at his [the cock's] warning,

“ Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

“ The extravagant and erring spirit hies

“ To his confine.”

Again,

{

web and the pin¹, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold²;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo.

Again, sc. v.

"I am thy father's spirit,

"Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,

"And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,—" MALONE.

¹ —web and the pin,—] Diseases of the eye. JOHNSON.

² *Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,*

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;] In the old quarto the corruption is such as may deserve to be noted. "Swithalder footed thrice the olde anelthu night moore and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee." JOHNSON.

Her *nine fold* seems to be put (for the sake of the rime) instead of her *nine foals*. I cannot find this adventure in the common legend of St. Vitalis, who, I suppose, is here called St. Withold. TYRWHITT.

Shakspeare might have met with St. Withold in the old spurious play of *King John*, where this saint is invoked by a Franciscan friar. The *wold* I suppose to be the true reading. So, in the *Conventry Collection of Mysteries*, Mus. Brit. Vesp. D. viii, p. 93, Herod says to one of his officers:

"Seyward bolde, walke thou on wolde,

"And wyfely behold all abowte," &c. STEEVENS.

The ancient reading is *the olds*: which is pompously corrected by Mr. Theobald, with the help of his friend Mr. Bishop, to *the wolds*: in fact it is the same word. Spelman writes, *Burton upon olds*: the provincial pronunciation is still the *oles*: and that probably was the vulgar orthography. Let us read then,

St. Wutbold footed thrice the oles,

He met the night-mare, and her nine foles," &c. FARMER.

Both the quartos and the folio have *old*, not *olds*. *Old* was merely the word *wold* misspelled, from following the sound. There are a hundred instances of the same kind in the old copies of these plays.

For what purpose the Incubus is enjoined to *plight her troth*, will appear from a passage in Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584; which

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water²; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for falllets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipp'd from tything to tything³, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd⁴; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year⁵.*

Shakspeare appears to have had in view: “—howbeit, there are magical cures for it, [the *night-mare* or *incubus*,] as for example:

“S. George, S. George, our ladies knight,

“He walk'd by daie, so did he by night,

“Until such time as he hir found:

“He hir beat and he hir bound,

“Until hir troth she to him plight

“She would not come to hir [i. e. him] that night.”

Her nine fold are her nine familiars. *Avoine thee!* [*Dii te averruncant!*] has been already explained in Vol. IV. p. 273, n. 1. MALONE.

Wold is a word still in use in the North of England; signifying a kind of down near the sea. A large tract of country in the East-Riding of Yorkshire is called the *Wolds*. COLMAN.

² —the wall-newt, and the water;] i. e. the water-newt. This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. “He was a wise man and a merry,” was the common language. So Falstaff says to Shallow, “he is your serving-man, and your husband,” i. e. husband-man. MALONE.

³ —whipp'd from tything to tything,] A *tything* is a division of a place, a district; the same in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times every hundred was divided into *tythings*. Edgar alludes to the acts of Queen Elizabeth and James I. against rogues and vagabonds, &c. In the Stat. 39. Eliz. ch. 4. it is enacted that every vagabond, &c. shall be publicly whipp'd and sent from parish to parish.

STEEVENS.

⁴ —and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd;] So the folio. The quartos read perhaps rightly: —and stock-punish'd, and imprison'd. MALONE.

⁵ But mice, and rats, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.] This distich is part of a description given in the old metrical romance of *Sir Bevis*, of the hardships suffered by *Bevis* when confined for seven years in a dungeon:

“Rattes and myce and such smal dere

“Was his meate that seven yere.” Sig. F. iij. PERCY.

Beware

Beware my follower :—Peace, Smolkin ; peace⁶, thou fiend !

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company ?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman⁷ ;
 Modo he's call'd, and Mahu⁸.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
 That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me ; my duty cannot suffer
 To obey in all your daughters' hard commands :
 Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
 And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you ;
 Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
 And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher :—
 What is the cause of thunder ?

Kent. My good lord, take his offer ;
 Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban⁹ :—

What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

⁶ —Peace, Smolkin ; peace,—] “ The names of other punie spirits cast out of Trayford were these : Hilco, *Smolkin*, Hillio,” &c. Harfenet, p. 47. PERCY.

⁷ *The prince of darkness is a gentleman ;*] This is spoken in resentment of what Gloster had just said—“ Has your grace no better company ?” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.*] So, in Harfenet's *Declaration*, *Mahu* was the chief devil that had possession of Sarah Williams ; but another of the possessed, named Richard Mainy, was molested by a still more considerable fiend called *Modu*. See the book already mentioned, p. 268, where the said Richard Mainy deposes : “ Furthermore it is pretended . . . that there remaineth still in mee the prince of all other devils, whose name should be *Modu* ;” he is elsewhere called, “ the prince *Modu* :” So, p. 269, “ When the said priests had dispatched their business at Hackney, (where they had been exorcising Sarah Williams) they then returned towards mee, uppon pretence to cast the great prince *Modu* . . . out of mee.” STEEVENS.

⁹ —learned *Theban* :] Ben Jonson in his *Masque of Pan's Anniversary*, has introduced a *Tinker* whom he calls a *learned Theban*, perhaps in ridicule of this passage. STEEVENS.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unfettle¹.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—

He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—

Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,

Now out-law'd from my blood; he fought my life,

But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—

No father his son dearer: true to tell thee, [*Storm still.*]

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, in, to the hovel: keep thee
warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the
fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

¹ *His wits begin to unfettle.*] On this occasion I cannot prevail on myself to omit the following excellent remark of Mr. Horace Walpole, inserted in the postscript to his *Mysterious Mother*. He observes, that “when *Belvidera* talks of

Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber,
she is not mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or at least should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the stage to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn, of a head discomposed by misfortune, is that of *King Lear*. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness, excites reflection and pity. Had frenzy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate: we should conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakspeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet.” STEEVENS.

Kent. Sirrah, come on ; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words ; hush.

Edg. *Child Rowland to the dark tower came*²,

His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death ; but a

² *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,*] The word *child* (however it came to have this sense) is often applied to *Knights*, &c. in old historical songs and romances ; of this, innumerable instances occur in the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. See particularly in Vol. I. f. iv. v. 97, where in a description of a battle between two knights, we find these lines :

“ The Eldridge knighte, he prick'd his steed ;

“ Syr Cawline bold abode :

“ Then either shook his trusty spear,

“ And the timber these two *children* bare

“ So soon in sunder stode.”

See in the same volumes the ballads concerning the *child of Ælle*, *child swaters*, *child Maurice*, [Vol. III. f. xx.] &c. The same idiom occurs in *Spenser's Faery Queen*, where the famous knight sir Tiliaram is frequently called *Child Tristram*. See B. V. c. ii. st. 8. 13. B. VI. c. ii. st. 36. *ibid.* c. viii. st. 15. PERCY.

Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Woman's Prize*, refer also to this :

“ — a mere hobby-horse

“ She made the *Child Rowland*.”

In *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596, part of these lines repeated by Edgar is quoted : “ — a pedant, who will find matter inough to dilate a whole daye of the first invention of

“ — Fy, fa, fum,

“ I smell the blood of an Englishman.”

Both the quartos read :— to the dark tower come. STEEVENS.

Qq 4

provoking

provoking merit³, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the dutchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting⁴ the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-house, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness!

[*Exit GLOSTER.*]

³ — *but a provoking merit,*] Cornwall, I suppose, means the merit of Edmund, which, being noticed by Gloster, provoked or instigated Edgar to seek his father's death. Dr. Warburton conceived that the merit spoken of was that of Edgar. But how is this consistent with the rest of the sentence? MALONE.

⁴ — *comforting* —] He uses the word in the juridical sense for *supporting, helping*, according to its derivation; *salvia confortat nervos.* —*Schol. Sal.* JOHNSON.

Edg.

Edg. Frateretto calls me⁵; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me⁶, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

*Fool*⁷. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentlemian to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon them:—

*Edg.*⁸ The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health⁹, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:— Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer¹;— [*to Edg.* Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*—Now, you she foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!²—Wantest thou eyes² at trial, madam³?

Come

⁵ Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler, &c.] See p. 594, n. 9.

Mr. Upton observes that Rabelais, B. II. c. 30. says that Nero was a sidler in hell, and Trajan an angler.

Nero is introduced in the present play above 800 years before he was born. MALONE.

⁶ Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me,—] And before in the same act, sc. iii. “Cry to it, nuncle.” Why does the fool call the old king, nuncle? But we have the same appellation in *The Pilgrim*, by Fletcher:

“Farewell, nuncle.” ACT IV. sc. i.

And in the next scene, alluding to Shakspeare,

“What mops and mowes it makes!” WHALLEY.

⁷ Fool.] This speech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁸ Edgar.] This and the next thirteen speeches (which Dr. Johnson had enclosed in crotchets) are only in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁹ — a horse's health,] A horse is above all other animals subject to diseases. JOHNSON.

¹ — most learned justicer;—] The old copies read—justice. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

² Wantest, &c.] I am not confident that I understand the meaning of this desultory speech. When Edgar says, *Look, where he stands and glares!*

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me :-
Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,*
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg.

glances! he seems to be speaking in the character of a madman, who thinks he sees the fiend. *Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?* is a question which appears to be addressed to the visionary Goneril, or some other abandon'd female, and may signify, *Do you want to attract admiration, even while you stand at the bar of justice?* Mr. Seyward proposes to read, *wanton'st* instead of *wantest*. STEEVENS.

³ *At trial, madam?*] It may be observed that Edgar, being supposed to be found by chance, and therefore to have no knowledge of the rest, connects not his ideas with those of Lear, but pursues his own train of delirious or fantastick thought. To these words, *At trial, madam?* I think therefore that the name of Lear should be put. The process of the dialogue will support this conjecture. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Come o'er the bourne, Bessy, to me:]* Both the quartos and the folio have—*o'er the broome*. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

As there is no other relation between *broom* and a *boat*, we may better read,

Come o'er the brook, Bessy, to me. JOHNSON.

At the beginning of *A very merry and pytie comedie, called, The longer thou livest, the more Foole thou art, &c.* Imprinted at London by Wylliam How, &c. black letter, no date, "Entreth *Moros*, counterfainting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenance, synging the foote of many songs, as fooles were wont;" among them is this passage, which Dr. Johnson has very justly suspected of corruption.

"Com over the *boorne*, Bessé,

"My little pretie Bessé,

"Com over the *boorne*, Bessé, to me."

This song was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1564.

A bourne in the north signifies a *rivulet* or *brook*. Hence the names of many of our villages terminate in *burn*, as *Milburn*, *Sherburn*, &c. The former quotation, together with the following instances, at once confirm the justness of Dr. Johnson's remark, and support the reading. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 1:

"The *bourns*, the brooks, the becks, the rills, the rivulets."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. vi:

"My little boat can safely passe this perilous *bourne*."

To this I may add, that *bourne*, a boundary, is from the French *borne*. *Bourne*, or (as it ought to be spelt) *burn*, a rivulet, is from the German *burn*, or *born*, a well. STEEVENS.

There

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale⁵. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly⁶ for two white herring⁷. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;— [*To Edgar.* And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.* Bench by his side:—You are of the commission, Sit you too. [*To Kent.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.

There is a peculiar propriety in this address, that has not, I believe, been hitherto observed. *Bessy* and poor *Tom*, it seems, usually travelled together. The authour of *The Court of Conscience, or Dick Whippers Sessions*, 1607, describing *beggars, idle rogues, and counterfeit madmen*, thus speaks of these associates:

- “ Another sort there is among you; they
- “ Do rage with furie as if they were so frantique
- “ They knew not what they did, but every day
- “ Make sport with stick and flowers like an antique;
- “ Stowt roge and harlot counterfeited gomme;
- “ One calls herself poor *Besse*, the other *Tom*.”

The old song of which Mr. Steevens has given a part, consisted of nine lines, but they are not worth insertion. MALONE.

⁵ — *in the voice of a nightingale.*] Another deponent in Harsnet's book (p. 225) says, that the mistress of the house kept a *nightingale* in a cage, which being one night killed, and conveyed away into the garden, is was pretended the devil had killed it in spite. Perhaps this passage suggested to Shakspeare the circumstance of Tom's being haunted in the voice of a nightingale. PERCY.

— *Hopdance cries in Tom's belly* —] In Harsnet's book, p. 194, 195, Sarah Williams (one of the pretended demoniacs) deposeth, “ — that if at anytime she did belch, as often times she did by reason that shee was troubled with a wind in her stomacke, the priests would say at such times, that then the spirit began to rise in her . . . and that the wind was the devil.” And, “ as she saith, if they heard any croaking in her belly . . . then they would make a wonderful matter of that.” *Hoberdiance* is mentioned before in Dr. Percy's note.

STEEVENS.

“ One time shee remembereth, that shee having the said *croaking* in her belly, they said it was the *devil* that was about the bed, that spake with the voice of a toad.” *Ibidem.* MALONE.

⁷ — *white herring.*] *White berrings* are pickled herrings. See the *Northumberland Housebold Book*, p. 8. STEEVENS.

*Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?⁸
 Thy sheep be in the corn;
 And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
 Thy sheep shall take no harm.*

Pur*! the cat is grey.

Lea. Arraign her first; 'tis Goncril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goncril?

Lea. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool⁹.

Lea. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
 What store her heart is made of—Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!

False justice¹, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Eleis thy five wits!

Ken. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
 That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
 They'll mar my counterfeiting.

[*Aside.*

Lea. The little dogs and all,

⁸ *Sleepest, or wakest, &c.*] This seems to be a stanza of some pastoral song. A shepherd is desired to pipe, and the request is enforced by a promise, that though his sheep be in the corn, i. e. committing trespass by his negligence, implied in the question, *Sleepest thou or wakest*—yet a single tune upon his pipe shall secure them from the pound. JOHNSON.

Minikin was anciently a term of endearment. So, in the interlude of the *Repentance of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567, the *Vice* say, "What *minikin* carnal concupiscence!" Barrett, in his *Alvarus, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1550, interprets *feat*, by "proper, well-fashioned, *minikin*, handsome."

In the *Interlude of the Four Elements, &c.* printed by Rastell, 1519, *Ignorance* sings a song composed of the scraps of several others. Among them is the following line, on which Shakspeare may have designed a parody:

"Sleepyst thou, wakyft thou, Gessry Coke." STEVENS.

* *Pur!*] This may be only an imitation of the noise made by a cat. *Purree* is, however, one of the devils mentioned in Harfnet's book, p. 50. MALONE.

⁹ *Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.*] This is a proverbial expression. STEVENS.

¹ *False Justice,*] i. e. minister of justice. See p. 462, n. 3. MALONE.

Tray,

Try, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me².

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white³,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mungrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brache, or lym⁴;
Or bobtail tike⁵, or trundle-tail⁶;
Tom will make them⁷ weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

² — *see they bark at me.*] The hint for this circumstance might have been taken from the pretended madness of one of the brothers in the translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595:

“Here’s an old mastiff bitch stands barking at me,” &c.

STEEVENS.

³ *Be thy mouth or black or white,*] To have the roof of the mouth black is in some dogs a proof that their breed is genuine. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *brache, or lym, &c.*] The old copies have—brache or *bym*. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. A *brache* signified a particular kind of hound, and also a bitch. See Vol. III. p. 145, n. 1. A *lym* or *lime*, was a blood-hound. See Mintheu’s Dict. in v.

MALONE.

In Ben Jonson’s *Bartholomew Fair*, Quarlous says,—“all the *lime*-hounds of the city should have drawn after you by the scent.”—A *limmer* or *leamer*, a dog of the chase, was so called from the *leam* or leash in which he was held till he was let slip. I have this information from *Cuius de Canibus Britannicis*. So, in the book of *Antient Tenures*, by T. B. 1679, the words, “*canes domini regis lefor*,” are translated “Leash hounds, such as draw after a hurt deer in a *leash*, or *liam*.”

Among the presents sent from James I. to the king and queen of Spain were, “A cupple of *lyme-boundes* of singular qualities.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ — *bobtail tike* —] *Tijk* is the Runic word for a little, or worthless dog:

“Are Mr. Robinson’s dogs turn’d *tikes* with a wanion?”

Witches of Lancaster, 1634. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *trundle-tail*;] This sort of dog is mentioned in *A Woman killed with Kindness*, 1617:

“—your dogs are *trundle-tails* and curs.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Tom will make them* —] Thus the quartos. Folio—will make him. MALONE.

Do de, de de. Sessla³. Come, march to wakes and fairs,
and market towns :—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry².

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds
about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes
these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of
my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your
garments: you will say, they are Persian attire⁴; but
let them be changed. [to Edgar.

³ *Do de, de de. Sessla. Come, &c.*] The quartos read—*loudla, doudli*,
come, &c. The folio as in the text, except that the word *Sessla* is
spelt *sefe*. I have printed it as before. See p. 592, n. 6. MALONE.

Sessey I take to be the French word *cesser* pronounced *cessey*, which
was, I suppose, like some others in common use among us. It is an
interjection enforcing cessation of any action, like, *be quiet, have
done*. It seems to have been gradually corrupted into *so, so*. JOHNS.

This word is wanting in the quarto: in the folio it is printed *sefe*.
It is difficult in this place to say what is meant by it. It should be
remembered, that just before, Edgar had been calling on *Essey* to come
to him; and he may now with equal propriety invite *Sessey* (perhaps a
female name corrupted from *Cecilia*) to attend him to *wakes and fairs*.
Nor is it impossible but that this may be a part of an old song, and
originally stood thus:

Sissy, come march to wakes,

And fairs, and market towns.—

So, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of fatires, no date:

“My heart's deare blood, sweet *Sisse* is my carouse.”

There is another line in the character of Edgar which I am very
confident I have seen in an old ballad, viz.

Through the sharp haw-thorn blows the cold wind. STEEV.

² —*thy horn is dry*.] A *horn* is at this day employed in many
places in the country as a cup for drinking, but anciently the use of it
was much more general. *Thy horn is dry*, appears to be a proverbial
expression, introduced when a man has nothing further to offer, when
he has said all he had to say. *Such a one's pipe's out* is a phrase cur-
rent in Ireland on the same occasion.

I suppose Edgar to speak these words *aside*. Being quite weary of
his Tom o' Bedlam's part, and finding himself unable to support it
any longer, he says privately, “—I can no more: all my materials
for sustaining the character of Poor Tom are now exhausted;” *my horn
is dry*: i. e. has nothing more in it; and accordingly we have no more
of his dissembled madness till he meets his father in the next act, when
he resumes it for a speech or two, but not without expressing the same
dislike of it that he expresses here, “—I cannot daub it further.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ —*you will say, they are Persian attire*;] Alluding perhaps to Cly-
tux refusing the Persian robes offered him by Alexander. STEEVENS.

Kent.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here¹, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper i' the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon².

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms; I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him: There is a litter ready; lay him in't, And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master: If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up³; And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent.* Oppressed nature sleeps⁴ :—

¹ — lie here —] i. e. on the cushions to which he points. He had before said,

“ Will you lie down, and rest upon the cushions ?” MALONE.

² And I'll go to bed at noon.] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

³ Take up, take up;] One of the quartos reads—Take up the king, &c. the other—Take up to keep, &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ Oppressed nature sleeps :—] These two concluding speeches by Kent and Edgar, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have restored from the old quarto. The soliloquy of Edgar is extremely fine; and the sentiments of it are drawn equally from nature and the subject. Besides, with regard to the stage, it is absolutely necessary: for as Edgar is not designed, in the constitution of the play, to attend the king to Dover; how absurd would it look for a character of his importance to quit the scene without one word said, or the least intimation what we are to expect from him? THEOBALD.

The lines inserted from the quarto are in crotchets. The omission of them in the folio is certainly faulty; yet I believe the folio is printed from Shakspeare's last revision, carelessly and hastily performed, with more thought of shortening the scenes, than of continuing the action. JOHNSON.

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses⁵,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure — Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away

[*Lear* enters, *Glo.* and the Fool, bearing off the king.

L. When we our butchers see bearing our woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;

Leaving free things⁶, and happy shows, behind

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erstep,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship⁷.

How light and portable my pain seems now,

When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;

He childed, and I father'd! — Tom, away:

Mark the high noises⁸; and thyself bewray⁹,

When

⁵ — balm'd thy broken senses,] The quarto from whence this speech is taken, reads—thy broken *fractures*. *Sinus* is the conjectural emendation of Theobald. STEEVENS.

A passage in *Macbeth* idly support to Theobald's emendation:

" — the inn went sleep,

" Balm of hurt minds,—." MALONE.

⁶ — free things,—] takes clear from distress JOHNSON.

⁷ But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erstep,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*

" Or, if thou wast at light, in sleep—."

Solamen miseris socios habuit dolorum.—Incer Aust.

MALONE.

⁸ Mark the high noises,] Attend to the great events that are approaching, and make thyself known when that false opinion now prevailing against thee shall, in consequence of justice of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous sentence, in order to thee to honour and reconciliation. JOHNSON.

The *high noises* are perhaps the calamities and quarrels of those in a higher station than Edgar, of which he has been just speaking. The word, however, may allude to the proclamation which had been made for bringing in Edgar.

" I heard myself proclaim'd,

" And by the bonny hollow of a tree,

" I caught the hunt." MALONE.

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee',
 In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
 What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
 Lurk, Lurk.] [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and
Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; shew him
 this letter:—the army of France is landed:—Seek out
 the villain Gloster. [*Exeunt some of the servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gou. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep
 you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to
 take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your
 beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to
 a most festinate preparation²; we are bound to the like.
 Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us³.
 Farewel, dear sister;—farewel, my lord of Gloster⁴.

¹ — *and thyself bewray,*] *Bewray* which at present has only a dirty
 meaning, anciently signified to *betray*, to *discover*. In this sense it is
 used by Spenser; and in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“ Well, to the king Andrugio now will hye,

“ Hap lyfe, hap death, his safetie to *bewray*.” STEEVENS.

¹ — *whose wrong thought defiles thee,*] The quartos, where alone
 this speech is found, read—*whose wrong thoughts defile thee*. The
 rhyme shews that the correction, which was made by Mr. Theobald,
 is right. MALONE.

² — *a most festinate preparation;*] Here we have the same error in
 the first folio, which has happened in many other places; the *n* em-
 ployed instead of an *m*. It reads—*festinate*. The quartos *festinant*. See
 p. 83, n. 8, and Vol. I. p. 252, n. 9. MALONE.

³ — *and intelligent betwixt us.*] So, in a former scene:

— spies and speculations

“ *Intelligence* of our state.” STEEVENS.

Thus the folio. The quartos read—*swift, and intelligence betwixt*
us: the poet might have written—*swift in intelligence*— MALONE.

⁴ — *my lord of Gloster.*] Meaning Edmund, newly invested with his
 father's titles. The steward, speaking immediately after, mentions
 the old earl by the same title. JOHNSON.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence :
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him⁵, met him at gate ;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover ; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONRIL, and EDMUND.*

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us :

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice ; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath⁶, which men
May blame, but not controul. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms⁷.

Glo.

⁵ *Hot questrists after him, —*] A *questrist* is one who goes in search
or *quest* of another. Mr. Pope and Sir T. Hanmer read—*questers*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Though well we may not pass upon his life,
—— yet our power*

Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, —] *To do a courtesy* is to gratify,
to comply with. *To pass*, is to pass a judicial sentence. JOHNSON.

The original of the expression, *to pass on any one*, may be traced from
Magna Charta :

“ — nec super eum ibimus, nisi per legale iudicium parium suo-
rum.”

It is common to most of our early writers. So, in *If this be not a
good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612 : “ A jury of brokers, impanel'd,
and deeply sworn to *pass* on all villains in hell.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — *corky arms.*] Dry, wither'd, husky arms. JOHNSON.

As Shakespeare appears from other passages of this play to have had
in his eye *Bishop Harsener's Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures*,
See. 1603, 4to, it is probable, that this very expressive, but peculiar
epithet, *corky*, was suggested to him by a passage in that very curious
pamphlet.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends,

Corn. Bind him, I say, [*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none*.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt find— [*Regan plucks his beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods*, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;

With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours⁹

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd², for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

pamphlet. "It would pose all the cunning exorcists, that are this day to be found, to teach an old *corkle* woman to writhe, tumble, curvet, and fetch her morrice gambles, as Martha Bressier (one of the possessed mentioned in the pamphlet) did." *PREFACE.*

* *I am none.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—I am *trus*. MALONE.

⁸ *By the kind gods,*] People always invoke their deities as they would have them shew themselves at particular times in their favour; and he accordingly calls those *kind gods* whom he would wish to find so on this occasion. He does so yet a second time in this scene. Our own liturgy will sufficiently evince the truth of my supposition.

STEEVENS.

Cordelia also uses the same invocation in the fourth Act:

"—O, you kind gods,

"Cure this great breach in his abused nature!" MALONE.

⁹ — *my hospitable favours*—] *Favours* means the same as *features*, i. e. the different parts of which a face is composed. So, in Drayton's epistle from *Matilda to King John*:

"Within the compass of man's face we see,

"How many sorts of several favours be."

Again, in *David & Bethsabe*, 1599:

"To daunt the favours of his lovely face." STEEVENS.

² *Be simple-answer'd,*] The old quarto reads, *Be simple answerers*. Either is good sense: *simple* means *plain*. STEEVENS.

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick king?
Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
 Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
 And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. I am ty'd to the stake¹, and I must stand the court².

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
 Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
 In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs³.
 The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
 In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
 And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
 He holp the heavens to rain⁴.
 If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time⁵,
 Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*
 All cruels else subscrib'd⁶:—But I shall see

¹ *I am ty'd to the stake,*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“They have chain'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,

“But, bear-like, I must stand the course.” STEEVENS.

² *—the course,*] The running of the dogs upon me. JOHNSON.

³ *—stick boarish fangs,*] The quartos read—*raff* boarish fangs.
 This verb occurs in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. li:

“And shields did share, and mailer did *raff*, and helmes did hew.”

To *raff* is the old hunting term for the stoke made by a wild boar with his fangs. STEEVENS.

⁴ *—to rain,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*to rage*. STEEV.

⁵ *—that stern time,*] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read—*that dearn time*. *Dearn* is a north-country word, signifying lonely, solitary, melancholy, far from neighbours. So, in the *Valiant Scot*:

“Of all thy joys the *dearne* and dismal end.”

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. i:

“They heard a rueful voice that *dearnly* cride.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *—subscrib'd,*] Yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion.

JOHNSON.

The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot⁷.

[*Gloster is held down in his chair, while Cornwall plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it.*

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,

Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;

But better service have I never done you,

'Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. My villain⁸! [*draws, and runs at him.*

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*draws. They fight. Cornwall is wounded.*

Reg. Give me thy sword.—[*to another Serv.*] A peasant stand up thus!

[*snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, yet have you one eye left

To see some mischief on him:—O! [*dies.*

Corn. Left it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!

⁷ Upon these eyes, &c.] In *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594, one of the sons of *Bajazet* pulls out the eyes of an aga on the stage, and says,

“Yes, thou shalt live, but never see that day,

“Wanting the tapers that should give thee light.”

[*Pulls out his eyes.*

Immediately after, his hands are cut off. I have introduced this passage to show that Shakspeare's drama was not more sanguinary than that of his contemporaries. STREVENs.

In Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, *Piero's* tongue is torn out on the stage. MALONE.

⁸ My villain!] Villain is here perhaps used in its original sense of one in servitude. STREVENs.

Where is thy lustre now ?

[*Tears out Gloster's other eye, and throws it on the ground.*]

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund ?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain !

Thou call'st on him that hates thee : it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us⁹ ;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies !

Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him !

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord ? How look you ?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt :—Follow me, lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain ;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace :

Untimely comes this hurt : Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN ;—Servants unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

1. Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do¹,
If this man come to good.

2. Serv. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death²,
Women will all turn monsters.

9 — *the overture of thy treasons* —] *Overture* is here used for an opening or discovery. It was he who first laid thy treasons open to us. Coles in his Dict. 1679, renders *Overture*, by *apertior apertura*. An overt act of treason, is the technical phrase. MALONE.

¹ *I'll never care what wickedness I do,*] This short dialogue I have inserted from the old quarto, because I think it full of nature. Servants could hardly see such a barbarity committed on their master, without pity ; and the vengeance that they presume must overtake the actors of it, is a sentiment and doctrine well worthy of the stage.

THEOBALD.

It is not necessary to suppose them the servants of Gloster ; for Cornwall was opposed to extremity by his own servant. JOHNSON.

² — *meet the old course of death,*] That is, die a natural death.

MALONE.

1. Serv.

1. *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2. *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax³, and whites of
eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd⁴,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
'The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,

Stands

³ —*some flax, &c.*] This passage is ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609:

"—go get a white of an egg, and a little flax, and close the breaches
of the head, it is the most conducing thing that can be." STREXENS.

The Case is alter'd was written before the end of the year 1599; but Ben Jonson might have inserted this sneer at our authour, between the time of *King Lear's* appearance, and the publication of his own play in 1609. MALONE:

⁴ *Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd, &c.*] The meaning is, 'Tis better to be thus contemn'd, and known to yourself to be contemn'd. Or perhaps there is an error, which may be rectified thus:

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd.

When a man divests himself of his real character, he feels no pain from contempt, because he supposes it incurred only by a voluntary disguise which he can throw off at pleasure. I do not think any correction necessary. JOHNSON.

I cannot help thinking that this passage should be written thus:

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd,

Than still contemn'd and flatter'd to be worse,

The lowest, &c.

The quarto edition has no stop after *flatter'd*. The first folio, which has a comma there, has a colon at the end of the line.

The expression in this speech—*owes nothing to thy blasts*—(in a more learned writer) might seem to be copied from Virgil, *Æn.* xi. 51:

"*Nos juvenem exanimum, et nil jam cœlestibus ullis*

"*Debentem, vano mœssi comitatur hœre.*" TYRWHITT.

Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear⁵ :
 The lamentable change is from the best ;
 The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then⁶,
 Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
 The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
 Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here ?—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an old man.

My father, poorly led⁷ ?—World, world, O world !
 But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
 Life would not yield to age⁷.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant,
 and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away ; good friend, be gone :
 Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
 Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes ;
 I stumbled when I saw : Full oft 'tis seen,

I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that Dr. Johnson's conjecture is well founded, and that the poet wrote—*unknown*. MALONE.

The meaning of Edgar's speech seems to be this. Yet it is better to be thus, in this fixed and acknowledged contemptible state, than, living in affluence, to be flattered and despised at the same time. He who is placed in the worst and lowest state, has this advantage ; he lives in hope, and not in fear, of a reverse of fortune. The lamentable change is from affluence to beggary. He laughs at the idea of changing for the worse, who is already as low as possible.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

5 — *lives not in fear :*] So, in Milton's *Par. Reg.* B. iii.

“ For where no hope is left, is left no fear.” STEEVENS.

6 — *Welcome then,*] The next two lines and a half are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

7 — *poorly led ?*] Thus quarto A, and the folio. For *poorly led* quarto B has—*pari, cyd.* MALONE.

7 — *O world !*

*But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
 Life would not yield to age.*] O world ! if reverses of fortune and changes such as I now see and feel, from ease and affluence to poverty and misery, did not show us the little value of life, we should never submit with any kind of resignation to the weight of years, and its necessary consequences, infirmity and death. MALONE.

Our

Our mean secures us⁸; and our meer defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch⁹,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst*¹.

⁸ *Our mean secures us; &c.*] *Mean* is here a substantive, and signifies a middle state, as Dr. Warburton rightly interprets it. So again, in the *Merchant of Venice*: "It is no mean happiness, therefore to be seated in the mean." See more instances in Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary*.

STEEVENS.

Both the quartos and the folio read—our *means* secure us. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. I am not sure that it is necessary. In Shakspeare's age writers often thought it necessary to use a plural, when the subject spoken of related to more persons than one. So in the last act of this play, "O, our *lives'* sweetness!" not, "O, our *life's* sweetness." Again, in p. 638:

"——— O, you mighty gods,

"This world I do renounce, and, in your fights," &c.

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"To worry lambs, and lap their gentle bloods."

Means therefore might have been here used as the plural of *mean*, or moderate condition. Gloster's meaning is, that in a moderate condition or middle state of life, we are secure from those temptations to which the more prosperous and affluent are exposed; and our very wants prove in this respect an advantage. MALONE.

⁹ —to see thee in my touch,] So, in another scene, I see it feelingly.

STEEVENS.

¹ —Who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*

——— the worst is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*] i. e. While we live; for while we yet continue to have a sense of feeling, something worse than the present may still happen. What occasioned this reflection was his rashly saying in the beginning of this scene,

"——— To be worst,

"The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune, &c.

"The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst," &c.

WARBURTON.

Old

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more
since:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport⁸.

Edg. How should this be?—

Bad is the trade, that must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Afide.*]—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the
blind:

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'pariel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further⁹.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Afide.*] And yet I must.

⁸ *As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;*

They kill us for their sport.] “*Dii nos quasi pilas homines habent.*”—*Plaut. Captiv. Prolog. l. 22.* STEEVENS.

The quartos read—*They bit us for their sport.* MALONE.

⁹ —*I cannot daub it*—} i. e. *Disguise.* WARBURTON.

So, in *King Richard III.*

“So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue.”
The quartos read, *I cannot daub it further.* STEEVENS.

—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: Bless the good man from the foul fiend¹! [Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once²; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hob-bidance*, prince of dumbness: *Mabu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing³; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women⁴. So, bless thee, master!]

Glo.

¹ *Bless the good man from the foul fiend!*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:

Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! MALONE.

² *Five fiends, &c.*] The rest of this speech is omitted in the folio. In *Harfenet's Book*, already quoted, p. 278, we have an extract from the account published by the exorcists themselves, viz. "By commandment of the exorcist. . . the devil in Ma. Mainy confessed his name to be *Modu*, and that he had besides himself *seven other spirits*, and all of them captains, and of great fame." "Then Edmundes (the exorcist) began againe with great earnestness, and all the company cried out, &c. . . so as both that wicked prince *Modu* and his company, might be cast out." This passage will account for five fiends having been in poor Tom at once. PERCY.

³ *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing;] "If she have a little helpe of the mother, epilepsie, or cramp, to teach her role her eyes, wrie her mouth, gnash her teeth, starte with her body, hold her armes and handes stiffe, make antike faces, grinne, mow and mop like an ape,—then no doubt—the young girl is owle-blacked and possessed." *Harfenet's Declaration*, p. 136. MALONE.

⁴ —possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.—] Shakspeare has made Edgar, in his feigned distraction, frequently allude to a vile imposture of some English jesuits, at that time much the subject of conversation; the history of it having been just then composed with great art and vigour of stile and composition by Dr. S. Harfenet, afterwards archbishop of York, by order of the privy-council, in a work intituled, *A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures to withdraw the hearts of her Majesty's Subjects from their Allegiance, &c. practised by Edmunds, alias Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish Priests his wicked Associates*: printed 1603. The imposture was in substance this. While the Spaniards were preparing their armada against England, the jesuits were here busy at work to promote it, by making converts: one method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made several hundred converts amongst the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman-

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's
 plagues
 Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
 Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!
 Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man⁵,
 That slaves your ordinance⁶, that will not see

Because

a Roman-catholic, where Marwood, a servant of Anthony Babington's, (who was afterwards executed for treason) Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friswood Williams, and Anne Smith, three chambermaids in that family, came into the priest's hands for cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished. The five devils here mentioned, are the names of five of those who were made to act in this farce upon the *chambermaids and waiting-women*; and they were generally so ridiculously nick-named, that Harfenet has one chapter on the *strange names of their devils*; *last*, says he, *meeting them otherwise by chance, you mistake them for the names of tapsters or jugglers.* WARBURTON.

The passage in crotchets is omitted in the folio, because I suppose as the story was forgotten, the jest was lost. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Let the superfluous, &c.*] Lear has before uttered the same sentiment, which indeed cannot be too strongly impressed, though it may be too often repeated. JOHNSON.

Superfluous is here used for one living in abundance. WARBURTON.

⁶ *That slaves your ordinance,*] The language of Shakspeare is very licentious, and his words have often meanings remote from the proper and original use. To *slave* or *beslave* another is to *treat him with terms of indignity*; in a kindred sense, to *slave the ordinance*, may be, to *flout or ridicule it.* JOHNSON.

To *slave an ordinance*, is to treat it as a *slave*, to make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to it. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"—— none

" 'Could *slave* him like the Lydian Omphale."

Again, in *A New Way to pay old Debts*, by Massinger:

"—— that *slaves* me to his will." STEVENS.

Heywood, in his *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637, uses this verb in the same sense:

"What shall I do; my love I will not *slave*

"To an old king, though he my love should crave."

Again, in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604:

"O powerful blood, how dost thou *slave* their soul!"

That *slaves* your ordinance, is the reading of the folio. Both the quartos have—*That stands your ordinance*; perhaps for *wishstands*.

Stands,

Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly ;
 So distribution should undo excess,
 And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover ?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
 Looks fearfully in the confined deep⁷ :
 Bring me but to the very brim of it,
 And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
 With something rich about me : from that place
 I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm ;
 Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERIL, and EDMUND ; Steward meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord : I marvel, our mild husband⁸
 Not met us on the way :—Now, where's your master ?

Stew. Madam, within ; but never man so chang'd :
 I told him of the army that was landed ;
 He smil'd at it . I told him, you were coming ;
 His answer was, *The worse* : of Gloster's treachery,
 And of the loyal service of his son,
 When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot ;
 And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out :—
 What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him ;
 What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further. [*to Edmund.*

Stands, however, may be right :—that abides your ordinance. The poet might have intended to mark the criminality of the *lust-dieted man* only in the subsequent words, *that will not see, because he doth not feel.* MALONE.

⁷ *Looks fearfully in the confined deep :*] So the folio. The quartos read—*Looks firmly.* Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors for *in* read *on*. I see no need of change. Shakspeare considered the sea as a *mirror*. To look in a glass, is yet our colloquial phraseology. MALONE.

⁸ *—our mild husband—*] It must be remembered that Albany, the husband of Goneril, disliked, in the end of the first act, the scheme of oppression and ingratitude. JERNSON.

It

It is the cowardly terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects². Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms³ at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*giving a favour.*]

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air¹;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester! [Exit Edmund.]

O, the difference of man, and man²!

To thee a woman's services are due;

My fool usurps my bed³.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord. [Exit Steward]

² — our wishes, on the way,

May prove effects.] She means, I think, The wishes, which we expressed to each other on our way hither, may be completed, and prove effectual to the destruction of my husband. On her entrance she said,

"—— I marvel our mild husband

"Not met us on the way."

Again, more appositely, in *King Richard III*:

"Thou know'st our reasons, urg'd upon the way." MALONE.

³ — I must change arms, &c.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads — change names. STEEVENS.

¹ Decline your head & this kiss, if it durst speak,

Would stretch thy spirits up into the air,] She bids him decline his head, that the might give him a kiss, (the steward being present,) and that it might appear only to him as a whisper. STEEVENS.

² O, the difference of man and man!] Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

Some epithet to *difference* was probably omitted in the folio. MALONE.

³ My fool usurps my bed.] The quarto of which the first signature is A, reads—*My fool usurps my bed.* Some of the copies of quarto B, have—*My fool usurps my body*; others—*A fool usurps my bed.* The folio reads—*My fool usurps my body.* MALONE.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle⁴.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition⁵:

That nature, which contemns its origin,

Cannot be border'd certain in itself⁶;

She that herself will fliver and disbranch⁷

From her material sap⁸, perforce must wither,

And

⁴ *I have been worth the whistle.*] This expression is a reproach to Albany for having neglected her; *though you disregard me thus, I have been worth the whistle, I have found one that thinks me worth calling.*

JOHNSON.

This expression is a proverbial one. Heywood in one of his dialogues, consisting entirely of proverbs, says:

"It is a poor dog that is not worth the *whistling*."

Goneril's meaning seems to be—*There was a time when you would have thought me worth the calling to you*; reproaching him for not having summon'd her to consult with on the present critical occasion.

STEVENSON.

I think Mr. Stoevens's interpretation the true one. MALONE.

⁵ —*I fear your disposition*:] These words, and the lines that follow to *monsters of the deep*, are found in the quartos, but are improperly omitted in the folio. They are necessary, as Mr. Pope has observed, "to explain the reasons of the detestation which Albany here expresses to his wife." MALONE.

⁶ *That nature, which contemns its origin,*

Cannot be border'd certain in itself;) The sense is, That nature which is arrived to such a pitch of unnatural degeneracy, as to contemn its origin, cannot from thenceforth be restrained within any certain bounds, but is prepared to break out into the most monstrous excesses every way, as occasion or temptation may offer. HEATH.

⁷ *She that herself will fliver and disbranch*,] To *fliver* signifies to tear off or disbranch. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——— Slips of yew,

"*Sliver'd* in the moon's eclipse." WARBURTON.

⁸ *She that herself will fliver and disbranch*

From her material sap,] She who breaks the bonds of filial duty, and becomes wholly alienated from her father, must wither and perish, like a branch separated from that sap which supplies it with nourishment, and gives life to the matter of which it is composed. So, in *A Brief Chronicle concerning the examination and death of Syr Johan Oldcastle*, 1544: "Then layd the lorde Cobham, and sprede his armes

And come to deadly use⁹.

Gon. No more ; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile :
 Filth, savour but themselves. What have you done ?
 'Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?
 A father, and a gracious aged man,
 Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick¹,
 Most barbarous, most degenerate ! have you madded.
 Could my good brother suffer you to do it ?
 A man, a prince, by him so benefited ?
 If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
 Send quickly down to tame these vile offences²,
 It will come,
 Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
 Like monsters of the deep³.

armes abroad : This is a verye crosse, yea and so moche better than your crosse of *wode*, in that yt was created of God : yet will I not feke to have yt worshipped. Than sayd the byshop of London, Syr, ye wote wele that he dyed on a *materyall* crosse."

Mr. Theobald reads *maternal*, and Dr. Johnson thinks that the true reading. Syt John Froissart's *Chronicle* (as Dr. Warburton has observed) in the title-page of the English translation printed in 1525, is said to be translated out of French into our material English tongue by John Bouchier. And I have found *material* (from *mater*) used in some other old books for *maternal*, but neglected to note the instance. I think, however, that the word is here used in its ordinary sense. *Maternal* sap (or any synonymous words,) would introduce a mixed and confused metaphor. *Material* sap is strictly correct. From the word *herself* to the end, the *branch* was the figurative object of the poet's thought. MALONE.

⁹ *And come to deadly use.*] Alluding to the use that witches and enchanters are said to make of *witherd branches* in their charms. A fine intimation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the bastard against her husband's life. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton might have supported his interpretation by the passage in *Macbeth*, quoted in n. 7. MALONE.

¹ — *would lick,*] This line, which had been omitted by all my predecessors, I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

² — *these vile offences.*] In some of the impressions of quarto B, we find—*this* vile offences, in others, and in quarto A,—*the* vile. This was certainly a misprint for *these*. MALONE.

³ *Like monsters of the deep.*] Fishes are the only animals that are known to prey upon their own species. JOHNSON.

Gon.

Gou. Milk-liver'd man!

That be u'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st⁴,
Fools do those villains pity⁵, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spread his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend⁶
So horrid, as in woman.

Gou. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing⁷, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature⁸. Were it my fitness

⁴ —*that not know'st*, &c.] The rest of this speech is omitted in the folio. SIXTEENS.

⁵ *Fools do those villains pity*, &c.] She means, that *none but* fools would pity those villains, who are prevented from executing their malicious designs, and punished for their evil intention. It is not clear whether this fiend means her father, or the king of France. If these words were intended to have a retrospect to Albany's speech, which the word *pity* might lead us to suppose, Lear must be in her contemplation; if they are considered as connected with what follows—*Where's thy drum?* &c. the other interpretation must be adopted. The latter appears to me the true one; and perhaps the punctuation of the quarto, in which there is only a comma after the word *mischief*, ought to have been preferred. MALONE.

⁶ *Proper deformity*, &c.] i. e. Diabolic qualities appear not so horrid in the devil to whom they belong, as in woman who unnaturally assumes them. WARBURTON.

⁷ *Thou changed, and self-cover'd thing*,—] By *self-cover'd* the author meant, thou, that hast *disguised* nature by wickedness; thou that hast *hid* the woman under the fiend. JOHNSON.

By thou *self-cover'd* thing, the poet, I think, means, thou who hast put a *covering* on *thyself*, which nature did not give thee. The covering which Albany means, is, the semblance and appearance of a fiend. MALONE.

⁸ *Be-monster not thy feature*.] *Feature* in Shakspeare's age meant the general cast of countenance, and often beauty. See Vol. VII. p. 484. n. 6. Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, explains it by the words, "handsomeness, comeliness, beauty." MALONE.

To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mes. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mes. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead²:
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shews you are above,
You justicers³, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well⁴;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,

² — and amongst them fell'd him dead:] I. e. they (Cornwall and his other servants) amongst them fell'd him dead. MALONE.

³ You justicers,] Most of the old copies have *justices*; but it was certainly a misprint. The word *justicer* is used in two other places in this play; and though printed rightly in the folio, is corrupted in the quarto in the same manner as here. Some copies of quarto B read rightly—*justicers*, in the line before us. MALONE.

⁴ One way I like this well;] Goneril's plan was to poison her sister, to marry Edmund, to murder Albany, and to get possession of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of this scheme, she was pleased as it; but disliked it as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund. MALONE.

The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mef. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mef. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mef. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live

To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;

Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.]

The French Camp, near Dover.

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman¹.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back
know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Marschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demon-
stration of grief?

² *Scene III.]* This scene, left out in all the common books, is restored from the old edition; it being manifestly of Shakespeare's writing, and necessary to continue the story of Cordelia, whose behaviour is here most beautifully painted. *FORX.*

This scene seems to have been left out only to shorten the play, and is necessary to continue the action. It is extant only in the quarto, being omitted in the first folio. I have therefore put it between crotchets. *JOHNSON.*

³ — *a Gentleman.]* The gentleman, whom he sent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia. *JOHNSON.*

Gent. Ay, fir⁴; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove⁵
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better May⁶: Those happy smiles⁷,

That

⁴ *Ay, fir*; } The quartos read—I say. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁵ *Patience and sorrow strove*—] The quartos for *strove* have *strewe*. Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

⁶ ——— *her smiles and tears*

Were like a better May:] Both the quartos read—a *better way*; which being perfectly unintelligible, I have adopted part of the emendation introduced by Dr. Warburton, who reads—a *swifter May*. The late editions have given—a *better day*, a reading which first appeared in a note of Mr. Theobald's. A *better day*, however it be understood, is, in my opinion, inconsistent with the context. If a *better day* means either a *good day*, or the *best day*, it cannot represent Cordelia's smiles and tears; for neither the one or the other necessarily implies *rain*, without which, there is nothing to correspond with her *tears*; nor can *rainy day*, occasionally brightened by sunshine, with any propriety be called a *good* or the *best day*. We are compelled therefore to make some other change.

A *better May*, on the other hand, whether we understand by it, a *good May*, or a *May* better than ordinary, corresponds exactly with the preceding image; for in every *May* rain may be expected, and in a *good*, or a *better May* than ordinary, the sunshine, like Cordelia's smiles, will predominate. With respect to the corrupt reading, I have no great faith in the inversion of the *so* at the press, and rather think the error arose in some other way. MALONE.

The thought is taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 244. "Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine." Cordelia's behaviour on this occasion is apparently copied from *Philoclea*'s. The same book, in another place, says,—"that her tears followed one another like a precious rope of pearl." The quartos read—a *better way*,—which may be an accidental inversion of the *M*.

A *better day*, however, is the *best day*, and the *best day* is a day most favourable to the productions of the earth. Such are the days in which there is a due mixture of rain and sunshine.

It must be observed that the *comparative* is used by Milton and others, instead

That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know.
 What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
 As pearls from diamonds dropp'd⁸.—In brief, sorrow
 Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
 Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question⁹?

Instead of the *positive* and *superlative*, as well as by Shakspeare himself, in the play before us:

"The *safer* sense will ne'er accommodate
 Its master thus."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"——it hath cow'd my *better* part of man."

Again:

"——Go not my horse the *better*."

Mr. Pope makes no scruple to say of Achilles, that,

"The Pelian javelin in his *better* hand
 Shot trembling rays, &c."

i. e. his *best* hand, his *right*. STEEVENS.

Doth not Dr. Warburton's alteration [*a wetter May*] infer that Cordelia's sorrow was superior to her patience? But it seem'd that she was a queen over her passion; and the smiles on her lip appeared not to know that tears were in her eyes. "Her smiles and tears were like a better day," or "like a better May," may signify that they were like such a season where sunshine prevailed over rain. So, in *All's well that ends well*, Act V. sc. iii. we see in the king "*sunshine and hail at once*, but to the brightest beams distracted clouds give way: the time is fair again, and he is like a day of season," i. e. a better day. TOLLET.

7 — *smiles*.] The quartos read—*smilets*. This may be a diminutive of Shakspeare's coinage. STEEVENS.

⁸ *As pearls from diamonds dropp'd*.—] In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have the same image:

"A sea of melting *pearls*, which some call *tears*," MALONE.

A similar thought to this of Shakspeare, occurs in Middleton's *Game at Chess*, 1625:

"——the holy dew lies like a pearl
 Dropt from the opening *eye-lids* of the morn
 Upon the bashful rose."

Milton has transplanted this image into his *Lycidas*:

"Under the opening *eye-lids* of the morn." STEEVENS.

9 *Made she no verbal question?*] Means only, Did she enter into no conversation with you? In this sense our poet frequently uses the word *question*, and not simply as the act of *interrogation*. Did she give you to understand her meaning by words as well as by the foregoing external testimonies of sorrow? So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"——— she told me

"In a sweet *verbal* brief, &c." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 72, n. 2. MALONE.

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice¹, she heav'd the name of
father
 Pantingly forth, as if it prefs'd her heart;
 Cry'd, *Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!*
Kent! father! sisters! What? i'the storm? i'the night?
Let pity not be believ'd²!—There she shook
 The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
 And clamour moisten'd³: then away she started
 To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
 The stars above us, govern our conditions⁴;
 Else one self mate and mate⁵ could not beget
 Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

¹ 'Faith, once or twice,] Thus the quartos. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*Yes, once, &c.* Regan in a subsequent scene, in like manner, uses the rejected word, however inelegant it may now appear:

"Faith, he is pos'd hence on serious matter." MALONE.

² *Let pity not be believ'd!*] i. e. Let not such a thing as pity be supposed to exist! Thus the old copies; but the modern editors have hitherto read,

Let pity not believe it!— STEEVENS.

³ *And clamour moisten'd*] It is not impossible but Shakspeare might have formed this fine picture of Cordelia's agony from holy writ, in the conduct of Joseph; who, being no longer able to restrain the vehemence of his affection, commanded all his retinue from his presence; and then *wept aloud*, and discovered himself to his brethren.

THEOBALD.

—*clamour moisten'd*—] That is, *her out-cries were accompanied with tears.* JOHNSON.

The old copies read—*And clamour moisten'd her.* I have no doubt that the word *her* was inserted by the compositor's eye glancing on the middle of the preceding line, where that word occurs; and therefore have omitted it. It may be observed that the metre is complete without this word. A similar error has happened in *The Winter's Tale*. See Vol. IV. p. 237, n. 2. *She moisten'd clamour*, or the exclamations she had uttered, with tears. This is perfectly intelligible; but *clamour moisten'd her*, is certainly nonsense. MALONE.

⁴ —*govern our conditions*;) i. e. regulate our dispositions. See Vol. V. p. 600, n. 3. MALONE.

⁵ —*one self mate and mate*—] The same husband and the same wife. JOHNSON.

Self is used here, as in many other places in these plays, for *self-same*. MALONE.

Kent.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir; The poor distressed Lear is i'the town
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own un-
kindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame⁵
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard
not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot⁶.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause⁷
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.] *[Exeunt.]*

⁵ —these things sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame —] The metaphor is here preserved with great knowledge of nature. The *venom* of poisonous animals being a high caustick salt, that has all the effect of fire upon the part. WARBURTON.

⁶ 'Tis so; they are a-foot.] Dr. Warburton thinks it necessary to read, *'tis said*; but the sense is plain, *So it is that they are on foot.* JOHNSON.

⁷ *Tu so*, means, I think, I have heard of them; they do not exist in report only; they are actually on foot. MALONE.

⁷ *Some dear cause —*] Some important business. See p. 130, n. 6. MALONE.

S C E N E I V.

*The same. A Tent.**Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
 As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
 Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
 With harlocks, hemlock⁸, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
 Darnel⁹, and all the idle weeds that grow
 In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
 Search every acre in the high-grown field,
 And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]—What can
 man's wisdom do,

In the restoring his bereaved sense?
 He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
 Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
 The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
 Are many simples operative, whose power
 Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
 All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
 Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
 In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
 Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
 That wants the means to lead it¹.

⁸ *With narlocks, hamlock, &c.*] The quartos read—With *harlocks*; the folio—with *hardokes*. MALONE.

Harlocks should be *harlocks*. Thus Drayton in one of his *Eclogues*:

“The honey-suckle, the *harlocks*,

“The lilly, and the lady-smocke,” &c. FARMER.

⁹ *Darnel*,] According to Gerard, is the most hurtful of weeds among corn. It is mentioned in *The Witches of Lancashire*, 1634:

“That cocle, *darnel*, poppy wild,

“May choke his grain, &c.” STEEVENS.

¹ —the means to lead it.] The reason which should guide it. JOHNS.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mc. News, madam;
The British powets are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them —O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important² tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition³ doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him! [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter REGAN, and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord⁴ at home?

Stew.

² —important—] In other places of this authour for *important*.
JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*importuned*. STEEVENS.

³ *No blown ambition*—] No inflated, no swelling pride. Bess' on the Spanish armada:

“Quam bene te ambitio meruit vanissima, ventus,

“Et tumidos tumidæ vos superastis aquæ.” JOHNSON.

In the *Mad Lover* of B. and Fletcher, the same epithet is given to ambition. Again, in the *Little French Lawyer*:

“I come with no *blown* spirit to abuse you.” STEEVENS.

⁴ —with your lord—] Thus the folio. The quartos read—with your lady. In the manuscripts from which they were printed an L only was probably set down, according to the mode of that time. It could be of no consequence to Regan, whether Edmund spoke with Goneril at home, as they had travelled together from the earl of Gloster's castle to the duke of Albany's palace, and had on the road sufficient opportunities for laying those plans of which Regan was apprehensive. On the

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life⁵; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter⁶.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter⁷.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange ocellads⁸, and most speaking looks

the other hand, Edmund's abrupt departure without even speaking to the duke, to whom he was sent on a commission, could not but appear mysterious, and excite her jealousy. Add to this, that Edmund (as an anonymous writer hath observed) had spoken with Goneril in the Steward's presence, and had been prevented from speaking to or even seeing her husband. On all these grounds *lord* appears to be the true reading. MALONE.

⁵ *His nighted life,*] i. e. His life made dark as night, by the extinction of his eyes. STANLEY.

⁶ — *with my letter.*] So the folio. The quartos read—*letters*. The meaning is the same. MALONE.

⁷ *Let me unseal, &c.*] I know not well why Shakspeare gives the steward, who is a mere factor of wickedness, so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be safely delivered. JOHNSON.

⁸ *She gave strange ocellads,*—} *Ocellade*, Fr. a cast, or significant glance of the eye. Greene, in his *Dissertation between a He and She Coward*, 1592, speaks of "amorous glances, smirking ocellades, &c." STANLEY.

To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it⁹:
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note¹:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's:—You may gather more².
If you do find him, pray you, give him this³;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet him, madam! I would shew
What party⁴ I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The Country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR, dress'd like a Peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

⁹ *I speak in understanding; you are, I know it.*] Thus the folio.
The quartos read—in understanding, *for I know't.* MALONE.

¹ — *I do advise you, take this note:*] *Note* means in this place not
a letter, but a remark. Therefore observe what I am saying. JOHNSON.

² — *You may gather more.*] You may infer more than I have directly
told you. JOHNSON.

³ — *give him this;*] I suppose Regan here delivers a ring or some
other favour to the Steward, to be conveyed to Edmund. MALONE.

⁴ *What party—*] Quarto, *What lady.* JOHNSON.

⁵ *Scene VI.*] This scene, and the stratagem by which Gloster is
cured of his desperation, are wholly borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*.

JOHNSON.

Edg.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd⁵; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still.—

How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low⁶!

The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,

Shew scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade⁷!

Methinks,

⁵ — *thy voice is alter'd*; &c.] Edgar alters his voice in order to pass afterwards for a malignant spirit. JOHNSON.

⁶ ——— *How fearful*

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!] This description has been much admired since the time of Addison, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at pleantry, that "he who can read it without being giddy, has a very good head, or a very bad one." The description is certainly not mean, but I am far from thinking it wrought to the utmost excellence of poetry. He that looks from a precipice finds himself assailed by one great and dreadful image of irresistible destruction. But this overwhelming idea is dissipated and enfeebled from the instant that the mind can restore itself to the observation of particulars, and disperse its attention to distinct objects. The enumeration of the choughs and crows, the samphire-man, and the fishers, counteracts the great effect of the prospect, as it peoples the desert of intermediate vacuity, and stops the mind in the rapidity of its descent through emptiness and horror. JOHNSON.

It is to be considered that Edgar is describing an imaginary precipice, and is not therefore supposed to be so strongly impressed with the dreadful prospect of inevitable destruction, as a person would be who really found himself on the brink of one. MASON.

⁷ ——— *Half way down*

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!] This personage is not a mere creature of Shakespeare's imagination, for the gathering of samphire was literally a *trade* or common occupation in his time, it been carried and cried about the streets, and much used as a pickle. So, in a song in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, in which the cries of London are enumerated under the title of the cries of Rome:

"I ha'

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
 Diminish'd to her cock⁸; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong⁹.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot
 Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
 Would I not leap upright¹.

Glo,

"I ha' rock-samphier, rock-samphier;

"Thus go the cries in Rome's faire towne;

"First they go up street, and then they go downe:

"Buy a mat, a mil-mat," &c.

Agun, in Venner's *Via recta*, &c. 4to. 1622: "*Sampfire* is in like manner preserved in pickle, and eaten with meates. It is a very pleasant and familiar sauce, and agreeing with man's body." *MAYOR*.

"*Samphire* grows in a great plenty on most of the sea-cliffs in this country: it is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the top of the impending rocks as it were in the air." *Smith's Hist. of Waterford*, p. 315, edit. 1774. *TOLLET*.

⁸ —her cock;—] Her cock boat. *JOHNSON*.

So, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637: "—I caused my lord to leap into the cock, &c.—at last our cock and we were cast ashore." Hence the term *cockswain*, a petty officer in a ship. *STEVENS*.

⁹ Topple down headlong.] To *topple* is to *tumble*. The word has been already used in *Macbeth*. So, in Nash's *Lenten-Stuff*, &c. 1599: "—he had thought to have *toppled* his burning car, &c. into the sea." *STEVENS*.

¹ —for all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.] One of the senses of the word *upright* in Shakspeare's time, was that in which it is now used. 'So, in *the Tempest*:

"—time goes *upright* with his carriage."

Again, in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, 1603:

"I have seene a man take his full carier, standing bould *upright* on both his feete in the saddle."

And with this signification, I have no doubt it was used here. Every man who leaps, in his first effort to raise himself from the ground, *springs upright*. Far from thinking of leaping forward, for which, be-
 ing

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done² to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and, in your fights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls along.*]

Edg. Gone, sir? farewell³.—

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft⁴: Had he been where he thought,

ing certain destruction, nothing could compensate, Edgar says, he would not for all beneath the moon run the risk of even leaping upwards.

Dr. Warburton idly objects, that he who leaps upwards, must needs fall again on his feet upon the same place from whence he rose. If the commentator had tried such a leap *within a foot* of the edge of a precipice, before he undertook the revision of these plays, the world would, I fear, have been deprived of his labours.

Upright in our authour's time meant also *supinus*. See Mintheu's Dict. 1617: "*Upright*, or on the back, with the face upward. G. renversé, ventre en haut. L. *supinus*, *resupinus*:" but this sense is here inadmissible. MALONE.

² *Is done*—] Thus the quarto A, and the folio. The other quarto reads—*'Tis done.* MALONE.

³ *Gone, sir? farewell.*] Thus the quartos and folio. The modern editors have been content to read—*Good sir, &c.* STEEVENS.

They followed the arbitrary alteration of the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ ———— *when life itself*

Yields to the theft —] When life is willing to be destroyed.

JONERSON.

By

By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?

Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!

Thus might he pass indeed⁵:—Yet he revives:

What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been aught but gossamer, feathers,
air⁶,

So many fathom down precipitating,

'Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude⁷,

Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;

Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn⁸!

Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,

To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,

And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:

Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand,

⁵ *Thus might he pass, indeed:—*] Thus he might *die* in reality. We still use the word *passing-bell*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Had'st thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,*] *Gossamer* or *Gossamer* is a thin filmy substance, resembling a cobweb, which flies about in the air in summer. See Vol. IX. p. 89, n. 2. MALONE.

⁷ *Ten masts at each make not the altitude,*] i. e. each, at, or near, the other. Such I suppose the meaning, if the text be right; but it is probably corrupt. Mr. Pope for *at each* substituted *attach'd*, which Dr. Johnson thinks was introduced into our language at a later period than the time of Shakspeare. The word certainly existed in his time, but was not used in the sense required here. In Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, to *attach* is interpreted, "To take, lay hold on." It was *verbum juris*. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—at *reach*, i. e. extent. STEVENS.

⁸ —*chalky bourn*] *Bourn* seems here to signify a *hill*. Its common signification is a *brook*. Milton in *Comus* uses *hasty bourn*, in the same sense perhaps with Shakspeare. But in both authours it may mean only a *boundary*. JOHNSON.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd⁹, and wav'd like the enridged sea¹;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods², who make them honours
Of men's impossibilit³, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts⁴.—But who comes
here?

⁹ *Horns welk'd,*—] Twisted, convolved. A welk or whilk is a small shell-fish. Drayton in his *Mortimeriades*, 4to. 1596, seems to use this participle in the sense of *rolling* or *curled*:

“The sunny palfreys have their traces broke,

“And setting fire upon the *welked* throuds

“Now through the heaven file gadding from the yoke.”

MALONE.

¹ —*enridged sea.*] Thus the quarto. The folio *enraged*. STEEV.

Enridged was certainly our authour's word; for he has the same allusion in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“Till the wild *waves* will have him seen no more,

“Whose *ridges* with the meeting clouds contend.” MALONE.

² —*the clearest gods.*] The purest; the most free from evil. JOHNS.
So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“Roots! you *clear* gods!”

See p. 61, n. 9, and Vol. X. p. 108, n. 1. MALONE.

³ —*who make them honours*

Of men's impossibilities,—] Who are graciously pleased to preserve men in situations in which they think it impossible to escape: Or, perhaps, who derive honour from being able to do what man can not do. MALONE.

⁴ *Bear free and patient thoughts.*—] To be melancholy is to have the mind *chained down* to one painful idea; there is therefore great propriety in exhorting Gloucester to *free thoughts*, to emancipation of his soul from grief and despair. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus⁶.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining⁷; I am
the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's
your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a
crow-keeper⁸: draw me a clothier's yard⁹.—Look, look,
a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese
will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a
giant.—Bring up the brown bills¹.—O, well flown,

⁶ *The safer sense will ne'er accommodate*

His master thus.] I read:

The *safer* sense will ne'er accommodate

His master thus.

"Here is Lear, but he must be mad; his sound or *safe* senses would
never suffer him to be thus disguised." JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but that *safer* was the poet's word. So, in *Mea-
sure for Measure*:

"Nor do I think the man of *safe* discretion

"That does affect it." STEVENS.

⁷ —for coining;] So the quartos. Folio—*for crying*. MALONE.

⁸ *That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper.*] In several counties
to this day, they call a stuffed figure, representing a man, and armed
with a bow and arrow, set up to fright the crows from the fruit and
corn, a *crow-keeper*, as well as a *scare-crow*. THEOBALD.

This *crow-keeper* was so common in the author's time, that it is
one of the few peculiarities mentioned by Ortelius in his account of our
island. JOHNSON.

So, in *Bonduca*, by Fletcher:

"——Can these fight? They look

"Like empty scabbards all; no mettle in them;

"Like men of slouts, set to keep crows from orchards."

See also Vol. IX. p. 34. MALONE.

⁹ *Draw me a clothier's yard.*] Perhaps the poet had in his mind a
stanza of the old ballad of *Cherry-Chace*:

"An arrow of a cloth-yard long,

"Up to the head drew he," &c. STEVENS.

¹ —the brown bills.] A *bill* was a kind of battle-axe:

"Which is the constable's house?"

"At the sign of the *brown bill*," *Blair Mr. Constable*, 1602.
Again, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1622:

"Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,

"*Brown bills*, and targetiers," &c. STEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 257, n. 2. MALONE.

VOL. VIII.

T t

bird!—

bird!—i' the clout², i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word³.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard⁴!—They flatter'd me like a dog⁵; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there⁶. To say ay, and no, to every thing I said!—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once⁷, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

² *O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, &c.*] Lear is here raving of archery, and shooting at *buts*, as is plain by the words *i' the clout*, that is, the *white* mark they set up and aim at: hence the phrase, to *hit the white*. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Two Maids of Moracecke*, 1609: "Change your mark, shoot at a white; come stick me in the clout, sir."

The author of *The Revival* thinks there can be no impropriety in calling an arrow a *bird*, from the swiftness of its flight, especially when immediately preceded by the words *well-flown*: but it appears that *well-flown, bird*, was the falconer's expression when the hawk was successful in her flight; and is so used in *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*. STEEVENS.

The quarto's read—O, well flown bird *in the eyre*, hugh, give the word. MALONE.

³ —*Give the word.*] Lear supposes himself in a garrison, and before he lets Edgar pass, requires the watch-word. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—*] So reads the folio, properly; the quarto, whom the latter editors have followed, has, *Ha! Gonerill, ha! Regan! they flattered me, &c.* which is not so forcible. JOHNSON.

⁵ *They flattered me like a dog;—*] They played the spaniel to me. JOHNSON.

⁶ —*and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there.*] They told me that I had the wisdom of age, before I had attained to manhood. MALONE.

⁷ —*When the rain came to wet me, &c.*] This seems to be an allusion to king Canute's behaviour when his courtiers flattered him as lord of the sea. STEEVENS.

Glo.

Glo. The trick of that voice^a I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes^b.
I pardon that man's life: What was thy cause?
Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight. Let copulation thrive,
For Gloster's bastard son was kinder to his father,
Than my daughters got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury^c, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow^d;
That minces virtue^e, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew^f, nor the soiled horse^g, goes to't

With

^a *The trick of that voice*—] *Trick* is a word frequently used for the air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or gesture, which distinguishes it from others. HANMER.

See Vol. IV. p. 450, n. 1. MALONE.

^b — *Ay, every inch a king:*

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,

“By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

“Whereat each tributary subject quakes.” MALONE.

^c *To't luxury, &c.*] *Luxury* was the ancient appropriate term for incontinence. See Mr. Collins's note on *Troilus and Cressida*, Act V. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

^d *Whose face between her forks, &c.*] The construction is not “whose face between her forks,” &c. but “whose face presages snow between her forks.” So, in *Timon*, Act IV. sc. iii.

“Whole blush does thaw the consecrated snow

“That lies on Dian's lap.” EDWARDS.

To preserve the modesty of Mr. Edwards's happy explanation, I can only hint a reference to the word *fourcheure* in Cotgrave's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

^e *That minces virtue,*] Whose virtue consists in appearance only; in an affected delicacy and prudery: who is as nice and squeamish in talking of virtue and of the frailer part of her sex, as a lady who walks mincingly along:

“— and turn two mincing steps

“Into a manly stride.” *Merchant of Venice*. MALONE.

^f *The fitchew,*—] A polecat. POPE.

T t 2

5 — 207

With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs⁵,

Though women all above:

But to the girdle⁷ do the gods inherit,

Beneath is all the fiends⁸; there's hell, there's darkness,
there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench,
consumption;—Fie, fie, fie! pah! pah! Give me an
ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagi-
nation: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kill that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou
squint at me*? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not
love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the meaning
of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

⁵ —*not the soiled horse.*—] *Sailed horse* is a term used for a horse
that has been fed with hay and corn in the stable during the winter,
and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass, or has it
cut and carried in to him. This at once cleanses the animal, and fills
him with blood. STEVENS.

⁶ *Down from the waist they are centaurs,*] In the *Malecontent*, is a
thought as singular as this:

“ 'Tis now about the immodest waist of night.” STEVENS.

⁷ *But to the girdle, &c.*] To *inherit* in Shakspeare is, to possess.
See Vol. I. p. 159, n. 7. But is here used for *only*. MALONE.

⁸ *Beneath is all the fiends;*] According to Grecian superstition,
every limb of us was consigned to the charge of some particular deity.
Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, enlarges much on it, and concludes
by saying:

“ And Venus through the lecherie

“ For which thei hir deifie,

“ She kept all downe the remenant

“ To thiske office appertainant.” COLIINS.

In the old copies the preceding as well as the latter part of Lear's
speech is printed as prose. I doubt much whether any part of it was
intended for metre. MALONE.

* *I'll thou squint at me?*] To *squint* is to look askint. The word
is used by our poet's fellow-comedian, Robert Armin, in *A Nott of
Ninnes*, &c. 4to, 1609: “ The world—squintes at this, and looks as
one scorning.” MALONE.

Lear.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy*, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

* *What, with the case of eyes?*] Mr. Rowe changed *this* into *this*, but without necessity. I have restored the old reading. The *case of eye* is the socket of either eye. Statius in his first *Thebaid*, has a similar expression. Speaking of Oedipus he says:

"Tunc *vacuos orbes* crudum ac miserabile vitæ

"Supplicium, ostentat cælo, manibusque cruentis

"Pulsat *inane solum*."

"*Inane solum*," i. e. *vacui oculorum loci*.

Shakspeare has the expression again in the *1st Act's Tale*: "—they stem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the *cases* of their eyes." STEEVENS.

In *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, we have the same expression:

"—— her eyes as jewel-like,

"And cas'd as richly."

Again, *ibidem*:

"Her eye-lids, *cases* to those heavenly jewels

"Which Pericles hath lost,

"Begin to part their fringes of bright gold."

This could not have been the authour's word; for "this *case of eyes*" in the language of his time signified—*this pair of eyes*, a sense directly opposite to that intended to be conveyed. MALONE.

* *Change places; and, handy-dandy*,—] The words *change places*, and, are not in the quartos. *Handy-dandy* is, I believe, a play among children, in which something is shaken between two hands, and then a guess is made in which hand it is retained. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Bazzucchiare*. To shake between two hands; to play *bandy-dandy*." Coles in his Latin Dict. 1679, renders "to play *handy-dandy*," by *digitis micare*; and he is followed by Ainsworth; but they appear to have been mistaken; as is Dr. Johnson in his definition in his Dictionary, which seems to have been formed on the passage before us, misunderstood. He says, *Handy-dandy* is "a play in which children *change hands and places*." MALONE.

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand;
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the
cozener.

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all¹. Plate sin with gold²,
And the strong lance of justice hurtles breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em³:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots;—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl, and cry⁴:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

¹ *Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.*] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:
“Hiding base sin in pleats of majesty.” MALONE.

From *hide all to accuser's lips*, the whole passage is wanting in the first edition, being added, I suppose, at his revival. JOHNSON.

² *Plate sin*—] The old copies read—*Place sin*. Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

³ —*I'll able 'em*:] An old phrase signifying to qualify, or uphold them. So Scogan, contemporary with Chaucer, says:

“Set all my life after thyne ordinaunce,

“And able me to mercie or thou deme.” WARBURTON.

So Chapman, in his comedy of *The Widows Tears*, 1612: “Admitted I say, into her heart, and I'll able it.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,*

We wawl and cry—]

“Vagituque locum lugubrem complet, ut equum est

“Cui tantum in vita restat transire malorum.” *Lucretius*.

STEEVENS.

Glo.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools;—This a good block?—
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt⁵: I'll put it in proof;

⁵ —*This a good block?*] Upon the king's saying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his *bat*, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times, (whom I have seen so represented in ancient prints,) till the idea of *felt*, which the good *bat* or *block* was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with a substance soft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him start from his preachment.—*Block* anciently signified the *head part* of the hat, or *the thing on which a bat is formed*, and sometimes the hat itself.—See *Much Ado about Nothing* :

“He weares his faith but as the fashion of his *bat*; it changes with the next *block*.”

Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque*, 1599 :

“—Where did you buy your *felt*?

“Nay, never laugh, for you're in the same *block*.”

Again, in *Run and a great Cast*, an ancient collection of Epigrams, 4to, without date. *Epigram 46. In Sextinum* :

“A pretty *blocke* Sextinus names his *bat*;

“So much the fitter for his head by that.” STEVENS.

⁶ *It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe*

A troop of horse with felt :] i. e. with flocks kneaded to a mass, a practice I believe sometimes used in former ages, for it is mentioned in *Aristo* :

“—fecit nel cadar strepito quanto

“Avesse avuto sotto i piedi il *feltra*.” JOHNSON.

This “delicate stratagem” had actually been put in practice about fifty years before Shakspeare was born, as we learn from Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry the Eighth*, p. 41. “And now,” says that historian, “having feasted the ladies royally for divers dayes, he [Henry] departed from Tournay to Lille, [Oct. 13, 1513,] whither he was invited by the lady Margaret, who caused there a joust to be held in an extraordinary manner; the place being a fore-room raised high from the ground by many steps, and paved with black square stones like marble; while *the horses*, to prevent sliding, *were shod with felt* or flocks (the Latin words are *feltra fove tormento*): after which the ladies danced all night.” MALONE.

Shakspeare might have adopted the stratagem of shoeing a troop of horse with felt from the following passage in Felton's *Tragical Discourse*, 4to. bl. l. 1567: “—he attyreth him selfe for the purpose in a night-gowne girt to hym, with a paire of *shoes of felt*, leaste the noyle of his feete shoulde discover his goings.” p. 58. STEVENS.

And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill¹.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune².—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt³,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust⁴.

Gent. Good sir⁵,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom: What?
I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

¹ *Then, kill, kill, &c.*] This was formerly the word given in the English army, when an onset was made on the enemy. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

Give false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill.*"

Again, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1610, p. 31:

For while the Frenchmen fresh assaulted still,
Our Englishmen came boldly forth at night,
Crying, Saint George, Salisbury, *kill, kill*,
And offer'd freely with their foes to fight." MALONE.

² *The natural fool of fortune.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O, I am fortune's fool!" STEEVENS.

³ — *a man of salt,*] *A man of salt is a man of tears.* In *All's Well that ends Well*, we meet with—"your salt tears' head;" and in *Troilus and Cressida*, "the salt of broken tears." Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"He has betray'd your business, and given up,

"For certain drops of salt, your city Rome." MALONE.

⁴ *Ay, and laying autumn's dust.*] These words are not in the folio.

MALONE.

⁵ *Gent. Good sir,*—] These words I have restored from one of the quartos. In the other, they are omitted. The folio reads: "

—a smug bridegroom— STEEVENS.

Lear.

Lear. Then there's life in it². Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit, running; Attendants follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought³.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir.

[*Exit Gent.*]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made lame by fortune's blows⁴;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows⁵,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,

² *Then there's life in it.*] The case is not yet desperate. JOHNSON.

³ — *the main descry*

Stands on the hourly thought.] The main body is expected to be descry'd every hour. The expression is harsh. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *made lame by fortune's blows;*] Thus the quartos. The folio has — *made lame to fortune's blows.* I believe the original is here, as in many other places, the true reading. So, in our poet's 37th Sonnet:

"So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,—" MALONE.

⁵ *Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows, &c.*] i.e. Sorrows past and present. WARBURTON.

Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco. Virg.

I doubt whether *feeling* is not used, with our poet's usual licence, for *felt*. Sorrows known, not by relation, but by experience. MALONE.

I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember⁶:—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*Edgar opposes,*

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without further 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait⁷, and let poor
volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my
life, 'twould not ha' been so long as 'tis by a vortnight.
Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye⁸,
or ise try whether your costard⁹ or my bat¹⁰ be the harder:
Ch'll be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

⁶ *Briefly thyself remember*—] i. e. Quickly recollect the past offences of thy life, and recommend thyself to heaven. WARBURTON.
So Othello says to Desdemona:

“If you bestink yourself of any crime,

“Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,

“Solicit for it straight.” MALONE.

⁷ —go your gait,] *Gang your gate* is a common expression in the North. In the last rebellion, when the Scotch soldiers had finished their exercise, instead of our term of dismissal, their phrase was, *gang your gaits*. STEEVENS.

⁸ —che vor'ye,] *I warn you*. Edgar counterfeits the western dialect. JOHNSON.

⁹ —your costard—] *Costard*, i. e. head. So, in *King Richard III*:

“Take him over the *costard* with the hilt of thy sword.”

STEEVENS.

¹⁰ —my bat—] i. e. club. So, in *Spenser*:

“—a handsome *bat* he held,

“On which he leaned, as one far in eld.” STEEVENS.

Edg.

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter
 wor your foins². [*They fight; and Edgar knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take my
 purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
 And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
 To Edmund earl of Gloster³; seek him out
 Upon the British party:—O, untimely death, death!—

[*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;
 As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
 As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
 Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,
 May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
 He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
 Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
 To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
 Their papers, is more lawful⁴.

[*reads.*]

² —no matter wor your foins.] *To foins*, is to make what we call a
thruff in fencing. Shakspeare often uses the word. STEEVENS;

³ *To Edmund earl of Gloster*;] Mr. Smith has endeavoured, without
 any success, to prove in a long note, that we ought to read—*letter*
 both here and below, because the Steward had only one letter in his
 pocket, namely that written by Goneril. But there is no need of
 change, for *letters* formerly was used like *epistole* in Latin, when one
 only was intended. So, in Act I. sc. v. Lear says to Kent, "Go,
 you, before to Gloster, with *these letters*;" and Kent replies, "I will
 not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your *letter*." Again, in Act IV.
 sc. v. the Steward says to Regan, "I must needs after him, madam,
 with my *letters*," meaning only Goneril's letter, which Edgar pre-
 sently reads. Such, as I observed on that passage, is the reading of
 the original quarto copies, which in the folio is changed to *letter*.
 Whether the Steward had also a letter from Regan, it is not here
 necessary to inquire. The words which he uses, do not, for the reason
 I have assigned, necessarily imply two letters: and as Edgar finds no
 letter from Regan, we may infer that when she said to the Steward
 in a former scene, *take thou this*, she gave him a ring or some other
 token of regard for Edmund, and not a letter. MALONE.

⁴ *To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;*
Their papers, is more lawful.] Thus the quarto. The folio
 reads—we rip. The editor of the second folio, imagining that *papers*
 was

[reads.] *Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror. Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my goal; from the loath'd warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.*

Your wife, (so I would say,) and your affectionate servant,

Goneril,

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up⁷, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke⁸: For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit EDGAR, dragging out the body.]

was the nominative case, for is substituted *are*: Their papers *are* more lawful. But the construction is,—*so rip* their papers, is more lawful. His alteration, however, has been adopted by the modern editors.

MALONE.

This is darkly expressed: the meaning is, Our enemies are put upon the rack, and torn in pieces to extort confession of their secrets; to tear open their letters is more lawful. WARBURTON.

⁵ —and your *affectionate servant*,] After *servant*, one of the quartos has this strange continuation: “—and for you her owne tor *venter*, Gonerill.” STEEVENS.

In this place I have followed the quarto of which the first signature is A. The other reads—“Your (wife, so I would say) your affectionate servant;” and adds the words mentioned by Mr. Steevens. The folio, reads—“Your (wife so I would say) affectionate servant, Goneril.” MALONE.

⁶ *O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!*—] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*of woman's will!* The meaning (says Dr. Warburton in Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition,) is, “The variations in a woman's will are so sudden, and their liking and loathing follow so quick upon each other, that there is no distinguishable space between them.”

MALONE.

⁷ *Thee I'll rake up,*] I'll cover thee. In Staffordshire, to *rake* the fire, is to cover it with fuel for the night. JOHNSON.

⁸ —*the death-practis'd duke*:] The duke of Albany, whose death is machinated by *practise* or treason. JOHNSON.

G/o.

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling⁹
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be fever'd¹ from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French camp. LEAR on a bed, asleep; Physician, Gentleman², and Others, attending: Enter CORDELIA, and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me³.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-pay'd. ¶

⁹ —and have ingenious feeling—] *Ingenious feeling* signifies a feeling from an understanding not disturbed or disordered, but which, representing things as they are, makes the sense of pain the more exquisite.

WARRBURTON.

¹ —fever'd—] The quartos read *sticed*. STEEVENS.

² —*Physician, Gentleman, &c.*] In the quartos the direction is, "Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and Doctor," omitting by negligence the *Gentleman*, who yet in those copies is a speaker in the course of the scene, and remains with KENT, when the rest go out. In the folio, the direction is, "Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and Gentleman;" to the latter of whom all the speeches are given, which in the original copies are divided between the *physician* and the *gentleman*. I suppose, from a penury of actors, it was found convenient to unite the two characters, which, we see, were originally distinct. Cordelia's words, however, might have taught the editor of the folio to have given the *gentleman* whom he retained the appellation of *Doctor*:

"Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed

"I' the sway of your own will." MALONE.

³ —every measure fail me.] All good which I shall allot thee, or measure out to thee, will be scanty. JOHNSON.

All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited⁴:

These weeds are memories of those worser hours⁵;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;

Yet to be known, shortens my made intent⁶:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—

How does the king? [*to the Physician.*]

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,

Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father⁷! ~

Phys. So please your majesty,

That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam⁸; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys.

⁴ *Be better suited*:] i. e. Be better dress'd, put on a better suit of cloaths. STEEVENS.

⁵ *These weeds are memories of those worser hours*;] *Memories*, i. e. memorials, remembrancers. Shakspeare uses the word in the same sense, *As you like it*, Act II. sc. iii:

“O, my sweet master! O you memory

“Of old sir Rowland!”— STEEVENS.

So, in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1618: “A printed *memorie* hanging up in a table at the entrance into the church door.” MALONE.

⁶ — *my made intent*:] An intent *made*, is an intent *formed*. So we say in common language, to *make a design*, and to *make a resolution*. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Of this child-changed father*!] That is, *changed by his children*; a father, whose jarring senses have been untuned by the monstrous ingratitude of his daughters. So, *care-craz'd*, crazed by care; *wave-worn*, worn by the waves; *won-wearied*, harassed by woe; &c.

MALONE.

⁸ *Ay, madam, &c.*] The folio gives these four lines to a *Gentleman*. One of the quartos (they were both printed in the same year, and for the same printer) gives the two first to the *Doctor*, and the two next

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance:

Cor. Very well^o.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the musick there¹.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips²; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
[To stand³ against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm⁴?] Mine enemy's dog⁵,

Though

to *Kent.* The other quarto appropriates the two first to the *Duchess*, and the two following ones to a *Gentleman*. I have given the two first, which best belong to an attendant, to the *Gentleman* in waiting, and the other two to the *Physician*, on account of the caution contained in them, which is more suitable to his profession. STEEVENS.

^o *Very well.*] This and the following line I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

¹ — *Louder the musick there.*] I have already observed in a note on *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* Vol. V. p. 263. that Shakspeare considered *soft musick* as favourable to sleep. Lear, we may suppose, had been thus composed to rest; and now the Physician desires *louder musick* to be played, for the purpose of waking him. So again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, Cerimon, to recover Thaisa, who had been thrown into the sea, says,

“The rough and woeful musick that we have,

“Cause it to sound, beseech you.”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“Musick, awake her; strike!” MALONE.

² — Restoration, hang

Thy medicine on my lips;] Restoration is no more than recovery personified. STEEVENS.

³ *To stand, &c.*] The lines within crotchets are omitted in the folio. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *to watch (poor perdu!)*

With this thin helm?] The allusion is to the forlorn-hope in an army

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all⁶.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-
light?—

army, which are put upon desperate adventures, and called in French
enfants perdus; she therefore calls her father, *poor perdu*. WARBUR.

The same allusion occurs in Sir W. Davenant's *Lowe and Honour*,

" — I have endur'd

" Another night would tire a *perdu*,

" More than a wet furrow and a great frost." STEEVENS.

Amongst other desperate services in which the forlorn hope, or *enfants perdus*, were engaged; the night-watches seem to have been a common one. So Beaumont and Fletcher, *Little French Lawyer*,
Act II. sc. ii:

" — I am set here like a *perdu*,

" To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress."

WHALLEY.

With this thin helm?] With this thin covering of hair.

MALONE.

³ — *Mine enemy's dog.*] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read,
Mine injurious dog. Possibly the poet wrote,—*Mine injurer's dog.*

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Had not concluded all.*—] *It is wonder that thy wits and life had
not all ended.* JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, c. viii:

" Ne spared they to strip her naked all."

Again, in *Timon*:

" And disposeth her all," STEEVENS.

I am

I am mightily abus'd¹.—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands;—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me :—
No, sir, you must not kneel².

Lear. Pray, do not mock me³ :
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward⁴; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind⁵.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful : for I am mainly ignorant,
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night : Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep
not :

¹ *I am mightily abus'd.*—] I am strangely imposed on by appearances; I am in a strange mist of uncertainty. JOHNSON.

² *No, sir, you must not kneel.*] This circumstance I find in the old play on the same subject, apparently written by another hand, and published before any edition of Shakspeare's tragedy had made its appearance. As it is always difficult to say whether these accidental resemblances proceed from imitation, or a similarity of thinking on the same occasion, I can only point out this to the reader, to whose determination I leave the question. STEEVENS.

The words, *No, sir*, are not in the folio. MALONE.

³ *Pray, do not mock me.*] So, in the *Winter's Tale*, A&V :

"—Let no man mock me,

"For I will kiss her." STEEVENS.

⁴ *Fourscore and upward;*—] Thus the quartos. The folio absurdly adds—*Not an hour more or less* : i. e. not an hour more or less than an indeterminate number, for such is—*fourscore and upward*. MALONE.

⁵ *I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.*] The quarto reads :

I fear, I am not perfect in my mind. JOHNSON.

So one of the quartos. The other reads according to the present text. STEEVENS.

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
 I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
 You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
 You see, is cur'd⁴ in him: [and yet it is danger⁵
 To make him even o'er the time he has lost⁶.]
 Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
 Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and Attendants.]

[*Gent.* Holds it true, sir⁷,

That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

4 —is cur'd—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—is kill'd.

STEVENS.

5 —and yet, &c.] This is not in the folio. JOHNSON.

6 To make him even o'er the time he has lost.] This uncommon verb occurs again in *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. iv.

"There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even

"All that good time will give us."

The meaning there seems to be, we will fully employ all the time we have. So here the Physician says, that it is dangerous to draw from Lear a full relation of all that he felt or suffered while his reason was disturbed; to make him employ as much time in the recital of what has befallen him as passed during his state of insanity. MALONE.

7 Holds it true, &c.] What is printed in crotchets is not in the folio. It is at least proper, if not necessary; and was omitted by the authour, I suppose, for no other reason than to shorten the representation. JOHNSON.

It is much more probable, that it was omitted by the players, after the authour's departure from the stage, without consulting him. His plays have been long exhibited with similar omissions, which render them often perfectly unintelligible. The loss however is little felt by the greater part of the audience, who are intent upon other matters.

MALONE.

Kent,

Kent. As it is said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about ; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, fir. [Exit.]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [Exit.]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and Others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold ;
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught
'To change the course : He's full of alteration²,
And self-reproving :—bring his constant pleasure³.

[to an Officer, who goes out.]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you :
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister ?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place⁴ ?

² — of alteration,] One of the quartos reads—of abdication.

STEEVENS.

³ — his constant pleasure.] His settled resolution. JOHNSON.

⁴ — fore-fended place ?] Fore-fended means prohibited, forbidden.

STEEVENS.

Edm. That thought abuses you².

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her³, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—

She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*Afide.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear⁴,—The king is come to his daughter,
With

² *That thought abuses you.*] That thought imposes on you; you are deceived. This speech and the next are found in both the quartos, but omitted in the folio. MALONE.

A material injury is done to the character of the Bastard by the omission, for he is made to deny that flatly at first, which the poet only meant to make him evade or return slight answers to, till he is urged so far as to be obliged to shelter himself under an immediate falsehood. Query, however, whether Shakspeare meant us to believe that Edmund had actually found his way to the fore-fenced place.

STEVENS

³ —bosom'd with her,—] *Bosom'd* is used in this sense by Heywood, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1631:

“ We'll crown our hopes and wishes with more pomp

“ And sumptuous cost, than Priam did his son

“ That night he bosom'd Helen.” STEVENS.

⁴ *Sir, this I hear, &c.*] The meaning is, The king, and others whom we have opposed are come to Cordelia. I could never be valiant but in a just quarrel. We must distinguish; it is just in one sense and unjust in another. As France invades our land I am concerned to repel him; but as he *bolds*, entertains, and supports the king, and others whom I fear many just and heavy causes make, or compel, as it were, to oppose us, I esteem it unjust to engage against them. This speech, thus interpreted according to the common reading, is likewise very necessary: for otherwise Albany, who is characterised as a man of honour and observer of justice, gives no reason for going to war with those, whom he owns had been much injured under the countenance of his power. WARBURTON.

The quartos read—*For this I hear, &c.* Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*'Fere this, I hear, the king, &c.* *Sir* is the reading of the folio.

With others, whom the rigour of our state
 Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not be honest⁵,
 I never yet was valiant⁶: for this business,
 It toucheth us as France invades our land,
 Not holds the king⁷; with others, whom, I fear,
 Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly⁸.]

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
 For these domestick and particular broils⁹
 Are not to question here¹.

Alb. Let us then determine
 With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Dr. Warburton has explained this passage, as if the copies read—Not *holds* the king, i. e. not *as he* holds the king; but both the quarto, in which alone the latter part of this speech is found, read—*holds*. However, I have preferred Dr. Warburton's interpretation, as *holds* may certainly have been a misprint for *holds*, in copies in which we find *mov't*, for *noble*, (Act V. sc. iii.) *O father*, for *O fault*, (ibid.) the *m'rt* of Hecate, for the *miseries* of Hecate, (Act I. sc. i.) *bloffoms* for *bliss*, Act V. sc. iii. a *mistresses coward*, for a *mistresses command*, Act IV. sc. ii. &c. &c. MALONE.

⁵ *Where I could not*, &c.] What is within the crotchets is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Where I could not be honest*,

I never yet was valiant:] This sentiment has already appeared in *Cymbeline*:

"Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,

"But now thou seem'st a coward." STEEVENS.

⁷ *Not holds the king*;—] The quartos read *holds*, and this may be the true reading. *This business* (says Albany) *touches us as France invades our land*, not as it *holds the king*, &c. i. e. emboldens him to assert his former title. Thus in the antient interlude of *Hycke Scorne*:

"Alas, that I had not one to *bold* me!" STEEVENS.

⁸ *Sir, you speak nobly*.] This reply must be understood ironically.

MALONE.

⁹ *For these domestick and particular broils*—] This is the reading of the folio. The quartos have it,

For these domestick doore particulars. STEEVENS.

Doore, or *dore*, as quarto B has it, was probably a misprint for *dear*, i. e. important. MALONE.

¹ *Are not to question here*.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,

Are not *the* question here. STEEVENS.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDMUND disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDM. REG. GON. Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter:
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases³. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces⁴

By

³ *Fdm.*] This speech is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

³ *And machination ceases.*] These words are not in the quartos. In the latter part of this line, for *love*, the reading of the original copies, the folio has *loves*. MAI ONE.

⁴ *Here is the guess, &c.*] The modern editors read, *Hard* is the guess. So the quartos. But had the discovery been diligent, the guess could not have proved so difficult. I have given the true reading from the folio. STEEVENS.

The original reading is, I think, sufficient clear. The most diligent inquiry does not enable me to form a conjecture concerning the true strength of the enemy. Whether we read *hard* or *here*, the adversative particle *but* in the subsequent line seems employed with little propriety.

By diligent discovery ;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time⁵.

[*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love ;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take ?
Both ? one ? or neither ? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive : To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril ;
And hardly shall I carry out my side⁶,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle ; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon : for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate⁷.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

piety. According to the present reading, it may mean, *but* you are now so pressed in point of time, that you have little leisure for such speculations. The quartos read—their *great* strength. MALONE.

⁵ *We will greet the time.*] We will be ready to meet the occasion.

JOHNSON.

⁶ — *carry out my side,*] Bring my purpose to a successful issue, to completion. *Side* seems here to have the sense of the French word *partie*, in *prendre partie*, to take his resolution. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Honest Man's Fortune*, by B. and Fletcher :

“ — and carry out

“ A world of evils with thy title.” STEEVENS.

Edmund, I think, means, hardly shall I be able to make my party good ; to maintain my cause. We should now say—to bear out, which Coles in his Dict. 1679, interprets, to make good, to save harmless. MALONE.

He means, I shall scarcely be able to make out my game. The allusion is to a party at cards, and he is afraid that he shall not be able to make his side successful. So, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*, where Cozimo says to Petronella, who had challenged him to drink a second bowl of wine,

“ — Pray you, pause a little ;

“ If I hold your cards, I shall pull down the side ;

“ I am not good at the game.” MASON.

⁷ — *for my state*

Stands on me, &c.] I do not think that *for* stands in this place as

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their forces; and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR, and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [Exit EDGAR.]

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all⁹: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too⁹. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The British Camp near Dover.

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR, and CORDELIA, as prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known

a word of inference or causality. The meaning is rather: *Such is my determination concerning Lear; as for my fate it requires now, not deliveration, but defence and support.* JOHNSON.

Ripeness is all; i. e. To be ready, prepared, is all. The same sentiment occurs in *Hamlet*, scene the last: "—if it be not now, yet it will come: *the readiness is all.*" STEEVENS.

⁹ *And that's true too.* Omitted in the quarto. STEEVENS.

That

That are to censure them¹.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst².
For thee, oppress'd king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies³: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects⁴ of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense⁵. Have I caught
thee⁶?

¹ — to censure them.] To pass judgment on them. See Vol. IV. p. 149, n. 8. MALONE.

² Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.] i. e. the worst that fortune can inflict. MALONE.

³ And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies:] As if we were angels commissioned to survey and report the lives of men, and were consequently endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct. JOHNSON.

⁴ — packs and sects.] *Packs* is used for combinations or collection, as is a *pack of cards*. For *sects*, I think *sets* might be more commodiously read. So we say, *affairs are now managed by a new set*. *Set*, however, may well stand. JOHNSON.

⁵ Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense.] The thought is extremely noble, and expressed in a sublime of imagery that Seneca tell short of on the like occasion. "Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat intentus operi suo deus: ecce par deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus." WARBURTON.

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
 And fire us hence, like foxes⁷. Wipe thine eyes;
 The goujeers⁸ shall devour them, flesh and fell⁹,
 Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.
 Come. [*Exeunt LEAR, and CORDELIA, guarded.*
Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

⁶ *Have I caught thee?* *Have I caught my heavenly jewel*, is a line of one of Sir Philip Sidney's songs, which Shakspeare has put into Falstaff's mouth in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. MALONE.

⁷ *And fire us hence, like foxes.* I have been informed that it is usual to *smoke foxes* out of their holes. So, in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*, book xxvii. Stan. 17:

“ Ev'n as a *fixe* whom *smoke* and *fire* doth fright,

“ So as he dare not in the ground remaine,

“ Bolts out, and through the *smoke* and *fire* he flieth

“ Into the tarrier's mouth, and there he dieth.” STEEVENS.

So, in Marlowe's *K. Edward II.* 1598:

“ Advanc' your standard, Edward, in the field,

“ And march to *fire* them from their starting *holes*.”

Mr. Upton, however, is of opinion that “ the allusion is to the scriptural account of Sampson's tying foxes, two and two together by the tail, and fastening a *fire-brand* to the cord; then letting them loose among the standing corn of the Philistines. Judges, xv. 4.”

The words—*shall bring a brand from heaven*, seem to favour Mr. Upton's conjecture. If it be right, the construction must be, they shall bring a brand from heaven, and, *like foxes, fire us hence*: referring *foxes*, not to Lear and Cordelia, but to those who should separate them. MALONE.

⁸ *The goujeers shall devour them.*—] The *goujeers*, i. e. *Morbus Gallicus*. *Gouge*, Fr. signifies one of the common women attending a camp; and as that disease was first dispersed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the first name it obtained among us was the *gougeress*, i. e. the disease of the *gouges*.

HANMER.

The resolute John Florio has sadly mistaken these *goujeers*. He writes “ With a *good yeare* to thee!” and gives it in Italian, “ *Il mal anno che dio ti dia.*” FARMER.

The old copies have *good yeares*, the common corruption in Shakspeare's time of the other word. Sir T. Hanmer made the correction.

MALONE.

⁹ —*flesh and fell*,] *Flesh and skin*. JOHNSON.

In the *Dyar's Play*, among the *Chester Collection of Mysteries*, in the Museum, *Anticribr* says:

“ I made thee man of *flesh* and *fall*.” STEEVENS.

Take

Take thou this note⁹; [*giving a paper.*] go, follow them
to prison:

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment
Will not bear question²; either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast
done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have let it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart², nor eat dry'd oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Off.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Offi-
cers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you³; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety

⁹ *Take thou this note;*] This was a warrant, signed by the Bastard and Goneril, for the execution of Lear and Cordelia. In a subsequent scene Edmund says—

“ ——— quickly send,—

“ Be brief in't,—to the castle: for my writ

“ Is on the life of Lear, and of Cordelia:—

“ He hath commission from thy wife and me

“ To hang Cordelia in the prison.” MALONE.

² ——— *Thy great employment*

Will not bear question;] The important business which is now entrusted to your management, does not admit of *debate*: you must instantly resolve to do it, or not. *Question*, here, as in many other places in these plays, signifies *discourse*, *conversation*. See Vol. IX. p. 223, n. 9. MALONE.

² *I cannot draw, &c.*] These two lines I have restored from the old quarto. STEEVENS.

³ *We do require them of you;*] So the folio. The quartos read:

We do require *then* of you so to use them, &c. MALONE.

May

May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard⁴;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes⁵
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at a further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. [At this time⁶,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place⁷.]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission⁸ of my place and person;
The which immediacy⁹ may well stand up,

And

⁴ — and appointed guard; } These words are omitted in the quarto of which the first signature is B, and in the folio. MALONE.

⁵ And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes—] i. e. Turn the lances—men which are press'd into our service, against us. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. vii:

“ ———— people

“ Ingross by swift impress.” STEEVENS.

⁶ At this time, &c.] This passage, well worthy of restoration, is omitted in the folio. JOHNSON.

⁷ Requires a fitter place.] i. e. The determination of the question what shall be done with Cordelia and her father, should be reserved for greater privacy. STEEVENS.

⁸ Bore the commission—] Commission, for authority. WARB.

⁹ The which immediacy—] Immediacy is supremacy, in opposition to subordination, which has quiddam medium between itself and power.

JOHNSON.
Immediacy

And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:

In his own grace¹ he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement².

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you³;

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint⁴.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine⁵:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will⁶.

Edm. Not in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Immediacy is, I think, close and immediate connexion with me, and direct authority from me, without, to use Dr. Johnson's words, *quiddam medium*. So, in *Hamlet*:

“—let the world take note,

“You are the most immediate to our throne.” MALONE.

¹ *In his own grace*—] *Grace* here means *accomplishments*, or *be-nours*. STEEVENS.

² —in your advancement.] So the quartos. Folio—your addition. MALONE.

³ *Gon.* *That were the most, if he should husband you.*] If he were married to you, you could not say more than this, nor could he enjoy greater power.—Thus the quartos. In the folio this line is given to *Albany*. MALONE.

⁴ *The eye that told you so, look'd but a-squint.*] Alluding to the proverb: “Love being jealous makes a good eye look *asquint*.” See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

⁵ —the walls are thine:] A metaphorical phrase taken from the camp, and signifying, *to surrender at discretion*. WARBURTON.

⁶ *The let-alone lies not in your good will.*] Whether he shall not or shall, depends not on your choice. JOHNSON.

To obstruct their union lies not in your good pleasure: your *veto* will avail nothing. MALONE.

Reg.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine ⁷.

[to EDMUND.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest ⁸,
This gilded serpent: [*pointing to Gon.*—for your claim,
fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude ⁹!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet
sound ¹:—

If none appear to prove upon thy person ²
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*throwing down a glove.*] I'll prove
it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison ³. [*Aside.*

Edm. There's my exchange: [*throwing down a glove.*]
what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

⁷ Reg. *Let the drum strike, &c.*] So the folio. This line is given to the *Basford* in the quartos, and they read,

Let the drum strike, and prove my title good.

Regan, it appears from this speech, did not know that Albany had discharged her forces. MALONE.

⁸ — *thy arrest,*] The quartos read—*shine attain.* STEVENS.

⁹ *An interlude!*] This short exclamation of Goneril is added in the folio edition, I suppose, only to break the speech of Albany, that the exhibition on the stage might be more distinct and intelligible.

JOHNSON.

¹ *Let the trumpet sound!*] These words are not in the quartos.

MALONE;

² — *thy person.*—] The quartos read—*thy head.* STEVENS.

³ — *poison*] The folio reads *medicine.* STEVENS.

On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald⁴!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet⁵.

[*A trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

*If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the
army⁶, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of
Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at
the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.*

Edm. Sound⁷.

[*1. trumpet.*

Her. Again.

[*2. trumpet.*

Her. Again.

[*3. trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:

⁴ *A herald, &c.*] This speech I have restored from the quartos.

STEEVENS:

⁵ *Sound, trumpet.*] I have added this from the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁶ —*within the lists of the army,*] The quartos read—*within the
host* of the army. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Edm. Sound.*] Omitted in the folio. MALONE.

Yet am I noble⁸, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of
Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine⁹.

Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession¹: I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,

⁸ *Yet am I noble, &c.*] One of the quartos reads:

—yet are I mou't,

Where is the adversary I come to cope withal?

—are I mou't, is, I suppose, a corruption of—*ere I move it.* STIFF.

The other quarto also reads—*Where is the adversary, &c.* omitting the words—*Yet am I noble*, which are only found in the folio. The word *withal* is wanting in that copy. MALONE.

⁹ *Here is mine, &c.*] Here I draw my sword. Behold, it is the privilege or right of my profession to draw it against a traitor. I protest therefore, &c.

It is not the *charge itself* (as Dr. Warburton has erroneously stated,) but the *right of bringing* the charge and maintaining it with his sword, which Edgar calls the privilege of his profession. MALONE.

¹ *Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,*

My oath, and my profession:—] The charge he is here going to bring against the Bastard, he calls *the privilege, &c.* To understand which phraseology, we must consider that the old rites of knighthood are here alluded to; whose oath and profession required him to discover all treasons, and whose privilege it was to have his challenge accepted, or otherwise to have his charge taken *pro confesso*. For if one who was no knight accused another who was, that other was under no obligation to accept the challenge. On this account it was necessary, as Edgar came disguised, to tell the Bastard he was a knight.

WARBURTON.

The *privilege* of this *oath* means the privilege gained by taking the oath administered in the regular initiation of a knight professed.

JOHNSON.

The folio reads:

Behold, it is *my privilege*,

The privilege of mine *honours*,

My oath and my profession.

The quartos exhibit the passage as it stands in the text, except that for *mine honours*, they read *my tongue*. MALONE.

Despight

Despight thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
 Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
 False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
 Conspirant 'gainst² this high illustrious prince;
 And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
 To the descent and dust beneath thy feet³,
 A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, No,
 This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
 To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
 Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name⁴;
 But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
 And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes⁵,
 What safe and nicely I might well delay⁶
 By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
 Back do I tofs these treasons to thy head;
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
 Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)

² *Conspirant 'gainst* —] The quartos read—Conspicuate 'gainst—
 STEEVENS.

³ —beneath thy feet,] So the quartos. Folio: below thy foot.
 MALONE.

⁴ *In wisdom, I should ask thy name*;] Because, if his adversary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat. Hence the herald proclaimed—"If any man of quality, or degree," &c. So Goneril afterwards says,

"By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer

"An unknown opposite." MALONE.

⁵ *And that thy tongue some say of breathing breathes*,] *Say* is sample, a taste. So, in *Sidney*:

"So good a say invites the eye

"A little downward to espy —."

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 847: "He (C. Wolfey) made dukes and earles to serve him of wine, with a say taken," &c. To take the *affaire* was the technical term. STEEVENS.

⁶ *What safe and nicely, &c.*] The phraseology is here very licentious. I suppose the meaning is, That delay which by the laws of knighthood I might make, I scorn to make. *Nicely* is, punctiliously; if I stood on minute forms. This line is not in the quartos; and furnishes one more proof of what readers are so slow to admit, that a whole line is sometimes omitted at the press. The subsequent line without this is nonsense. See Vol. VI. p. 507, n. 3, and Vol. II. p. 4, n. 4. MALONE.

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever?—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*]

Alb. Save him, save him!¹

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster:
By the law of arms², thou wast not bound to answer³
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—
'Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[*gives the letter to Edmund.*]

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous⁴!

Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [*Exit GONRILO.*]

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

[*to an Officer, who goes out.*]

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;

¹ Where they shall rest for ever.—] To that place, where they shall rest for ever, i. e. thy heart. MALONE.

² Save him, save him! Theobald transferred these words to *Goneril*, thinking it improbable that Albany, who knew of Edmund's treason, and his wife's attachment to him, should be solicitous to save his life. The words, *Hold, sir*, in Albany's next speech, shew that the old copies are right. MALONE.

Albany desires that Edmund's life may be spared at present, only to obtain his confession, and to convict him openly by his own letter.

JOHNSON.

³ By the law of arms,] So the quartos. Folio—of war. MALONE.

⁴ —thou wast not bound to answer—] One of the quartos reads:

—thou art not bound to offer, &c. STEEVENS.

² Most monstrous!] So the quarto of which the first signature is B. and the folio. The other quarto reads:—*Monster*, know'st thou this paper? The folio—*Most monstrous*, O know'st, &c. MALONE.

“Knowest thou these letters?” says Lear to Ragan, in the old anonymous play, when he shews her both her own and her sister's letters, which were written to procure his death. Upon which she snatches the letters and tears them. STEEVENS.

And

And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let us exchange charity³.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us⁴:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle⁵; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince, I know it.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape⁶,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die⁷,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift

Into

³ *Let us exchange charity.*] Our author by negligence gives his heathens the sentiments and practices of christianity. In *Hamlet* there is the same solemn act of final reconciliation, but with exact propriety, for the personages are Christians:

“Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet,” &c. JOHNSON.

⁴ —to scourge us:] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—to plague us. STEEVENS.

⁵ —full circle;—] Quarto, full circled. JOHNSON.

⁶ The bloody proclamation to escape,
—taught me to shift—] *A wish* to escape the bloody proclamation, taught me, &c. MALONE.

⁷ That with the pain of death, &c.] Thus both the quartos. The folio reads unintelligibly, That *we* the pain, &c. The original copies have *would*; but this was, I apprehend, a misprint in those copies for
X * 2
would;

Into a mad-man's rags ; to assume a semblance
 That very dogs disdain'd : and in this habit
 Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
 Their precious stones new lost² ; became his guide,
 Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;
 Never (O fault !) reveal'd myself unto him,
 Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
 Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
 Told him my pilgrimage : But his flaw'd heart,
 (Alack, too weak the conflict to support !)
 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
 Burst smilingly.

Edm. 'This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
 And shall, perchance, do good : but speak you on ;
 You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in ;
 For I am almost ready to dissolve,
 Hearing of this.

[*Edg.* 'This would have seem'd a period
 To such as love not sorrow ; but another,
 To amplify too-much, would make much more,
 And top extremity³.

Whilst

would, i. e. *not would*, or, as we should now write it, *w'd*. In the
Tempest we have *sh'ould* for *she would*. See Vol. I. p. 37, n. 9.

MALONE.

² — his bleeding rings,
 Their precious stones new lost ;] So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*,
 1609 :

“ Her eye lids, cases to those heavenly jewels

“ Which Pericles hath lost—.” MALONE.

[*F* 1^r.] The lines between crotchets are not in the folio.] JOHNSON.

³ 'This would have seem'd a period

to such as love not sorrow ; but another,

To amplify too much, would make much more,

And top extremity.] See in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Do use extremes beyond extremity.”

To-much is here used as a substantive. A *period* is an end or conclusion. So, in *King Richard III* :

“ O, let me make the *period* to my curse.”

This reflection perhaps refers, as Dr. Warburton has observed to the bastard, desiring to hear more, and to Albany's thinking that enough had been said. This, says Edgar, would have seem'd the utmost

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
 Who having seen me in my worst estate,
 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
 Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
 He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
 As he'd burst heaven; threw me on my father':
 'Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
 'That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
 His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
 Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded*,
 And there I left him tranc'd.

most completion of woe, to such as do not delight in sorrow; but *another*, of a different disposition, to amplify misery, would "*give more strength to that which hath too much.*"

Edgar's words, however, may have no reference to what Edmund has said; and he may only allude to the relation he is about to give of Kent's adding a new sorrow to what Edgar already suffered, by recounting the miseries which the old king and his faithful follower had endured.

Mr. Stevens points thus:

———— but another;—

To amplify too-much, would make much more,

And top extremity:—

and by the words, *but another*, understands, But I must add another period, another kind of conclusion, to my story, such as will increase the horrors of what has been already told. But if such a punctuation be adopted, what shall we do with the word *would*, which is thus left without a nominative case? A preceding editor, who introduced the above punctuation, to obtain some sense, reads and points:

———— but another:—

(To amplify too-much, to make much more,

And top extremity,)

Whilst I was big, &c.

and indeed without that alteration, the words thus pointed afford, in my apprehension, no sense. MALONE.

¹ —*threw me on my father*;] Thus both the quartos, where alone this speech is found. Mr. Theobald, and the subsequent editors, read —*threw him on my father*. This is a new and distinct idea; but I do not think myself warranted to adopt it; the text being intelligible, and it being very improbable that the word *me* should have been printed instead of *him*.—Kent in his transport of joy, at meeting Edgar, embraced him with such violence, as to throw him on the dead body of Gloucester. MALONE.

² —*the trumpet sounded*,] The quartos, where alone this speech is found, read *trumpets*; but it was certainly a misprint, for one trumpet only had sounded. Dr. Johnson made the correction. MALONE.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service Improper for a slave.]

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!— This judgment⁶ of the heavens, that makes us tremble, Touches us not with pity. [Exit Gent.]

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir⁷,

Alb. O! 'tis he⁸.

³ — *from the heart of*—] Thus the quartos. The folio after these words, adds, *O she's dead!* MALONE.

⁴ *Who, man? speak.*] The folio reads—*Who dead? speak, man.* STEEVENS.

⁵ *Now marry in an instant.*] In the folio, after these words, we have—

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

and the words—*O, is this he*, are spoken by Albany, immediately after *touches us not with pity.* I have followed the quartos. MALONE.

⁶ *This judgment, &c.*] If Shakspeare had studied Aristotle all his life, he would not perhaps have been able to mark with more precision the distinct operations of terror and pity. TYRWHITT.

This is the reading of the folio. The quartos have—*This justice, &c.* MALONE.

⁷ *Here comes Kent, sir.*] The manner in which Edgar here mentions Kent, seems to require the lines which are inserted from the first edition in the foregoing scene. JOHNSON.

⁸ *O! 'tis he.*] Thus the quartos. Folio: *O, is this he?* MALONE. The

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—

Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cor-
delia?—

See'st thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:

The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain^a.

Alb. Haste thee for thy life^b. [*Exit EDGAR.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair^c.

^a Give it the captain.] The quartos read:

—Take my sword, the captain,

Give it the captain.— STEEVENS.

^b Alb. Haste thee for thy life.] Thus the quartos. In the folio this speech is improperly assigned to *Edgar*, who had the moment before received the token of reprieve, which Edmund enjoined him to give the officer, in whose custody Lear was. MALONE.

^c —upon her own despair.] Here the folio and quarto B unnecessarily add—*That she fordid herself*, i. e. destroyed herself. I have followed the quarto A. MALONE.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.

[*Edmund is borne off.*]

Enter LEAR, with CORDELLIA dead in his arms²; EDGAR, Officer, and Others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
'That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end?

Edg. Or image of that horror³?

Alb.

² — *Cordelia dead in his arms.*] This princess, according to the old historians, retired with victory from the battle which she conducted in her father's cause, and thereby replaced him on the throne: but in a subsequent one fought against her (after the death of the old king) by the sons of Goneril and Regan, she was taken, and died miserably in prison. The poet found this in history, and was therefore willing to precipitate her death, which he knew had happened but a few years after. The dramatick writers of this age suffered as small a number of their heroes and heroines to escape as possible; nor could the filial piety of this lady, any more than the innocence of Ophelia, prevail on Shakspeare to extend her life beyond her misfortunes. STEEVENS.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, the original relater of this story, says, that Cordelia was thrown by her nephews into prison, "where, for grief at the loss of her kingdom, she killed herself." MALONE.

³ *Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror³?] It appears to me that by the *promis'd end* Kent does not mean that conclusion which the state of their affairs seemed to promise, but the end of the world. In St. Mark's Gospel, when Christ foretels to his disciples the end of the world, and is describing to them the signs that were to precede, and mark the approach of, our final dissolution, he says, "For in those days shall be affliction such as was not from the beginning of the creation which God created, unto this time, neither shall be:" and afterwards he says, "Now the brother shall betray the brother to death, and the father the son; and children shall rise up against their parents, and shall cause

Alb. Fall, and cease⁴!

Lear.

cause them to be put to death." Kent in contemplating the unexampled scene of exquisite affliction which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan against their father's life recollects these passages, and asks, whether that was the end of the world that had been foretold to us. To which Edgar adds, or only a representation and resemblance of that horror?

So Macbeth, when he calls upon Banquo, Malcolm, &c. to view Duncan murdered, says,

—— up, up, and see

The great d m's image!

There is evidently an allusion to the same passages in scripture, in a speech of Gloster's, which he makes in the second scene of the first act:

"These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us;— love cools; friendship falls off; brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; *there's son against father; the king falls off from the bias of nature, there's father against child: We have seen the best of our time.*"

Many critics should urge it as an objection to this explanation, that the persons of the drama are pagans, and of consequence unacquainted with the scriptures, they give Shakspere credit for more accuracy than I fear he possessed. MASON.

I entirely agree with Mr. Mason in his happy explanation of this passage. In a speech which our poet has put into the mouth of young Clifford in *The Second Part of King Henry VI* a similar imagery is found. On seeing the dead body of his father, who was slain in battle by the duke of York, he exclaims,

— O, let the vile world end,

And the premised flames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together!

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty founds

"To cease!"

There is no trace of these lines in the old play on which *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* was formed.

Image is again used for delineation or representation, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. "No counterfeit, but the true and perfect *image* of life indeed."

Again, in *Hamlet*: "The play is the *image* of a murder done in Vienna." MALONE.

⁴ *Fall, and cease!*] Albany is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, *Rather fall, and cease to be, at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched.*

So

Lear. This feather stirs⁵; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master!

[*kneeling*;

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all⁶!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip⁷: I am old now,

And

So, in *All's Well*, &c. to *cease* is used for to *die*: and in *Hamlet*, the death of majesty is called "the *cease* of majesty."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, *cease*!"

"Both suffer under this complaint you bring,

"And both shall *cease*, without your remedy." STEEVENS.

The word is used nearly in the same sense in a former scene of this play:

"Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,

"Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,

"That things might change or *cease*."

I doubt, however, whether Albany's speech is addressed to *Lear*.

MALONE.

⁵ *This feather stirs*;—] So, in *Vittoria Corombana*, 1622: "Fetch a looking-glass, see if his breath will not stain it; or pull some *feathers* from my pillow, and lay them to his lips." STEEVENS.

There is the same thought in *King Henry IV. P. II. Act IV. sc. iv.*

"—by his gates of breath

"There lies a *downy feather*, which stirs not." WHALLEY.

⁶ —murderers, traitors all!] Thus the folio. The quartos read—murderous traitors all. MALONE.

⁷ *I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion*

I would have made them skip:] It is difficult for an author who never peruses his first works, to avoid repeating some of the same thoughts in his later productions. What *Lear* has just said, had been anticipated by Justice Shallow in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "I have

And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Minc eyes are none o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold⁸.

Lear. This is a dull fight⁹: Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same; your servant Kent:
Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten;

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight,

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay¹,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else²; all's cheerless, dark, and
deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves³,
And desperately are dead.

have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four
tall fellows skip like rats." It is again repeated in *Othello*:

"—— I have seen the day

" That with this little arm and this good sword

" I have made my way," &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ *If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,*

One of them we behold.] I suppose by the two whom fortune once
loved, and then hated, Kent means, Lear and himself; and that each
of them, looking on the other, saw a rare instance of her caprice. He
may, however, be only thinking of Lear, the object of her hate.

This is the reading of the folio. The quartos read—lov'd or hated;
and they may be right, if the interpretation last given be the true one.

MALONE.

⁹ *This is a dull fight.*] This passage is wanting in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

¹ —of difference and decay.] Decay for misfortunes. WARBURTON.

The quartos read:

That from your life of difference and decay. STEEVENS.

² *Nor no man else;*] Kent means, I welcome! No, nor no man
else. MALONE.

³ —fore-doom'd themselves.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—
fordone.

Have fore-doom'd themselves is—have anticipated their own doom.
To fardo is to destroy. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 536, n. 3, and Vol. IX. p. 244, n. 6. MALONE.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says⁴; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come⁵,
Shall be apply'd: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;

[*to Edgar and Kent.*

With boot⁶, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd⁷! No, no, no life:
Why

⁴ — *he* says;] The quattos read—he *sees*, which may be right.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *What comfort to this great decay may come,*] This *great decay* is
Lear, whom Shakspeare poetically calls so, and means the same as if
he had said, *this piece of decay'd royalty, this ruin'd majesty.* STEEV.

A preceding passage in which Gloucester laments Lear's frenzy, fully
supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

“O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world

“Shall so wear out to nought.”

Again, in *Julius Caesar*:

“Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,” &c. MALONE.

⁶ *With boot,*—] With advantage, with increase. JOHNSON.

⁷ *And my poor fool is hang'd!*] This is an expression of tenderness
for his dead Cordelia, (not his fool, as some have thought,) on whose
lips he is still intent, and dies away while he is searching for life
there.

Poor fool, in the age of Shakspeare, was an expression of endear-
ment. So, in his *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“—poor venomous fool,”

“Be angry and dispatch.—”

Again, in *King Henry VI. P. III.*:

“So many weeks ere the poor fools will year.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“And, pretty fool, is flinted and said—ay.”

I may

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
 And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,
 Never,

I may add, that *the Fool* of Lear was long ago forgotten. Having filled the space allotted him in the arrangement of the play, he appears to have been silently withdrawn in the sixth scene of the third act.—That the thoughts of a father, in the bitterest of all moments, while his favourite child lay dead in his arms, should recur to the antick who had formerly diverted him, has somewhat in it that I cannot reconcile to the idea of genuine sorrow and despair.

Besides this, Cordelia was recently hanged; but we know not that the *Fool* had suffered in the same manner, nor can imagine why he should. The party adverse to Lear was little interested in the fate of his jester. The only use of him was to contrast and alleviate the sorrows of his master; and, that purpose being fully answered, the poet's solicitude about him was at an end.

The term—*poor fool* might indeed have misbecome the mouth of a vassal commiserating the untimely end of a princess, but has no impropriety when used by a weak, old, distracted king; in whose mind the distinctions of nature only survive, while he is uttering his last frantic exclamations over a murdered daughter.

Should the foregoing remark, however, be thought erroneous, the reader will forgive it, as it serves to introduce some contradictory observations from a critick, in whose taste and judgment too much confidence cannot easily be placed. STEVENS.

I confess, I am one of those who *have thought* that Lear means his *Fool*, and not *Cordelia*. If he means *Cordelia*, then what I have always considered as a beauty, is of the same kind as the accidental stroke of the pencil that produced the foam.—Lear's affectionate remembrance of the *Fool* in this place, I used to think, was one of those strokes of genius, or of nature, which are so often found in Shakspeare, and in him only.

Lear appears to have a particular affection for this *Fool*, whose fidelity in attending him, and endeavouring to divert him in his distress, seems to deserve all his kindness.

Poor fool and knave, says he, in the midst of the thunder-storm, *I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee.*

It does not therefore appear to me, to be allowing too much consequence to the *Fool*, in making Lear bestow a thought on him, even when in still greater distress. Lear is represented as a good-natured, passionate, and rather weak old man; it is the old age of a cocker'd spoiled boy. There is no impropriety in giving to such a character those tender domestic affections, which would ill become a more heroic character, such as Othello, Macbeth, or Richard III.

The words—*No, no, no life*; I suppose to be spoken, not tenderly, but with passion: Let nothing now live;—let there be universal destruction;—

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray,

tion;—*Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, and thou no breath at all?*

It may be observed, that as there was a necessity, the necessity of propriety at least, that this *Fool*, the favourite of the author, of Lear, and consequently of the audience, should not be lost or forgot, it ought to be known what became of him.—However, it must be acknowledged, that we cannot infer much from thence; Shakspeare is not always attentive to finish the figures of his groups.

I have only to add, that if an actor, by adopting the interpretation mentioned above, should apply the words *poor fool* to Cordelia, the audience would, I should imagine, think it a strange mode of expressing the grief and affection of a father for his dead daughter, and that daughter a queen.—The words, *poor fool*, are undoubtedly expressive of endearment; and Shakspeare himself, in another place, speaking of a dying animal, calls it *poor dappled fool*: but it never is, nor never can be, used with any degree of propriety, but to commiserate some very inferior object, which may be loved, without much esteem or respect.

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

It is not without some reluctance that I express my dissent from the friend whose name is subscribed to the preceding note; whose observations on all subjects of criticism and taste are so ingenious and just, that posterity may be at a loss to determine, whether his consummate skill and execution in his own art, or his judgment on that and other kindred arts, were superior. But *magis amica veritas* should be the motto of every editor of Shakspeare; in conformity to which I must add, that I have not the smallest doubt that Mr. Steevens's interpretation of these words is the true one. The passage indeed before us appears to me so clear, and so inapplicable to any person but Cordelia, that I fear the reader may think any further comment on it altogether superfluous.

It is observable that Lear from the time of his entrance in this scene to his uttering these words, and from thence to his death, is wholly occupied by the loss of his daughter. He is diverted indeed from it for a moment by the intrusion of Kent, who forces himself on his notice; but he instantly returns to his beloved Cordelia, over whose dead body he continues to hang. He is now himself in the agony of death; and surely at such a time, when his heart is just breaking, it would be highly unnatural that he should think of his fool. But the great and decisive objection to such a supposition is that which Mr. Steevens has mentioned; that Lear has just seen his daughter *banged*, having unfortunately been admitted too late to preserve her life, though time enough to punish the perpetrator of the act: but we have no authority whatsoever for supposing his Fool hanged also.

Whether the expression—*poor fool*—can be applied with propriety only to inferior objects, for whom we have not much respect or esteem,

Pray you, undo this button^s: Thank you, fir.—

Do

is not, I conceive, the question. Shakspeare does not always use his terms with strict propriety, but he is always the best commentator on himself, and he certainly *has* applied this term in another place to the young, the beautiful, and innocent, Adonis, the object of somewhat more than the esteem of a goddess:

“ For pity now she can no more detain him;

“ The poor fool prays her that he may depart.”

Again, though less appositely, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee !”

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“ Lady, you have a merry heart.

“ Beat. Yes, my lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ — Do not weep, good fools,

“ There is no cause.”

In *Romeo and Juliet* a similar term of endearment is employed. Mercutio, speaking of Romeo, whom certainly he both esteemed and loved, says

“ The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.”

Nor was the phraseology which has occasioned this long note, peculiar to Shakspeare. It was long before his time incorporated in our language; as appears from the following passage in the old poem entitled *The History of Romans and Juliet*, 1562:

“ Yea, he forgets himselfe, ne is the wretch so bolde

“ To ask her name that without force doth him in bondage hold;

“ Ne how to unloose his bondes doth the poore foole devise,

“ But only seeketh by her sight to feed his houngrny eyes.”

In old English a *fool* and an *innocent* were synonymous terms. Hence probably the peculiar use of the expression—*poor fool*. In the passage before us, Lear, I conceive, means by it, *dear, tender, helpless innocence!* MALONE.

^s *Pray you, undo this button:*] The Rev. Dr. J. Warton judiciously observes, that the swelling and heaving of the heart is described by this most expressive circumstance. So, in the *Honest Lawyer*, 1616:

“ — oh my heart !—

“ It beats so it has broke my buttons.”

Again, in *King Richard III*:

“ — Ah, cut my lace asunder,

“ That my pent heart may have some scope to beat;

“ Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news !”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,

“ Break too !”

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips^o,—
Look there, look there!— [He dies.

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart¹; I pry'thee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass²! he hates
him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world³
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain
[to Kent, and Edgar.

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and I must not say, no⁴.

Alb.

and, as Mr. Malone adds, from N. Field's *A Woman's a Watercock*,
1612:

“ — swell heart! buttons fly open!

“ Thanks gentle doubler,—else my heart had broken.” STEEV.

^o *Do you see this?* &c.] This line, and the following hemistich,
are not in the quartos. After *than* you, sir, they have only the in-
terjection O, five times repeated. MALONE.

¹ *Break, heart;* &c.] This line is in the quartos given to the dy-
ing Lear. MALONE.

² *O, let him pass!*] See p. 639, n. 5. MALONE.

³ — *this tough world*—] Thus all the old copies. Mr. Pope changed
it to *rough*, but, perhaps, without necessity. This *tough* world is this
obdurate rigid world. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *I must not say, no.*] The modern editors have supposed that
Kent expires after he has repeated these two last lines, but the speech
rather appears to be meant for a despairing than a dying man; and as
the old editions give no marginal direction for his death, I have for-
born to insert any.

I take this opportunity of retracting a declaration which I had for-
merly made on the faith of another person, viz. that the quartos, 1608,
were exactly alike. I have since discovered that they vary one from
another in many instances. STEEVENS.

Kent on his entrance in this scene says,

I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night;—

but

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey⁵;
 Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
 The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
 Shall never see so much, nor live so long⁶.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]

but this, like the speech before us, only marks the despondency of the speaker. The word *shortly* [i. e. some time hence, at no very distant period,] decisively proves, that the poet did not mean to make him die on the scene. He merely says, that he shall not *live long*, and therefore cannot undertake the office assigned to him.

The marginal direction, *he dies*, was first introduced by the ignorant editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁵ *The weight of this sad time, &c.*] This speech from the authority of the old quarto is rightly placed to Albany: in the edition by the players, it is given to Edgar, by whom, I doubt not, it was of custom spoken. And the case was this: he who played Edgar, being a more favourite actor than he who performed Albany, in spite of decorum it was thought proper he should have the last word. THEOBALD.

⁶ The tragedy of Lear is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakspeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking opposition of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascar. Shakspeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. Warton, who has in the *Adventurer* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys

the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloucester's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatick exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our authour well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villainy is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced; Shakspeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that, in his opinion, *the tragedy has lost half its beauty*. Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Cato*, *the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism*, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the publick has decided*. Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the criticks concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters.

* Dr. Johnson should rather have said that the managers of the theatres-royal have decided, and the publick has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision. The altered play has the upper gallery on its side; the original drama was patronised by Addison:

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catani. STEEVENS.

Mr. Murphy; a very judicious critick, has evinced by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes with great justness, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

The story of this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffrey of Monmouth, whom Holinshed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakspeare's nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

The episode of Gloster and his sons is borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, in which we find the following chapter, which is said to be entitled, in the first edition of 1599, "The pitifull state and storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde king, and his kind sonne; first related by the sonne, then by the blind father."

In the second edition printed in folio in 1593, there is no division of chapters. There the story of the king of Paphlagonia commences in p. 69, b, and is related in the following words:

"It was in the kingdome of *Galacia*, the season being (as in the depth of winter) very cold, and as then sodainely growne to so extreame and foule a storme, that never any winter (I thinke) brought forth a fowler child; so that the princes were euen compelled by the haile, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to seeke some throwning place, which a certaine hollow rocke offering vnto them, they made it their shield against the tempests furie. And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed, they heard the speach of a couple, who, not perceiuing them, (being hidde within that rude canopy) helde a straunge and pitifull disputation, which made them steppe out; yet in such sort, as they might see ynseene. There they perceaued an aged man, and a young, scarcely come to the age of a man, both poorly arrayed, extremely weather-beaten; the olde man blinde, the young man leading him: and yet through all those miseries, in both there there seemed to appeare a kinde of noblenesse, not sutable to that affliction. But the first words they heard, were these of the old man. Well, *Leonatus*, (said he) since I cannot perswade thee to leade mee to that which should end my griefe, and thy trouble, let me now entreat thee to leaue me: feare not, my miserie cannot be greater then it is, and nothing doth become me but miserie; feare not the danger of my blind steps; I cannot fall worse then I am. And doo not, I pray thee,

doo not obſtinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednes. But ſie, ſie from this region, onely worthy of me. Deare father, (answered he,) doo not take away from me the onely remnant of my happineſſe: while I haue power to doo you ſeruice, I am not wholly miſerable. Ah, my ſonne, (ſaid he, and with that he groned, as if ſorrow ſtraue to breake his harte,) how euill ſits it me to haue ſuch a ſonne, and how much doth thy kindneſſe vpbraide my wickedneſſe! Theſe dolefull ſpeeches, and ſome others to like purpoſe, (well ſhewing they had not bene borne to the fortune they were in,) moued the princes to goe out vnto them, and aſke the younger, what they were. Siss, (answered he, with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certain noble kinde of pitiousnes) I ſee well you are ſtraungers, that know not our miſerie, ſo well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we muſt be miſerable. In deede our ſtate is ſuch, as though nothing is ſo needfull vnto vs as pittie, yet nothing is more daungerous vnto vs, then to make our ſelues ſo knowne as may ſtirre pittie. But your preſence promiſeth, that cruelty ſhall not ouer-runne hate. And if it did, in truth our ſtate is ſoncke below the degree of feare.

" This old man whom I leade, was lately rightfull prince of this cuntry of *Papblagonia*, by the hard-harted vngiatefulnes of a ſonne of his, depriued, not onely of his kingdome (whereof no forraine forces were euer able to ſpoyle him) but of his ſight; the riches which nature graunts to the pooreſt creatures. Whereby, and by other his vnuaſull dealings, he hath bin driuen to ſuch grieſe, as euen now he would haue had me to haue led him to the toppes of this rocke, thence to caſt himſelfe headlong to death: and ſo would haue made me, who receiued my life of him, to be the worker of his deſtruction. But noble gentlemen, (ſaid he) if either of you haue a father, and feele what duetifull affection is engraſſed in a ſonnes hart, let me entreate you to conuay this afflicted prince to ſome place of reſt and ſecuriue. Amongſt your worthie actes it ſhall be none of the leaſt, that a king, of ſuch might and fame, and ſo vniuſſlie oppreſſed, is in any ſort by you relieued.

" But before they coulde make him aunſwere, his father began to ſpeake. Ah, my ſonne, (ſaid he) how euill an hiſtorian are you, that leaue out the chief knot of all the diſcourſe? my wickednes, my wickednes. And if thou doeſt it to ſpare my ears, (the onely ſenſe now left mee proper for knowledge,) aſſure thy ſelfe thou doeſt miſtake me. And I take witneſſe of that ſonne which you ſee, (with that he caſt vp his blinde eyes, as if he would hunt for light,) and with my ſelfe in worſe caſe then I doe with my ſelfe, which is as euill as may bee, if I ſpeake vtruely, that nothing is ſo welcome to my thoughts, as the publiſhing of my ſhame. Therefore know you, gentlemen, (to whome from my heart I wiſh that it may not proue ſome ominous foretoken of miſfortune to haue met with ſuch a miſer as I am,) that whatſoeuer my ſonne (& God, that truth bindes me to reproch him with the name of my ſon!) hath ſaide, is true. But beſides thoſe trathes, this alſo is true,

true; that hauing had in lawfull marriage, of a mother fitte to beare roiall children, this sonne, (such a one as partly you see, and better shall knowe by my short declaration,) and so enjoyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was growen to iustifie their expectations, (so as I needed enuie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leaue an other ones selfe after me,) I was carried by a bastard sonne of mine (if at least I bee bounde to beleue the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother,) first to mislike, then to hate, lastly to destroy, or to doo my best to destroy, this sonne (I thinke you thinke) vnderferuing destruction. What waies he vsed to bring me to it, if I shoulde tell you, I shoulde tediouslie trouble you with as much poisonous hypocrisie, desperate fraude, smooth malice, hidden ambition, and smiling enuie, as in any liuing person could be harbored. But I list it not; no remembraunce of naughtinesse delightes me, but mine owne; and me thinkes, the accusing his trappes might in some manner excuse my fault, which certainlie I loth to doo. But the conclusion is, that I gaue order to some seruantes of mine, whome I thought as apte for such charities as my selfe, to lead him out into a Forrest, and there to kill him.

“ But those theeces (better natured to my sonne then my selfe) spared his life, letting him goe, to learne to liue poorelie: which he did, giuing himselfe to be a priuate souldier, in a countrey here by. But as hee was ready to be greatlie aduanced for some noble peeces of seruice which he did, he heard newes of me: who, dronke in my affection to that vnlawfull and vnnaturall sonne of mine, suffered my selfe so to be gouerned by him, that all fauours and punishments passed by him; all offices, and places of importance, distributed to his fauorites; so that ere I was aware, I had left my selfe nothing but the name of a king: which he shortly wearie of too, with manie indignities, if any thing may be called an indignitie, which was laide vpon me, threw me out of my seate, and put out my eyes; and then, proud in his tirannie, let me goe, neither imprisoning nor killing me: but rather delighting to make me feeble my miserie; miserie in deede, if euer there were any; full of wretchednesse, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltines. And as he came to the crowne by so vniust meanes, as vniustlie he kept it, by force of straunger souldiers in cittadels, the nestes of tirannie, and murderers of libertie; disarming all his own countrimen, that no man durst shew himselfe a well-willer of mine; to say the truth, (I thinke) few of them being so, considering my cruell folly to my good sonne, and spoile kindnesse to my vnkind bastard: but if there were any who felt a pittie of so great a fall, and had yet any sparkes of vnaine ducty lesse in them towards me, yet durst they not shewe it, scarcely with giuing mee almes at their doores; which yet was the onely sustenance of my distressed life, no body daring to shewe so much charitie, as to lende mee a hande to guide my darke steppes: till this sonne of mine, (God knowes, woorthy of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father,) forgetting my abhominable wronges,

not recking d'unger, and neglecting the present good way hee was in of doing himselfe good, came hether to doo this kind office you see him performe towards me, to my vspeakable grieve; not only because his kindnes is a glasse even to my blind eies, of my naughtines, but that, aboue all griefes, it grieues me he should desperatlie adventure the losse of his well deseruing life for mine, that yet owe more to fortune for my deserts; as if hee would cary muddle in a chest of christall. For well I know, he that now raigneth, howe much so euer (and with good reason) he despiseth me, of all men despised, yet hee will not let slippe any aduantage to make away him, whose iust title, enobled by couage and goodnes, may one day shake the seate of a neuer-secure tyrannie. And for this cause I craued of him to leade mee to the toppe of this rocke, indeede I must confesse, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purposed, onely therein since hee was borne, shewed himselfe disobedient vnto mee. And now, gentlemen, you haue the true storie, which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischieuous proceedings may bee the glorie of his filiall pietie, the onely reward now left for so greate a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my sonne denies me: for neuer was there more pity in sauing any, then in ending me; both because therein my agonies shall ende, and so shall you preferre this excellent young man, who els wilfully followes his owne ruine.

“ The matter in it selfe lamentable, lamentably expressed by the old prince, which needed not take to himselfe the gestures of pitie, since his face coule not put of the markes thereof, greatly moued the two princes to compassion, which coule not stay in such harts as theirs without seeking remedie. But by and by the occasion was presented: for *Pluritus* (so was the bastard called) came thether with fortie horie, onely of purpose to murder this brother; of whose coming he had soone aduertisement, and thought no eyes of sufficient credite in such a matter, but his owne; and therefore came himselfe to be actor, and spectator. And as soone as hee came, not regarding the weake (as hee thought) garde of but two men, commaunded some of his followers to set their handes to his, in the killing of *Leontatus*. But the young prince, though not otherwise armed but with a sworde, howe falsely loouer he was dealt with by others, would not betray him selfe; but brauely drawing it out, made the death of the first that assayled him warne his fellowes to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Misidorus* were quickly become parties, (so iust a defence deserving as much as old friendship,) and so did behaue them among that companie, more iniurious then valiant, that many of them lost their liues for their wicked maister.

“ Yet perhaps had the number of them at last preuailed, if the king of *Pontus* (lately by them made so) had not come vnto them for their succour. Who, hauing had a dreame which had fixt his imagination vehemently vpon some great danger presently to follow those two prince.

princes whom hee most dearely loued, was come in, al haſt, following as well as he could their track with a hundreth horſes, in that countrie which he thought, conſidering who then raigned, a ſitſe place inough to make the ſtage of any tragedie.

“ But then the match had beene ſo ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life, and worſe gotten honour, ſhould haue tumbled together to deſtruction, had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with forty or fifty in their ſuite, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. Theſe two were brothers, of the nobleſt houſe of that countrey, brought vppe from their infancy with *Plexirtus*: men of ſuch prowefſe, as not to knowe feare in themſeules, and yet to teach it others that ſhoulde deale with them; for they had often made their liues triumph ouer moſt terrible daungers; neuer diſmaied, and euer fortunate; and truly no more ſetled in valure, then diſpoſed to goodnes and iuſtice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could haue learned to make friendſhip a childe, and not the father of vertue. But bringing vp, rather then choiſe, hauing firſt knit their mindes vnto him, (indeede crafty inough, either to hide his faultes, or neuer to ſhewe them, but when they might pay home,) they willingly helde out the courſe, rather to ſatiſſie him then all the worlde; and rather to be good friendes, then good men: ſo as though they did not like the euill hee did, yet they liked him that did the euill; and though not counſellors of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now they hauing heard of this ſodaine going out, with ſo ſmall a company, in a countrey full of euill-wiſhing mindes toward him, though they knew not the cauſe, followed him; till they founde him in ſuch caſe as they were to venture their liues, or elſe he to looſe his: which they did with ſuch force of minde and bodie, that truly I may iuſtly ſay, *Pyrracles* and *Mafidorus* had neuer till then found any, that could make them ſo well repeat their hardeſt leſſon in the ſeates of armes. And briefly ſo they did, that if they ouertame not, yet were they not overcome, but caried away that vngratefull maiſter of theirs to a place of ſecurity; howſoeuer the princes laboured to the contrary. But this matter being thus farre begun, it became not the conſtancy of the princes ſo to leaue it; but in all haſt making forces both in *Pontus* and *Phrygia*, they had in ſewe daies leſte him but onely that one ſtrong place where he was. For feare hauing beene the onely knot that had faſtned his people vnto him, that once vntied by a greater force, they all ſcattered from him; like ſo many birdes, whoſe cage had beene broken.

“ In which ſeaſon the blinde king, hauing in the chiefe cittie of his realme ſet the crown vppon his ſon *Leonatus* head, with many teares (both of ioy and ſorrow) ſetting ſerth to the whole people his owne fault and his ſonnes vertue, after he had kiſt him, and forſt his ſonne to accept honour of him, as of his new-become ſubiect, euen in a moment died: as it ſhould ſeeme, his heart broken with vnkindenes and affliction, ſtretched ſo farre beyond his limits with this exceſſe of comfort, as it was able no longer to keepe ſafe his vitall ſpirites. But the

new king, hauing no lesse louingly performed all duties to him dead, then aliue, pursued on the siege of his vnnaturall brother, almost for the reuenge of his father, as for the establishing of his owne quiet. In which siege truly I cannot but acknowledge the prowesse of those two brother, then whome the princes neuer found in all their trauaile two of greater ability to performe, nor of habler skil for conduct.

"But *Plexirtus* finding, that if nothing else, famine would at last bring him to destruction, thought better by humblenes to creepe, then by pride he coule not marche. For certainly to had nature formed him, and the exercise of craft conformed him, to all turnings of sleights, that though no man had lesse goodnes in his soule then he, no man could better find the place, whence arguments might grow of goodnesse to another: though no man felt lesse pitie, no man could tell better how to stir pitie: no man more impudent to deny, where proofes were not manifest, no man more ready to confesse with a repenting manner of aggrauating his owne euill, where denial would but make the fault fowler. Now he tooke this way, that hauing gotten a passport for one (that pretended he would put *Plexirtus* aliue into his hands) to speake with the king his brother, he himselfe (though much against the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wished to die in braue defence,) with a rope about his necke, barefooted, came to offer himselfe to the discretion of *Leonatus*. Where, what submission hee vsed, how cunningly in making greater the faulte he made the faultes thelesse, how artificially he could set out the torments of his owne conscience, with the burdensome comber he had found of his ambitious desires, how finely seeming to desire nothing but death, as ashamed to liue, he'bd life in the refusing it, I am not cunning enough to be able to expresse. but so fell out of it, that though at first sight *Leonatus* saw him with no other eie then as the murderer of his father, and anger already began to paint reuenge in many colours, ere long he had not onely gotten pitie, but pardon; and if not an excuse of the faulte past, yet an opinion of a future amendment: while the poore villaines chiefe ministers of his wickednes, now betrayed by the author thereof, were deliuered to many cruell sorts of death; he so handling it, that it rather seemed, hee had more come into the defence of an vnrremediable mischiefe already committed, then that they had done it at first by his consent." MALONE.

A LAMENT.

A LAMENTABLE SONG

Of the Death of KING LEIR and his Three Daughters.

King Leir^{*} once ruled in this land,
With princely power and peace ;
And had all things with heart's content,
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love :
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began ;
Dear father, mind, quoth she,
Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be :
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.

^{*} King Leir, &c.] This ballad is given from an ancient copy in the *Golden Garland*, black letter. To the tune of, *When flying Fame*. It is here reprinted from Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. Vol. I. Third Edit. STEVENS.

And so will I, the second said;
Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake:
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,
The aged king reply'd;
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,
How is thy love ally'd?
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find:
Henceforth I banish thee my court,
Thou art no child of mine;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters' loves are more
Then well I can demand,
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdom and my land,
My pompal state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintain'd
Until my dying day.

Thus

Thus flatt'ring speeches won renown
By these two sisters here :
The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear :
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wand'ring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an English town.

Until at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found ;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
The fairest on the ground :
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father, old king Leir, this while
With his two daughters staid ;
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full soon the same decay'd ;
And living in queen Ragan's court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee :
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after scarce to three :
Nay, one she thought too much for him :
So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave ?
I'll go unto my Gonorell ;
My second child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court ;
Where when she hears his moan
Return'd him answer, 'That she griev'd
That all his means were gone,
But no way could relieve his wants ;
Yet if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he should have
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears,
He made his answer then ;
In what I did let me be made
Example to all men.
I will return again, quoth he,
Unto my Ragan's court ;
She will not use me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command
To drive him thence away :
When he was well within her court,
(She said) he would not stay.
Then back again to Gonorell
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have .
What scullion boys set by.

But

But there of that he was deny'd
Which she had promis'd late :
For once refusing, he should not
Come after to her gate.
Thus, 'twixt his daughters, for relief
He wander'd up and down ;
Being glad to feed on beggar's food,
'That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughter's words,
That said, the duty of a child
Was all that love affords ;
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantick mad ; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe.

Which made him rend his milk-white locks
And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
With age and honour spread :
To hills and woods and wat'ry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods and senseless things,
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possess'd with discontents,
He pass'd o'er to France,
In hope from fair Cordelia there
To find some gentler chance :
Most virtuous dame ! which when she heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief :

And

And by a train of noble peers,
 In brave and gallant fort,
 She gave in charge he should be brought
 To Aganippus' court ;
 Whose royal king, with noble mind,
 So freely gave consent,
 To muster up his knights at arms,
 To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
 To repossess king Lear,
 And drive his daughters from their throne:
 By his Cordelia dear.
 Where she, true-hearted noble queen,
 Was in the battle slain.
 Yet he, good king, in his old days,
 Possess'd his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
 Who dy'd indeed for love
 Of her dear father, in whose cause
 She did this battle move ;
 He swooning fell upon her breast,
 From whence he never parted :
 But on her bosom left his life,
 That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
 The ends of these events,
 The other sisters unto death
 They doomed by consents ;
 And being dead their crowns they left
 Unto the next of kin :
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
 And disobedient sin.

JOHNSON.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

